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AYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

MACAULAY.

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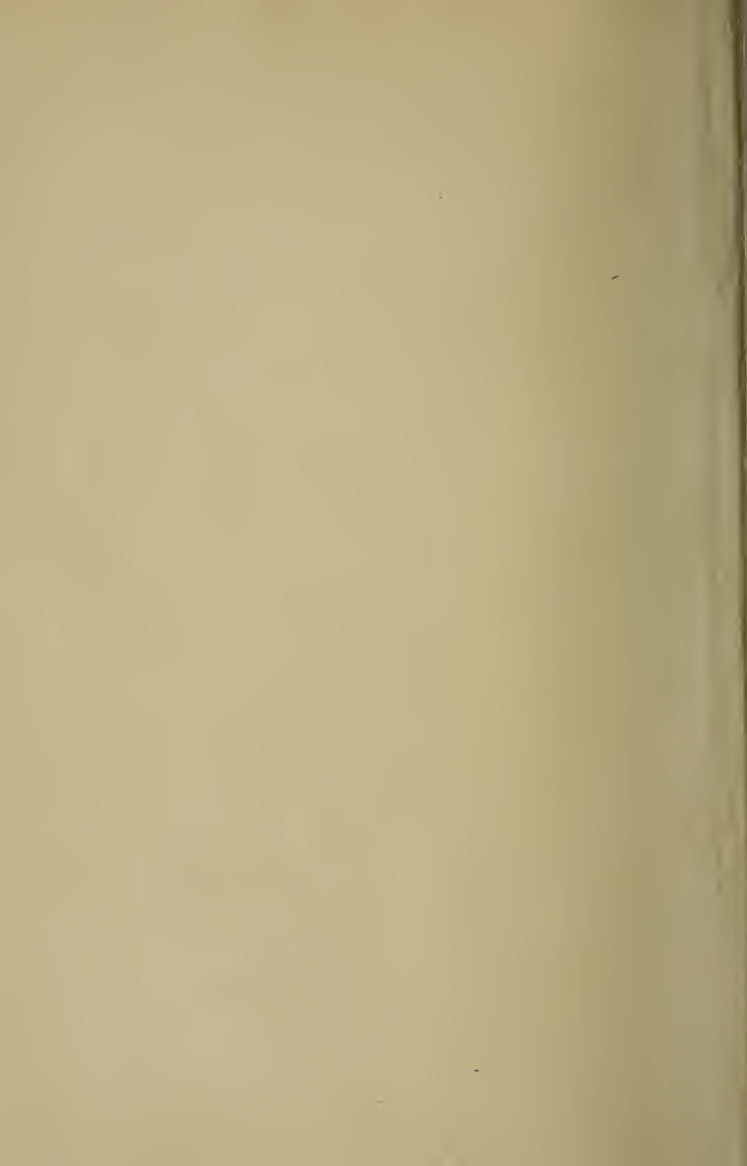
AYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS

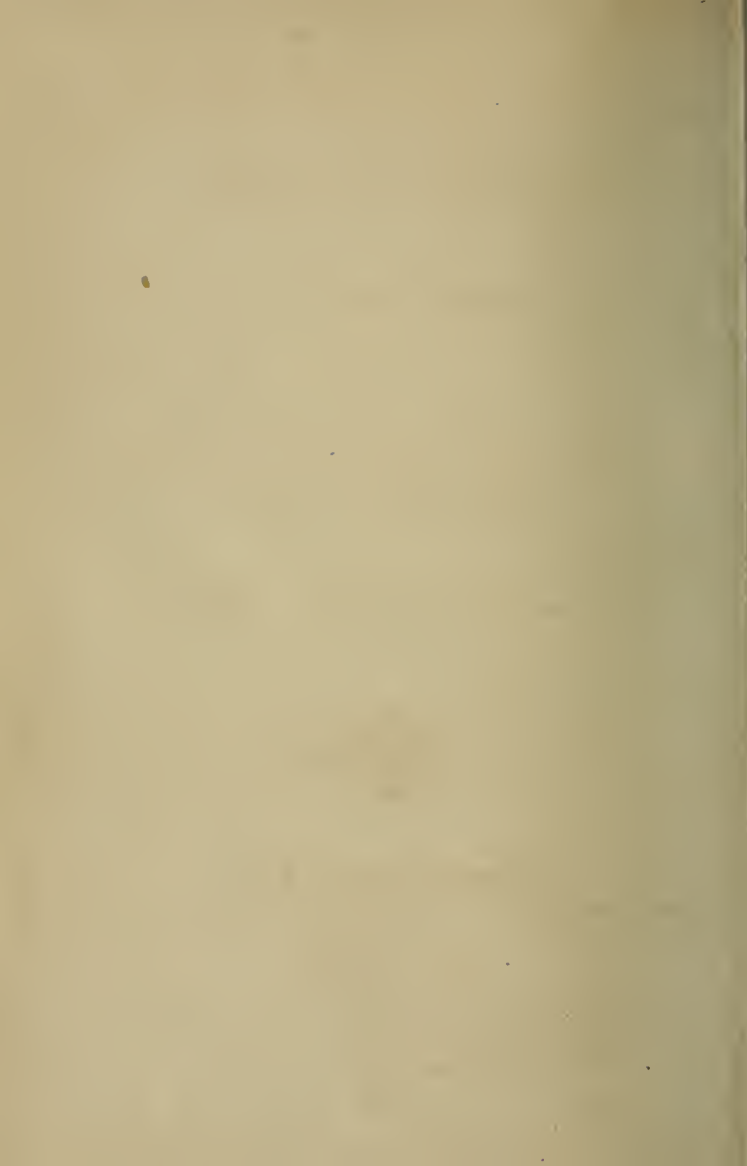
AYTOUN.



Goldwin Smith.







LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME,

WITH

IVRY AND THE ARMADA.

BY

LORD MACAULAY.

LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

PROF. WM. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D.C.L.



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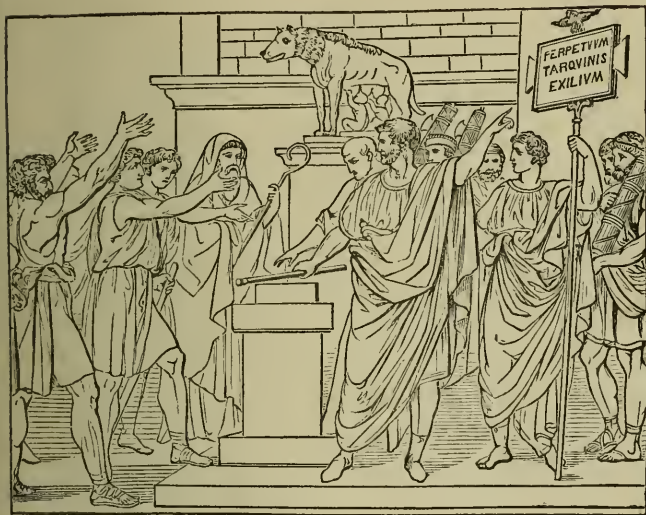
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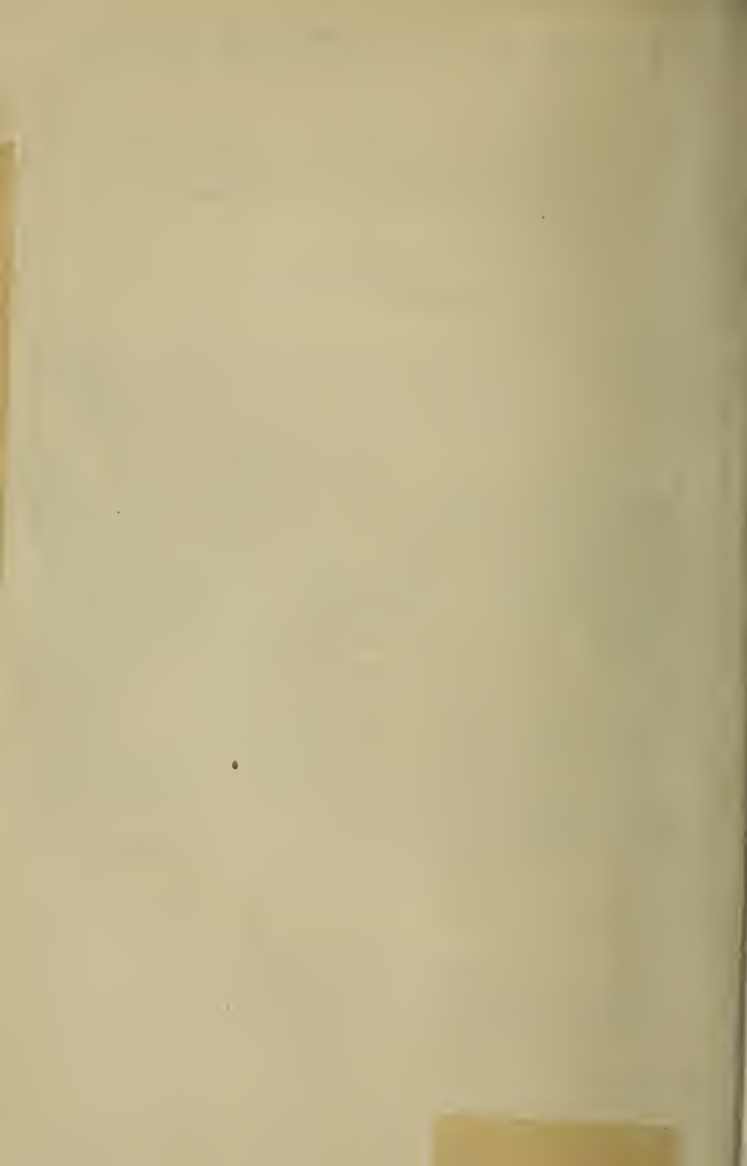
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P R E F A C E.

THAT what is called the history of the Kings and early Consuls of Rome is to a great extent fabulous, few scholars have, since the time of Beaufort, ventured to deny. It is certain that, more than three hundred and sixty years after the date ordinarily assigned for the foundation of the city, the public records were, with scarcely an exception, destroyed by the Gauls. It is certain that the oldest annals of the commonwealth were compiled more than a century and a half after this destruction of the records. It is certain, therefore, that the great Latin writers of the Augustan age did not possess those materials without which a trustworthy account of the infancy of the republic could not possibly be framed. Those writers own, indeed, that the chronicles to which they had access were filled with battles that were never fought, and Consuls that were never inaugurated; and we have abundant proof that, in these chronicles, events of the greatest importance, such as the issue of the war with Porsena, and the issue of the war with Brennus, were grossly misrepresented. Under these circumstances, a wise man will look with great suspicion on the legend which has come down to us. He will perhaps be inclined to regard the princes who are said to have founded the civil and religious institutions

of Rome, the son of Mars, and the husband of Egeria, as mere mythological personages, of the same class with Perseus and Ixion. As he draws nearer and nearer to the confines of authentic history, he will become less and less hard of belief. He will admit that the most important parts of the narrative have some foundation in truth. But he will distrust almost all the details, not only because they seldom rest on any solid evidence, but also because he will constantly detect in them, even when they are within the limits of physical possibility, that peculiar character, more easily understood than defined, which distinguishes the creations of the imagination from the realities of the world in which we live.

The early history of Rome is indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War, the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostus Hostilius, the struggle of Mettus Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing with torn raiment and dishevelled hair between their fathers and their husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph by the well in the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sibylline books, the crime of Tullia, the simulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracle to the Tarquins, the wrongs of Lucretia, the heroic actions of Horatius Cocles, of Scævola, and of Clælia, the battle of Regillus won by the aid of Castor and Pollux, the defence of Cremera, the touching story of Coriolanus, the still more touching story of Virginia, the wild legend about the draining of the

Alban lake, the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul, are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader.

In the narrative of Livy, who was a man of fine imagination, these stories retain much of their genuine character. Nor could even the tasteless Dionysius distort and mutilate them into mere prose. The poetry shines, in spite of him, through the dreary pedantry of his eleven books. It is discernible in the most tedious and in the most superficial modern works on the early times of Rome. It enlivens the dulness of the Universal History, and gives a charm to the most meagre abridgements of Goldsmith.

Even in the age of Plutarch there were discerning men who rejected the popular account of the foundation of Rome, because that account appeared to them to have the air, not of a history, but of a romance or a drama. Plutarch, who was displeased at their incredulity, had nothing better to say in reply to their arguments than that chance sometimes turns poet, and produces trains of events not to be distinguished from the most elaborate plots which are constructed by art.* But though the existence of a poetical element in the early history of the Great City was detected so many years ago, the first critic who distinctly saw from what source that poetical element

* "Υποπτον μὲν ἐνίοις ἐστὶ τὸ δραματικὸν καὶ πλασματώδες· οὐ δεῖ δὲ ἀπιστεῖν, τὴν τύχην ὁρῶντας, οἷων ποιημάτων δημιουργός ἐστί. —*Plut. Rom.* viii. This remarkable passage has been more grossly misinterpreted than any other in the Greek language, where the sense was so obvious. The Latin version of Cruserius, the French version of Amyot, the old English version by several hands, and the later English version by Langhorne, are all equally destitute of every trace of the meaning of the original. None of the translators saw even that *ποίημα* is a poem. They all render it an event-

PREFACE.

had been derived was James Perizonius, one of the most acute and learned antiquaries of the seventeenth century. His theory, which, in his own days, attracted little or no notice, was revived in the present generation by Niebuhr, a man who would have been the first writer of his time, if his talent for communicating truths had borne any proportion to his talent for investigating them. That theory has been adopted by several eminent scholars of our own country, particularly by the Bishop of St. David's, by Professor Malden, and by the lamented Arnold. It appears to be now generally received by men conversant with classical antiquity; and indeed it rests on such strong proofs, both internal and external, that it will not be easily subverted. A popular exposition of this theory, and of the evidence by which it is supported, may not be without interest even for readers who are unacquainted with the ancient languages.

The Latin literature which has come down to us is of later date than the commencement of the Second Punic War, and consists almost exclusively of works fashioned on Greek models. The Latin metres, heroic, elegiac, lyric, and dramatic, are of Greek origin. The best Latin epic poetry is the feeble echo of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The best Latin eclogues are imitations of Theocritus. The plan of the most finished didactic poem in the Latin tongue was taken from Hesiod. The Latin tragedies are bad copies of the masterpieces of Sophocles and Euripides. The Latin comedies are free translations from Demophilus, Menander, and Appollodorus. The Latin philosophy was borrowed, without alteration, from the Portico and the Academy; and the great Latin orators constantly proposed to themselves as patterns the speeches of Demosthenes and Lysias.

But there was an earlier Latin literature, a literature truly Latin, which has wholly perished, which had, indeed, almost wholly perished long before those whom we are in the habit of regarding as the greatest Latin writers were born. That literature abounded with metrical romances, such as are found in every country where there is much curiosity and intelligence, but little reading and writing. All human beings, not utterly savage, long for some information about past times, and are delighted by narratives which present pictures to the eye of the mind. But it is only in very enlightened communities that books are readily accessible. Metrical composition, therefore, which, in a highly civilised nation, is a mere luxury, is, in nations imperfectly civilised, almost a necessary of life, and is valued less on account of the pleasure which it gives to the ear, than on account of the help which it gives to the memory. A man who can invent or embellish an interesting story, and put it into a form which others may easily retain in their recollection, will always be highly esteemed by a people eager for amusement and information, but destitute of libraries. Such is the origin of ballad-poetry, a species of composition which scarcely ever fails to spring up and flourish in every society, at a certain point in the progress towards refinement. Tacitus informs us that songs were the only memorials of the past which the ancient Germans possessed. We learn from Lucan and from Ammianus Marcellinus that the brave actions of the ancient Gauls were commemorated in the verses of Bards. During many ages, and through many revolutions, minstrelsy retained its influence over both the Teutonic and the Celtic race. The vengeance exacted by the spouse of Attila for the murder of Siegfried was celebrated in

rhymes, of which Germany is still justly proud. The exploits of Athelstane were commemorated by the Anglo-Saxons, and those of Canute by the Danes, in rude poems, of which a few fragments have come down to us. The chants of the Welsh harpers preserved, through ages of darkness, a faint and doubtful memory of Arthur. In the Highlands of Scotland may still be gleaned some relics of the old songs about Cuthullin and Fingal. The long struggle of the Servians against the Ottoman power was recorded in lays full of martial spirit. We learn from Herrera that when a Peruvian Inca died, men of skill were appointed to celebrate him in verses, which all the people learned by heart, and sang in public on days of festival. The feats of Kurroglou, the great freebooter of Turkistan, recounted in ballads composed by himself, are known in every village of Northern Persia. Captain Beechey heard the Bards of the Sandwich Islands recite the heroic achievements of Tamehameha, the most illustrious of their kings. Mungo Park found in the heart of Africa a class of singing men, the only annalists of their rude tribes, and heard them tell the story of the victory which Damel, the negro prince of the Jaloffs, won over Abdulkader, the Mussulman tyrant of Foota Torra. This species of poetry attained a high degree of excellence among the Castilians, before they began to copy Tuscan patterns. It attained a still higher degree of excellence among the English and the Lowland Scotch, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. But it reached its full perfection in ancient Greece; for there can be no doubt that the great Homeric poems are generically ballads, though widely distinguished from all other ballads, and indeed from almost all other human compositions, by transcendent sublimity and beauty.

As it is agreeable to general experience that, at a certain stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should flourish, so is it also agreeable to general experience that, at a subsequent stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should be undervalued and neglected. Knowledge advances: manners change: great foreign models of composition are studied and imitated. The phraseology of the old minstrels becomes obsolete. Their versification, which, having received its laws only from the ear, abounds in irregularities, seems licentious and uncouth. Their simplicity appears beggarly when compared with the quaint forms and gaudy colouring of such artists as Cowley and Gongora. The ancient lays, unjustly despised by the learned and polite, linger for a time in the memory of the vulgar, and are at length too often irretrievably lost. We cannot wonder that the ballads of Rome should have altogether disappeared, when we remember how very narrowly, in spite of the invention of printing, those of our own country and those of Spain escaped the same fate. There is indeed little doubt that oblivion covers many English songs equal to any that were published by Bishop Percy, and many Spanish songs as good as the best of those which have been so happily translated by Mr. Lockhart. Eighty years ago England possessed only one tattered copy of *Childe Waters*, and *Sir Cauline*, and Spain only one tattered copy of the noble poem of the *Cid*. The snuff of a candle, or a mischievous dog, might in a moment have deprived the world for ever of any of those fine compositions. Sir Walter Scott, who united to the fire of a great poet the minute curiosity and patient diligence of a great antiquary, was but just in time to save the precious relics of the *Minstrelsy of the Border*. In

Germany, the lay of the Nibelungs had been long utterly forgotten, when, in the eighteenth century, it was for the first time printed from a manuscript in the old library of a noble family. In truth, the only people who, through their whole passage from simplicity to the highest civilisation, never for a moment ceased to love and admire their old ballads, were the Greeks.

That the early Romans should have had ballad-poetry, and that this poetry should have perished, is therefore not strange. It would, on the contrary, have been strange if these things had not come to pass; and we should be justified in pronouncing them highly probable, even if we had no direct evidence on the subject. But we have direct evidence of unquestionable authority.

Ennius, who flourished in the time of the Second Punic War, was regarded in the Augustan age as the father of Latin poetry. He was, in truth, the father of the second school of Latin poetry, the only school of which the works have descended to us. But from Ennius himself we learn that there were poets who stood to him in the same relation in which the author of the romance of Count Alarcos stood to Garcilaso, or the author of the 'Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode' to Lord Surrey. Ennius speaks of verses which the Fauns and the Bards were wont to chant in the old time, when none had yet studied the graces of speech, when none had yet climbed the peaks sacred to the Goddesses of Grecian song. 'Where,' Cicero mournfully asks, 'are those old verses now?'

Contemporary with Ennius was Quintus Fabius Pictor, the earliest of the Roman annalists. His account of the

* 'Quid? Nostri veteres versus ubi sunt?

. "Quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant,

infancy and youth of Romulus and Remus has been preserved by Dionysius, and contains a very remarkable reference to the ancient Latin poetry. Fabius says that in his time his countrymen were still in the habit of singing ballads about the Twins. 'Even in the hut of Faustulus,'—so these old lays appear to have run,—'the children of Rhea and Mars were, in port and in spirit, not like unto swineherds or cowherds, but such that men might well guess them to be of the blood of Kings and Gods.' *

Cum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superârat,
Nec dicti studiosus erat." *Brutus*, xviii.

The Muses, it should be observed, are Greek divinities. The Italian Goddesses of verse were the Camœnæ. At a later period, the appellations were used indiscriminately; but in the age of Ennius there was probably a distinction. In the epitaph of Nævius, who was the representative of the old Italian school of poetry, the Camœnæ, not the Muses, are represented as grieving for the loss of their votary. The 'Musarum scopuli' are evidently the peaks of Parnassus.

Scaliger, in a note on Varro (*De Lingua Latina*, lib. vi.), suggests, with great ingenuity, that the Fauns, who were represented by the superstition of later ages as a race of monsters, half gods and half brutes, may really have been a class of men who exercised in Latium, at a very remote period, the same functions which belonged to the Magians in Persia and to the Bards in Gaul.

* Οἱ δὲ ἀνδρωθέντες γίνονται, κατὰ τε ἀξίωσιν μορφῆς καὶ φρονήματος ὄγκου, οὐ σοφορβοῖς καὶ βουκόλοις ἐοικότες, ἀλλ' οἷους ἂν τις ἀξιόσειε τοὺς ἐκ βασιλείου τε φύντας γένους, καὶ ἀπὸ δαιμόνων σπορᾶς γενέσθαι νομιζομένους, ὥς ἐν τοῖς πατρίοις ὕμνοις ὑπὸ 'Ρωμαίων ἔτι καὶ νῦν ᾄδεται.—*Dion. Hal.* i. 79. This passage has sometimes been cited as if Dionysius had been speaking in his own person, and had, Greek as he was, been so industrious or so fortunate as to discover some valuable remains of that early Latin poetry which the greatest Latin writers of his age regretted as hopelessly lost. Such a supposition is highly improbable; and indeed it seems clear

Cato the Censor, who also lived in the days of the Second Punic War, mentioned this lost literature in his from the context that Dionysius, as Reiske and other editors evidently thought, was merely quoting from Fabius Pictor. The whole passage has the air of an extract from an ancient chronicle, and is introduced by the words, Κόιντος μὲν Φάβιος, ὁ Πίκτωρ λεγόμενος, τῇδε γράσσει.

Another argument may be urged which seems to deserve consideration. The author of the passage in question mentions a thatched hut which, in his time, stood between the summit of Mount Palatine and the Circus. This hut, he says, was built by Romulus, and was constantly kept in repair at the public charge, but never in any respect embellished. Now, in the age of Dionysius there certainly was at Rome a thatched hut, said to have been that of Romulus. But this hut, as we learn from Vitruvius, stood, not near the Circus, but in the Capitol. (*Vit.* ii. 1.) If, therefore, we understand Dionysius to speak in his own person, we can reconcile his statement with that of Vitruvius only by supposing that there were at Rome, in the Augustan age, two thatched huts, both believed to have been built by Romulus, and both carefully repaired and held in high honour. The objections to such a supposition seem to be strong. Neither Dionysius nor Vitruvius speaks of more than one such hut. Dio Cassius informs us that twice, during the long administration of Augustus, the hut of Romulus caught fire. (xlviii. 43, liv. 29.) Had there been two such huts, would he not have told us of which he spoke? An English historian would hardly give an account of a fire at Queen's College without saying whether it was at Queen's College, Oxford, or at Queen's College, Cambridge. Marcus Seneca, Macrobius, and Conon, a Greek writer from whom Photius has made large extracts, mention only one hut of Romulus, that in the Capitol. (*M. Seneca Contr.* i. 6.; *Macrobius, Sat.* i. 15.; *Photius, Bibl.* 186.) Ovid, Livy, Petronius, Valerius Maximus, Lucius Seneca, and St. Jerome, mention only one hut of Romulus, without specifying the site. (*Ovid. Fasti*, iii. 183.; *Liv.* v. 53.; *Petronius, Fragm.*; *Val. Max.* iv. 4.; *L. Seneca, Consolatio ad Helviam*; *D. Hieron ad Paulinianum de Didymo*.)

The whole difficulty is removed, if we suppose that Dionysius was merely quoting Fabius Pictor. Nothing is more probable than that the cabin, which in the time of Fabius stood near the Circus,

lost work on the antiquities of his country. Many ages, he said, before his time, there were ballads in praise of illustrious men; and these ballads it was the fashion for the guests at banquets to sing in turn while the piper played. 'Would,' exclaims Cicero, 'that we still had the old ballads of which Cato speaks!'^{*}

Valerius Maximus gives us exactly similar information, without mentioning his authority, and observes that the ancient Roman ballads were probably of more benefit to the young than all the lectures of the Athenian schools, and that to the influence of the national poetry were to

might, long before the age of Augustus, have been transported to the Capitol, as the place fittest, by reason both of its safety and of its sanctity, to contain so precious a relic.

The language of Plutarch confirms this hypothesis. He describes, with great precision, the spot where Romulus dwelt, on the slope of Mount Palatine leading to the Circus; but he says not a word implying that the dwelling was still to be seen there. Indeed, his expressions imply that it was no longer there. The evidence of Solinus is still more to the point. He, like Plutarch, describes the spot where Romulus had resided, and says expressly that the hut had been there, but that in his time it was there no longer. The site, it is certain, was well remembered; and probably retained its old name, as Charing Cross and the Haymarket have done. This is probably the explanation of the words 'casa Romuli,' in Victor's description of the Tenth Region of Rome, under Valentinian.

^{*} Cicero refers twice to this important passage in Cato's Antiquities:—'*Gravissimus auctor in Originibus dixit Cato, morem apud majores hunc epularum fuisse, ut deinceps, qui accubarent, canerent ad tibiam clarorum virorum laudes atque virtutes. Ex quo perspicuum est, et cantus tum fuisse rescriptos vocum sonis, et carmina.*'—*Tusc. Quæst.* iv. 2. Again: '*Utinam exstarent illa carmina, quæ, multis sæculis ante suam ætatem, in epulis esse cantitata a singulis convivis de clarorum virorum laudibus, in Originibus scriptum reliquit Cato.*'—*Brutus*, xix.

be ascribed the virtues of such men as Camillus and Fabricius.*

Varro, whose authority on all questions connected with the antiquities of his country is entitled to the greatest respect, tells us that at banquets it was once the fashion for boys to sing, sometimes with and sometimes without instrumental music, ancient ballads in praise of men of former times. These young performers, he observes, were of unblemished character, a circumstance which he probably mentioned because, among the Greeks, and indeed in his time among the Romans also, the morals of singing boys were in no high repute.†

The testimony of Horace, though given incidentally, confirms the statements of Cato, Valerius Maximus, and Varro. The poet predicts that, under the peaceful administration of Augustus, the Romans will, over their full goblets, sing to the pipe, after the fashion of their fathers, the deeds of brave captains, and the ancient legends touching the origin of the city.‡

* 'Majores natu in conviviis ad tibus egregia superiorum opera carmine comprehensa pangebant, quo ad ea imitanda juventutem alacriorem redderent. . . . Quas Athenas, quam scholam, quæ alienigena studia huic domesticæ disciplinæ prætulerim? Inde oriebantur Camilli, Scipiones, Fabricii, Marcelli, Fabii.'—*Val. Max.* ii. 1.

† 'In conviviis pueri modesti ut cantarent carmina antiqua, in quibus laudes erant majorum, et assa voce, et cum tibicine.' Nonius, *Assa voce pro sola*.

‡ 'Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris,
Inter jocos munera Liberi,
Cum prole matronisque nostris,
Rite Deos prius apprecati,
Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,
Lydis remixto carmine tibiis,
Trojamque, et Anchisen, et almæ
Progeniem Veneris canemus.'

Carm. iv. 15.

The proposition, then, that Rome had ballad-poetry is not merely in itself highly probable, but is fully proved by direct evidence of the greatest weight.

This proposition being established, it becomes easy to understand why the early history of the city is unlike almost everything else in Latin literature, native where almost everything else is borrowed, imaginative where almost everything else is prosaic. We can scarcely hesitate to pronounce that the magnificent, pathetic, and truly national legends, which present so striking a contrast to all that surrounds them, are broken and defaced fragments of that early poetry which, even in the age of Cato the Censor, had become antiquated, and of which Tully had never heard a line.

That this poetry should have been suffered to perish will not appear strange when we consider how complete was the triumph of the Greek genius over the public mind of Italy. It is probable that, at an early period, Homer and Herodotus furnished some hints to the Latin minstrels:* but it was not till after the war with Pyrrhus that the poetry of Rome began to put off its old Ausonian character. The transformation was soon consummated. The conquered, says Horace, led captive the conquerors. It was precisely at the time at which the Roman people rose to unrivalled political ascendancy that they stooped to pass under the intellectual yoke. It was precisely at the time at which the sceptre departed from Greece that the empire of her language and of her arts became universal and despotic. The revolution indeed was not effected without a struggle. Nævius seems to have been the last of the ancient line of poets. Ennius was the founder of a

* See the Preface to the Lay of the Battle of Regillus.

new dynasty. Nævius celebrated the First Punic War in Saturnian verse, the old national verse of Italy.* Ennius

* Cicero speaks highly in more than one place of this poem of Nævius; Ennius sneered at it, and stole from it.

As to the Saturnian measure, see Hermann's *Elementa Doctrinæ, Metricæ*, iii. 9.

The Saturnian line, according to the grammarians, consisted of two parts. The first was a catalectic dimeter iambic; the second was composed of three trochees. But the licence taken by the early Latin poets seems to have been almost boundless. The most perfect Saturnian line which has been preserved was the work, not of a professional artist, but of an amateur:

‘Dabunt malum Metelli Nævio poetæ.’

There has been much difference of opinion among learned men respecting the history of this measure. That it is the same with a Greek measure used by Archilochus is indisputable. (*Bentley, Phalaris*, xi.) But in spite of the authority of Terentianus Maurus, and of the still higher authority of Bentley, we may venture to doubt whether the coincidence was not fortuitous. We constantly find the same rude and simple numbers in different countries, under circumstances which make it impossible to suspect that there has been imitation on either side. Bishop Heber heard the children of a village in Bengal singing ‘Radha, Radha,’ to the tune of ‘My boy Billy.’ Neither the Castilian nor the German minstrels of the middle ages owed anything to Paros or to ancient Rome. Yet both the poem of the Cid and the poem of the Nibelungs contain many Saturnian verses; as,—

‘Estas nuevas á mio Cid eran venidas.’

‘À mi lo dicen; á ti dan las orejadas.’

‘Man möchte michel wunder von Sifride sagen.’

‘Wa ich den Kunic vinde daz sol man mir sagen.’

Indeed, there cannot be a more perfect Saturnian line than one which is sung in every English nursery—

‘The queen was in her parlour eating bread and honey;’
yet the author of this line, we may be assured, borrowed nothing from either Nævius or Archilochus.

On the other hand, it is by no means improbable that, two or three hundred years before the time of Ennius, some Latin minstrel

sang the Second Punic War in numbers borrowed from the Iliad. The elder poet, in the epitaph which he wrote

may have visited Sybaris or Crotona, may have heard some verses of Archilochus sung, may have been pleased with the metre, and may have introduced it at Rome. Thus much is certain, that the Saturnian measure, if not a native of Italy, was at least so early and so completely naturalised there that its foreign origin was forgotten.

Bentley says indeed that the Saturnian measure was first brought from Greece into Italy by Nævius. But this is merely *obiter dictum*, to use a phrase common in our courts of law, and would not have been deliberately maintained by that incomparable critic, whose memory is held in reverence by all lovers of learning. The arguments which might be brought against Bentley's assertion—for it is mere assertion, supported by no evidence—are innumerable. A few will suffice.

1. Bentley's assertion is opposed to the testimony of Ennius. Ennius sneered at Nævius for writing on the First Punic War in verses such as the old Italian Bards used before Greek literature had been studied. Now the poem of Nævius was in Saturnian verse. Is it possible that Ennius could have used such expressions, if the Saturnian verse had been just imported from Greece for the first time?

2. Bentley's assertion is opposed to the testimony of Horace. 'When Greece,' says Horace, 'introduced her arts into our uncivilised country, those rugged Saturnian numbers passed away.' Would Horace have said this, if the Saturnian numbers had been imported from Greece just before the hexameter?

3. Bentley's assertion is opposed to the testimony of Festus and of Aurelius Victor, both of whom positively say that the most ancient prophecies attributed to the Fauns were in Saturnian verse.

4. Bentley's assertion is opposed to the testimony of Terentianus Maurus, to whom he has himself appealed. Terentianus Maurus does indeed say that the Saturnian measure, though believed by the Romans from a very early period ('credidit vetustas') to be of Italian invention, was really borrowed from the Greeks. But Terentianus Maurus does not say that it was first borrowed by Nævius. Nay, the expressions used by Terentianus Maurus clearly

for himself, and which is a fine specimen of the early Roman diction and versification, plaintively boasted that the Latin language had died with him.* Thus what to Horace appeared to be the first faint dawn of Roman literature, appeared to Nævius to be its hopeless setting. In truth, one literature was setting, and another dawning.

The victory of the foreign taste was decisive; and indeed we can hardly blame the Romans for turning away with contempt from the rude lays which had delighted their fathers, and giving their whole admiration to the immortal productions of Greece. The national romances, neglected by the great and the refined whose education had been finished at Rhodes or Athens, continued, it may be supposed, during some generations, to delight the vulgar. While Virgil, in hexameters of exquisite modulation, described the sports of rustics, those rustics were still singing their wild Saturnian ballads.† It is not improbable that, at the time when Cicero lamented the irreparable loss of the poems mentioned by Cato, a search among the nooks of the Apennines, as active as the search which Sir Walter Scott made among the descendants of the mossstroopers of Liddesdale, might have brought to

imply the contrary: for how could the Romans have believed, from a very early period, that this measure was the indigenous production of Latium, if it was really brought over from Greece in an age of intelligence and liberal curiosity, in the age which gave birth to Ennius, Plautus, Cato the Censor, and other distinguished writers? If Bentley's assertion were correct, there could have been no more doubt at Rome about the Greek origin of the Saturnian measure than about the Greek origin of hexameters or Sapphics.

* Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticæ*, i. 24.

† See Servius, in *Georg.* ii. 385.

light many fine remains of ancient minstrelsy. No such search was made. The Latin ballads perished for ever. Yet discerning critics have thought that they could still perceive in the early history of Rome numerous fragments of this lost poetry, as the traveller on classic ground sometimes finds, built into the heavy wall of a fort or convent, a pillar rich with acanthus leaves, or a frieze where the Amazons and Bacchanals seem to live. The theatres and temples of the Greek and the Roman were degraded into the quarries of the Turk and the Goth. Even so did the ancient Saturnian poetry become the quarry in which a crowd of orators and annalists found the materials for their prose.

It is not difficult to trace the process by which the old songs were transmuted into the form which they now wear. Funeral panegyric and chronicle appear to have been the intermediate links which connected the lost ballads with the histories now extant. From a very early period it was the usage that an oration should be pronounced over the remains of a noble Roman. The orator, as we learn from Polybius, was expected on such an occasion to recapitulate all the services which the ancestors of the deceased had, from the earliest time, rendered to the commonwealth. There can be little doubt that the speaker on whom this duty was imposed, would make use of all the stories suited to his purpose which were to be found in the popular lays. There can be as little doubt that the family of an eminent man would preserve a copy of the speech which had been pronounced over his corpse. The compilers of the early chronicles would have recourse to these speeches; and the great historians of a later period would have recourse to the chronicles.

It may be worth while to select a particular story, and to trace its probable progress through these stages. The description of the migration of the Fabian house to Cremera is one of the finest of the many fine passages which lie thick in the earlier books of Livy. The Consul, clad in his military garb, stands in the vestibule of his house, marshalling his clan, three hundred and six fighting men, all of the same proud patrician blood, all worthy to be attended by the fasces, and to command the legions. A sad and anxious retinue of friends accompanies the adventurers through the streets; but the voice of lamentation is drowned by the shouts of admiring thousands. As the procession passes the Capitol, prayers and vows are poured forth, but in vain. The devoted band, leaving Janus on the right, marches to its doom through the Gate of Evil Luck. After achieving high deeds of valour against overwhelming numbers, all perish save one child, the stock from which the great Fabian race was destined again to spring for the safety and glory of the commonwealth. That this fine romance, the details of which are so full of poetical truth, and so utterly destitute of all show of historical truth, came originally from some lay which had often been sung with great applause at banquets, is in the highest degree probable. Nor is it difficult to imagine a mode in which the transmission might have taken place. The celebrated Quintus Fabius Maximus, who died about twenty years before the First Punic War, and more than forty years before Ennius was born, is said to have been interred with extraordinary pomp. In the eulogy pronounced over his body all the great exploits of his ancestors were doubtless recounted and exaggerated. If there were then extant songs which gave

a vivid and touching description of an event, the saddest and the most glorious in the long history of the Fabian house, nothing could be more natural than that the panegyrist should borrow from such songs their finest touches, in order to adorn his speech. A few generations later the songs would perhaps be forgotten, or remembered only by shepherds and vine-dressers. But the speech would certainly be preserved in the archives of the Fabian nobles. Fabius Pictor would be well acquainted with a document so interesting to his personal feelings, and would insert large extracts from it in his rude chronicle. That chronicle, as we know, was the oldest to which Livy had access. Livy would at a glance distinguish the bold strokes of the forgotten poet from the dull and feeble narrative by which they were surrounded, would retouch them with a delicate and powerful pencil, and would make them immortal.

That this might happen at Rome can scarcely be doubted; for something very like this has happened in several countries, and, among others, in our own. Perhaps the theory of Perizonius cannot be better illustrated than by showing that what he supposes to have taken place in ancient times has, beyond all doubt, taken place in modern times.

‘History,’ says Hume, with the utmost gravity, ‘has preserved some instances of Edgar’s amours, from which, as from a specimen, we may form a conjecture of the rest.’ He then tells very agreeably the stories of Elfreda and Elfrida, two stories which have a most suspicious air of romance, and which, indeed, greatly resemble, in their general character, some of the legends of early Rome. He cites, as his authority for those two tales, the chronicle of William of Malmesbury, who lived in the time of

King Stephen. The great majority of readers suppose that the device by which Elfrida was substituted for her young mistress, the artifice by which Athelwold obtained the hand of Elfrida, the detection of that artifice, the hunting party, and the vengeance of the amorous king, are things about which there is no more doubt than about the execution of Anne Boleyn, or the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose. But when we turn to William of Malmesbury, we find that Hume, in his eagerness to relate these pleasant fables, has overlooked one very important circumstance. William does indeed tell both the stories; but he gives us distinct notice that he does not warrant their truth, and that they rest on no better authority than that of ballads.*

Such is the way in which these two well-known tales have been handed down. They originally appeared in a poetical form. They found their way from ballads into an old chronicle. The ballads perished; the chronicle remained. A great historian, some centuries after the ballads had been altogether forgotten, consulted the chronicle. He was struck by the lively colouring of these ancient fictions; he transferred them to his pages; and thus we find inserted, as unquestionable facts, in a narrative which is likely to last as long as the English tongue, the inventions of some minstrel whose works were probably never committed to writing, whose name is buried in oblivion, and whose dialect has become obsolete. It must, then, be admitted to be possible, or rather highly

* '*Infamias quas post dicam magis resperserunt cantilenæ.*' Edgar appears to have been most mercilessly treated in the Anglo-Saxon ballads. He was the favourite of the monks; and the monks and the minstrels were at deadly feud.

probable, that the stories of Romulus and Remus, and of the Horatii and Curiatii, may have had a similar origin.

Castilian literature will furnish us with another parallel case. Mariana, the classical historian of Spain, tells the story of the ill-starred marriage which the King Don Alonso brought about between the heirs of Carrion and the two daughters of the Cid. The Cid bestowed a princely dower on his sons-in-law. But the young men were base and proud, cowardly and cruel. They were tried in danger and found wanting. They fled before the Moors, and once when a lion broke out of his den, they ran and crouched in an unseemly hiding-place. They knew that they were despised, and took counsel how they might be avenged. They parted from their father-in-law with many signs of love, and set forth on a journey with Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. In a solitary place the bridegrooms seized their brides, stripped them, scourged them, and departed, leaving them for dead. But one of the house of Bivar, suspecting foul play, had followed the travellers in disguise. The ladies were brought back safe to the house of their father. Complaint was made to the king. It was adjudged by the Cortes that the dower given by the Cid should be returned, and that the heirs of Carrion together with one of their kindred should do battle against three knights of the party of the Cid. The guilty youths would have declined the combat; but all their shifts were vain. They were vanquished in the lists, and for ever disgraced, while their injured wives were sought in marriage by great princes.*

Some Spanish writers have laboured to show, by an examination of dates and circumstances, that this story is

* Mariana, lib. x. cap. 4.

untrue. Such confutation was surely not needed ; for the narrative is on the face of it a romance. How it found its way into Mariana's history is quite clear. He acknowledges his obligations to the ancient chronicles ; and had doubtless before him the ' *Chronica del famoso Cavallero Cid Ruy Diez Campeador*,' which had been printed as early as the year 1552. He little suspected that all the most striking passages in this chronicle were copied from a poem of the twelfth century, a poem of which the language and versification had long been obsolete, but which glowed with no common portion of the fire of the *Iliad*. Yet such was the fact. More than a century and a half after the death of Mariana, this venerable ballad, of which one imperfect copy on parchment, four hundred years old, had been preserved at Bivar, was for the first time printed. Then it was found that every interesting circumstance of the story of the heirs of Carrion was derived by the eloquent Jesuit from a song of which he had never heard, and which was composed by a minstrel whose very name had long been forgotten.*

Such, or nearly such, appears to have been the process by which the lost ballad-poetry of Rome was transformed into history. To reverse that process, to transform some portions of early Roman history back into the poetry out of which they were made, is the object of this work.

In the following poems the author speaks, not in his own person, but in the persons of ancient minstrels who

* See the account which Sanchez gives of the Bivar manuscript in the first volume of the *Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al Siglo XV*. Part of the story of the lords of Carrion, in the poem of the Cid, has been translated by Mr. Frere in a manner above all praise.

know only what a Roman citizen, born three or four hundred years before the Christian æra, may be supposed to have known, and who are in nowise above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation. To these imaginary poets must be ascribed some blunders which are so obvious that it is unnecessary to point them out. The real blunder would have been to represent these old poets as deeply versed in general history, and studious of chronological accuracy. To them must also be attributed the illiberal sneers at the Greeks, the furious party-spirit, the contempt for the arts of peace, the love of war for its own sake, the ungenerous exultation over the vanquished, which the reader will sometimes observe. To portray a Roman of the age of Camillus or Curius as superior to national antipathies, as mourning over the devastation and slaughter by which empire and triumphs were to be won, as looking on human suffering with the sympathy of Howard, or as treating conquered enemies with the delicacy of the Black Prince, would be to violate all dramatic propriety. The old Romans had some great virtues, fortitude, temperance, veracity, spirit to resist oppression, respect for legitimate authority, fidelity in the observing of contracts, disinterestedness, ardent patriotism; but Christian charity and chivalrous generosity were alike unknown to them.

It would have been obviously improper to mimic the manner of any particular age or country. Something has been borrowed, however, from our own old ballads, and more from Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad-poetry. To the *Iliad* still greater obligations are due; and those obligations have been contracted with the less hesitation, because there is reason to believe that some of the old Latin minstrels really had recourse to that inexhaustible store of poetical images.

It would have been easy to swell this little volume to a very considerable bulk, by appending notes filled with quotations; but to a learned reader such notes are not necessary; for an unlearned reader they would have little interest; and the judgment passed both by the learned and by the unlearned on a work of the imagination will always depend much more on the general character and spirit of such a work than on minute details.





HORATIUS.

THERE can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius, there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited over the remains of some Consul or Prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians; for he introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to him, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore, and was loaded with honours and rewards.

These discrepancies are easily explained. Our own literature, indeed, will furnish an exact parallel to what

may have taken place at Rome. It is highly probable that the memory of the war of Porsena was preserved by compositions much resembling the two ballads which stand first in the *Relics of Ancient English Poetry*. In both those ballads the English, commanded by the Percy, fight with the Scots, commanded by the Douglas. In one of the ballads the Douglas is killed by a nameless English archer, and the Percy by a Scottish spearman: in the other, the Percy slays the Douglas in single combat, and is himself made prisoner. In the former, Sir Hugh Montgomery is shot through the heart by a Northumbrian bowman: in the latter, he is taken and exchanged for the Percy. Yet both the ballads relate to the same event, and that an event which probably took place within the memory of persons who were alive when both the ballads were made. One of the minstrels says:

‘ Old men that knowen the grounde well yenoughe
Call it the battell of Otterburn :
At Otterburn began this spurne
Upon a monnyn day.
Ther was the dougghte Doglas sleane :
The Perse never went away.’

The other poet sums up the event in the following lines:

‘ Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
Bytwene the nyghte and the day :
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede away.’

It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the defence of the bridge; and that, while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was

preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favourite with the Horatian house.

The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian; and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

The penultimate syllable of the name Porsena has been shortened in spite of the authority of Niebuhr, who pronounces, without assigning any ground for his opinion, that Martial was guilty of a decided blunder in the line,

‘Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit.’

It is not easy to understand how any modern scholar, whatever his attainments may be,—and those of Niebuhr were undoubtedly immense,—can venture to pronounce that Martial did not know the quantity of a word which he must have uttered and heard uttered a hundred times before he left school. Niebuhr seems also to have forgotten that Martial has fellow-culprits to keep him in countenance. Horace has committed the same decided blunder; for he gives us, as a pure iambic line,

‘Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus.’

Silius Italicus has repeatedly offended in the same way, as when he says,

‘Cernitur effugiens ardentem Porsena dextram :’

and again,

‘Clusinum vulgus, cum, Porsena magne, jubebas.’

A modern writer may be content to err in such company.

Niebuhr’s supposition that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes is both ingenious and probable, and has been adopted in the following poem.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

I.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place ;
From many a fruitful plain ;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine ;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old ;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky ;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers ;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill ;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill ;

Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear ;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill ;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill ;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer ;
Unharm'd the water fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand :
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

X.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given :
' Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven :
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome ;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome.'

XI.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men ;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally ;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright :
From all the spacious campaign
To Rome men took their flight.

A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled.
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of waggons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands ;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain ;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all ;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate ;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly :
'The bridge must straight go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town.'

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear :
'To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul :
Lars Porsena is here.'

On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine ;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.

There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen ;
And Astur of the four-fold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene,

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name ;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.

‘ Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ? ’

XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
‘ To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII.

‘ And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame ?

XXIX.

‘ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ? ’

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
A Ramnian proud was he :
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.
And out spake strong Herminius
Of Titian blood was he :
'I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.

XXXI.

'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
'As thou sayest, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the state ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great :
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold :
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.

As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold :
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe :
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;

And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way ;

XXXVII.

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines ;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath :
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth :
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust ;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Oenus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three ;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea ;

And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns :
Lartius laid Ocnus low :
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
'Lie there,' he cried, 'fell pirate !
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail.'

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But hark ! the cry is Astur :
And lo ! the ranks divide ;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.

Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, 'The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay :
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way ?'

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
'And see,' he cried, 'the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here !
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer ?'

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race ;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three :

And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried 'Forward!'
And those before cried 'Back!'
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud,
'Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome.'

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;

And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
'Come back, come back, Horatius!'
 Loud cried the Fathers all,
'Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
 Back, ere the ruin fall!'

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
 Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

LV.

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX.

'Oh, Tiber ! father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day !'

So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows :
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place :

But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bore bravely up his chin.*

LXIII.

‘Curse on him!’ quoth false Sextus;
 ‘Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!’
 ‘Heaven help him!’ quoth Lars Porsena,
 ‘And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.’

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

* ‘Our ladye bare upp her chinne.’

Ballad of Childe Waters.

‘Never heavier man and horse
 Stemmed a midnight torrent’s force;

* * * * *

Yet, through good heart and our Lady’s grace,
 At length he gained the landing place.’

Lay of the Last Minstrel, I.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;

When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.



THE
BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

THE following poem is supposed to have been produced about ninety years after the lay of Horatius. Some persons mentioned in the lay of Horatius make their appearance again, and some appellations and epithets used in the lay of Horatius have been purposely repeated : for, in an age of ballad-poetry, it scarcely ever fails to happen, that certain phrases come to be appropriated to certain men and things, and are regularly applied to those men and things by every minstrel. Thus we find, both in the Homeric poems and in Hesiod, βίη 'Ηρακληείη, περικλύτος 'Αμφιγυήεις, διάκτορος 'Αργειφόντης, ἐπτάπυλος Θήβη, 'Ελένης ἔνεκ' ἡῦκόμοιο. Thus, too, in our own national songs, Douglas is almost always the doughty Douglas : England is merry England : all the gold is red ; and all the ladies are gay.

The principal distinction between the lay of Horatius and the lay of the Lake Regillus is that the former is meant to be purely Roman, while the latter, though

national in its general spirit, has a slight tincture of Greek learning and of Greek superstition. The story of the Tarquins, as it has come down to us, appears to have been compiled from the works of several popular poets; and one, at least, of those poets appears to have visited the Greek colonies in Italy, if not Greece itself, and to have had some acquaintance with the works of Homer and Herodotus. Many of the most striking adventures of the house of Tarquin, before Lucretia makes her appearance, have a Greek character. The Tarquins themselves are represented as Corinthian nobles of the great house of the Bacchiadae, driven from their country by the tyranny of that Cypselus, the tale of whose strange escape Herodotus has related with incomparable simplicity and liveliness.* Livy and Dionysius tell us that, when Tarquin the Proud was asked what was the best mode of governing a conquered city, he replied only by beating down with his staff all the tallest poppies in his garden.† This is exactly what Herodotus, in the passage to which reference has already been made, relates of the counsel given to Periander, the son of Cypselus. The stratagem by which the town of Gabii is brought under the power of the Tarquins is, again, obviously copied from Herodotus.‡ The embassy of the young Tarquins to the oracle at Delphi is just such a story as would be told by a poet whose head was full of the Greek mythology; and the ambiguous answer returned by Apollo is in the exact style of the prophecies which, according to Herodotus, lured Cræsus to

* Herodotus, v. 92. Livy, i. 34. Dionysius, iii. 46.

† Livy, i. 54. Dionysius, iv. 56.

‡ Herodotus, iii. 154. Livy, i. 53.

destruction. Then the character of the narrative changes. From the first mention of Lucretia to the retreat of Porsena nothing seems to be borrowed from foreign sources. The villany of Sextus, the suicide of his victim, the revolution, the death of the sons of Brutus, the defence of the bridge, Mucius burning his hand,* Cloelia swimming through Tiber, seem to be all strictly Roman. But when we have done with the Tuscan war, and enter upon the war with the Latines, we are again struck by the Greek air of the story. The Battle of the Lake Regillus is in all respects a Homeric battle, except that the combatants ride astride on their horses, instead of driving chariots. The mass of fighting men is hardly mentioned. The leaders single each other out, and engage hand to hand. The great object of the warriors on both sides is, as in the Iliad, to obtain possession of the spoils and bodies of the slain; and several circumstances are related which forcibly remind us of the great slaughter round the corpses of Sarpedon and Patroclus.

But there is one circumstance which deserves especial notice. Both the war of Troy and the war of Regillus were caused by the licentious passions of young princes, who were therefore peculiarly bound not to be sparing of their own persons in the day of battle. Now the conduct of Sextus at Regillus, as described by Livy, so exactly resembles that of Paris, as described at the beginning of the third book of the Iliad, that it is diffi-

* M. de Pouilly attempted, a hundred and twenty years ago, to prove that the story of Mucius was of Greek origin; but he was signally confuted by the Abbé Sallier. See the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, vi. 27. 66.

cult to believe the resemblance accidental. Paris appears before the Trojan ranks, defying the bravest Greek to encounter him :

Τρωσὶν μὲν προμάχιζεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,
 Ἀργείων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους,
 ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι.

Livy introduces Sextus in a similar manner : ‘ *Ferocem juvenum Tarquinium, ostentantem se in prima exsulum acie.*’ Menelaus rushes to meet Paris. A Roman noble, eager for vengeance, spurs his horse towards Sextus. Both the guilty princes are instantly terror-stricken :

Τὸν δ’ ὥς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής
 ἐν προμάχοισι φάνεντα, κατεπλήγη φίλον ἦτορ·
 ἂψ δ’ ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ’ ἀλεείνων.

‘ *Tarquinius,*’ says Livy, ‘ *retro in agmen suorum infenso cessit hosti.*’ If this be a fortuitous coincidence, it is one of the most extraordinary in literature.

In the following poem, therefore, images and incidents have been borrowed, not merely without scruple, but on principle, from the incomparable battle-pieces of Homer.

The popular belief at Rome, from an early period, seems to have been that the event of the great day of Regillus was decided by supernatural agency. Castor and Pollux, it was said, had fought, armed and mounted, at the head of the legions of the commonwealth, and had afterwards carried the news of the victory with incredible speed to the city. The well in the Forum at which they had alighted was pointed out. Near the well rose their ancient temple. A great festival was kept to their honour on the Ides of Quintilis, supposed to be the anniversary of the battle; and on that day sumptuous sacrifices were offered to them at the public charge. One

spot on the margin of Lake Regillus was regarded during many ages with superstitious awe. A mark, resembling in shape a horse's hoof, was discernible in the volcanic rock; and this mark was believed to have been made by one of the celestial chargers.

How the legend originated cannot now be ascertained: but we may easily imagine several ways in which it might have originated; nor is it at all necessary to suppose, with Julius Frontinus, that two young men were dressed up by the Dictator to personate the sons of Leda. It is probable that Livy is correct when he says that the Roman general, in the hour of peril, vowed a temple to Castor. If so, nothing could be more natural than that the multitude should ascribe the victory to the favour of the Twin Gods. When such was the prevailing sentiment, any man who chose to declare that, in the midst of the confusion and slaughter, he had seen two godlike forms on white horses scattering the Latines, would find ready credence. We know, indeed, that, in modern times, a very similar story actually found credence among a people much more civilised than the Romans of the fifth century before Christ. A chaplain of Cortes, writing about thirty years after the conquest of Mexico, in an age of printing presses, libraries, universities, scholars, logicians, jurists, and statesmen, had the face to assert that, in one engagement against the Indians, Saint James had appeared on a grey horse at the head of the Castilian adventurers. Many of those adventurers were living when this lie was printed. One of them, honest Bernal Diaz, wrote an account of the expedition. He had the evidence of his own senses against the legend; but he seems to have distrusted even

the evidence of his own senses. He says that he was in the battle, and that he saw a grey horse with a man on his back, but that the man was, to his thinking, Francesco de Morla, and not the ever-blessed apostle Saint James. 'Nevertheless,' Bernal adds, 'it may be that the person on the grey horse was the glorious apostle Saint James, and that I, sinner that I am, was unworthy to see him.' The Romans of the age of Cincinnatus were probably quite as credulous as the Spanish subjects of Charles the Fifth. It is therefore conceivable that the appearance of Castor and Pollux may have become an article of Faith before the generation which had fought at Regillus had passed away. Nor could anything be more natural than that the poets of the next age should embellish this story, and make the celestial horsemen bear the tidings of victory to Rome.

Many years after the temple of the Twin Gods had been built in the Forum, an important addition was made to the ceremonial by which the state annually testified its gratitude for their protection. Quintus Fabius and Cuplius Decius were elected Censors at a momentous crisis. It had become absolutely necessary that the classification of the citizens should be revised. On that classification depended the distribution of political power. Party-spirit ran high; and the republic seemed to be in danger of falling under the dominion either of a narrow oligarchy or of an ignorant and headstrong rabble. Under such circumstances, the most illustrious patrician and the most illustrious plebeian of the age were intrusted with the office of arbitrating between the angry factions; and they performed their arduous task to the satisfaction of all honest and reasonable men.

One of their reforms was a remodelling of the equestrian order; and, having effected this reform, they determined to give to their work a sanction derived from religion. In the chivalrous societies of modern times, which have much more than may at first sight appear in common with the equestrian order of Rome, it has been usual to invoke the special protection of some Saint, and to observe his day with peculiar solemnity. Thus the Companions of the Garter wear the image of Saint George depending from their collars, and meet, on great occasions, in Saint George's Chapel. Thus, when Lewis the Fourteenth instituted a new order of chivalry for the rewarding of military merit, he commended it to the favour of his own glorified ancestor and patron, and decreed that all the members of the fraternity should meet at the royal palace on the feast of Saint Lewis, should attend the king to chapel, should hear mass, and should subsequently hold their great annual assembly. There is a considerable resemblance between this rule of the order of Saint Lewis and the rule which Fabius and Decius made respecting the Roman knights. It was ordained that a grand muster and inspection of the equestrian body should be part of the ceremonial performed, on the anniversary of the battle of Regillus, in honour of Castor and Pollux, the two equestrian Gods. All the knights, clad in purple and crowned with olive, were to meet at a temple of Mars in the suburbs. Thence they were to ride in state to the Forum, where the temple of the Twins stood. This pageant was, during several centuries, considered as one of the most splendid sights of Rome. In the time of Dionysius the cavalcade some-

times consisted of five thousand horsemen, all persons of fair repute and easy fortune.*

There can be no doubt that the Censors who instituted this august ceremony acted in concert with the Pontiffs to whom, by the constitution of Rome, the superintendence of the public worship belonged; and it is probable that those high religious functionaries were, as usual, fortunate enough to find in their books or traditions some warrant for the innovation.

The following poem is supposed to have been made for this great occasion. Songs, we know, were chanted at the religious festivals of Rome from an early period; indeed from so early a period, that some of the sacred verses were popularly ascribed to Numa, and were utterly unintelligible in the age of Augustus. In the Second Punic War a great feast was held in honour of Juno, and a song was sung in her praise. This song was extant when Livy wrote; and, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, seemed to him not wholly destitute of merit.† A song, as we learn from Horace,‡ was part of the established ritual at the great Secular Jubilee. It is therefore likely that the Censors and Pontiffs, when they had resolved to add a grand procession of knights to the other solemnities annually performed on the Ides of Quintilis, would call in the aid of a poet. Such a poet would naturally take for his subject the battle of Regillus, the appearance of the Twin Gods, and the institution

* See Livy, ix. 45. Val. Max. ii. 2. Aurel. Vict. De Viris Illustribus, 32. Dionysius, vi. 13. Plin. Hist. Nat. xv. 5. See also the singularly ingenious chapter in Niebuhr's posthumous volume, *Die Censur des Q. Fabius und P. Decius*.

† Livy, xxvii. 37.

‡ Hor. Carmen Seclulare.

of their festival. He would find abundant materials in the ballads of his predecessors; and he would make free use of the scanty stock of Greek learning which he had himself acquired. He would probably introduce some wise and holy Pontiff enjoining the magnificent ceremonial which, after a long interval, had at length been adopted. If the poem succeeded, many persons would commit it to memory. Parts of it would be sung to the pipe at banquets. It would be peculiarly interesting to the great Posthumian House, which numbered among its many images that of the Dictator Aulus, the hero of Regillus. The orator who, in the following generation, pronounced the funeral panegyric over the remains of Lucius Posthumius Megellus, thrice Consul, would borrow largely from the lay; and thus some passages, much disfigured, would probably find their way into the chronicles which were afterwards in the hands of Dionysius and Livy.

Antiquaries differ widely as to the situation of the field of battle. The opinion of those who suppose that the armies met near Cornufelle, between Frascati and the Monte Porzio, is at least plausible, and has been followed in the poem.

As to the details of the battle, it has not been thought desirable to adhere minutely to the accounts which have come down to us. Those accounts, indeed, differ widely from each other, and, in all probability, differ as widely from the ancient poem from which they were originally derived.

It is unnecessary to point out the obvious imitations of the *Iliad*, which have been purposely introduced.

THE
BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

A LAY SUNG AT THE FEAST OF CASTOR AND POLLUX ON THE IDES OF
QUINTILIS, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLI.

I.

Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note !
Ho, lictors, clear the way !
The Knights will ride, in all their pride
Along the streets to-day.
To-day the doors and windows
Are hung with garlands all,
From Castor in the Forum,
To Mars without the wall.
Each Knight is robed in purple,
With olive each is crowned ;
A gallant war-horse under each
Paws haughtily the ground.
While flows the Yellow River,
While stands the Sacred Hill,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
Shall have such honour still.

Gay are the Martian Kalends :
December's Nones are gay :
But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,
Shall be Rome's whitest day.

II.

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
We keep this solemn feast.
Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
Came spurring from the east.
They came o'er wild Parthenius
Tossing in waves of pine,
O'er Cirrha's dome, o'er Adria's foam,
O'er purple Apennine,
From where with flutes and dances
Their ancient mansion rings,
In lordly Lacedæmon,
The City of two kings,
To where, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum,
Was fought the glorious fight.

III.

Now on the place of slaughter
Are cots and sheepfolds seen,
And rows of vines, and fields of wheat,
And apple-orchards green ;
The swine crush the big acorns
That fall from Corne's oaks.
Upon the turf by the Fair Fount
The reaper's pottage smokes.
The fisher baits his angle ;
The hunter twangs his bow ;

Little they think on those strong limbs
That moulder deep below.
Little they think how sternly
That day the trumpets pealed ;
How in the slippery swamp of blood
Warrior and war-horse reeled ;
How wolves came with fierce gallop,
And crows on eager wings,
To tear the flesh of captains,
And peck the eyes of kings ;
How thick the dead lay scattered
Under the Porcian height ;
How through the gates of Tusculum
Raved the wild stream of flight ;
And how the Lake Regillus
Bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the Thirty Cities
Came forth to war with Rome.

IV.

But, Roman, when thou standest
Upon that holy ground,
Look thou with heed on the dark rock
That girds the dark lake round,
So shalt thou see a hoof-mark
Stamped deep into the flint :
It was no hoof of mortal steed
That made so strange a dint :
There to the Great Twin Brethren
Vow thou thy vows, and pray
That they, in tempest and in fight,
Will keep thy head away.

V.

Since last the Great Twin Brethren
Of mortal eyes were seen,
Have years gone by an hundred
And fourseore and thirteen.
That summer a Virginius
Was Consul first in place;
The second was stout Aulus,
Of the Posthumian race.
The Herald of the Latines
From Gabii came in state:
The Herald of the Latines
Passed through Rome's Eastern Gate:
The Herald of the Latines
Did in our Forum stand;
And there he did his office,
A sceptre in his hand.

VI.

'Hear, Senators and people
Of the good town of Rome,
The Thirty Cities charge you
To bring the Tarquins home;
And if ye still be stubborn,
To work the Tarquins wrong,
The Thirty Cities warn you,
Look that your walls be strong

VII.

Then spake the Consul Aulus,
He spake a bitter jest:
'Once the jays sent a message
Unto the eagle's nest:—

Now yield thou up thine eyrie
Unto the carrion-kite,
Or come forth valiantly, and face
The jays in deadly fight.—
Forth looked in wrath the eagle ;
And carrion-kite and jay,
Soon as they saw his beak and claw,
Fled screaming far away.'

VIII.

The Herald of the Latines
Hath hied him back in state :
The Fathers of the City
Are met in high debate.
Then spake the elder Consul,
An ancient man and wise :
' Now hearken, Conscript Fathers,
To that which I advise.
In seasons of great peril
'Tis good that one bear sway ;
Then choose we a Dictator,
Whom all men shall obey.
Camerium knows how deeply
The sword of Aulus bites,
And all our city calls him
The man of seventy fights.
Then let him be Dictator
For six months and no more,
And have a Master of the Knights,
And axes twenty-four.'

IX.

So Aulus was Dictator,
The man of seventy fights;
He made Æbutius Elva
His Master of the Knights.
On the third morn thereafter,
At dawning of the day,
Did Aulus and Æbutius
Set forth with their array.
Sempronius Atratinus
Was left in charge at home
With boys, and with grey-headed men,
To keep the walls of Rome.
Hard by the Lake Regillus
Our camp was pitched at night :
Eastward a mile the Latines lay,
Under the Porcian height.
Far over hill and valley
Their mighty host was spread;
And with their thousand watch-fires
The midnight sky was red.

X.

Up rose the golden morning
Over the Porcian height,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
Marked evermore with white.
Not without secret trouble
Our bravest saw the foes;
For girt by threescore thousand spears,
The thirty standards rose.
From every warlike city
That boasts the Latian name,

Foedoomed to dogs and vultures,
That gallant army came;
From Setia's purple vineyards,
From Norba's ancient wall,
From the white streets of Tusculum,
The proudest town of all;
From where the Witch's Fortress
O'erhangs the dark-blue seas;
From the still glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath Aricia's trees—
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain;
From the drear banks of Ufens,
Where flights of marsh-fowl play,
And buffaloes lie wallowing
Through the hot summer's day;
From the gigantic watch-towers,
No work of earthly men,
Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook
The never-ending fen;
From the Laurentian jungle,
The wild hog's reedy home;
From the green steeps whence Anio leaps
In floods of snow-white foam.

XI.

Aricia, Cora, Norba,
Velitræ, with the might
Of Setia and of Tusculum,
Were marshalled on the right:

The leader was Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name ;
Upon his head a helmet
Of red gold shone like flame ;
High on a gallant charger
Of dark-grey hue he rode ;
Over his gilded armour
A vest of purple flowed,
Woven in the land of sunrise
By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
And by the sails of Carthage brought
Far o'er the southern waters.

XII.

Lavinium and Laurentum
Had on the left their post,
With all the banners of the marsh,
And banners of the coast.
Their leader was false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame :
With restless pace and haggard face
To his last field he came.
Men said he saw strange visions
Which none beside might see,
And that strange sounds were in his ears
Which none might hear but he.
A woman fair and stately,
But pale as are the dead,
Oft through the watches of the night
Sat spinning by his bed.
And as she plied the distaff,
In a sweet voice and low,

She sang of great old houses,
And fights fought long ago.
So spun she, and so sang she,
Until the east was grey,
Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
And shrieked, and fled away.

XIII.

But in the centre thickest
Were ranged the shields of foes,
And from the centre loudest
The cry of battle rose.
There Tibur marched and Pedum
Beneath proud Tarquin's rule,
And Ferentinum of the rock,
And Gabii of the pool.
There rode the Volsciau succours :
There, in a dark stern ring,
The Roman exiles gathered close
Around the ancient king.
Though white as Mount Soracte,
When winter nights are long,
His beard flowed down o'er mail and belt,
His heart and hand were strong :
Under his hoary eyebrows
Still flashed forth quenchless rage,
And, if the lance shook in his gripe,
'Twas more with hate than age.
Close at his side was Titus
On an Apulian steed,
Titus, the youngest Tarquin,
Too good for such a breed.

XIV.

Now on each side the leaders
Give signal for the charge ;
And on each side the footmen
Strode on with lance and targe ;
And on each side the horsemen
Struck their spurs deep in gore,
And front to front the armies
Met with a mighty roar :
And under that great battle
The earth with blood was red ;
And, like the Pomptine fog at morn,
The dust hung overhead ;
And louder still and louder
Rose from the darkened field
The braying of the war-horns,
The clang of sword and shield,
The rush of squadrons sweeping
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers,
And screeching of the slain.

XV.

False Sextus rode out foremost :
His look was high and bold ;
His corslet was of bison's hide,
Plated with steel and gold.
As glares the famished eagle
From the Digentian rock
On a choice lamb that bounds alone
Before Bandusia's flock,
Herminius glared on Sextus,
And came with eagle speed,

Herminius on black Auster,
Brave champion on brave steed ;
In his right hand the broadsword
That kept the bridge so well,
And on his helm the crown he won
When proud Fidenæ fell.
Woe to the maid whose lover
Shall cross his path to-day !
False Sextus saw, and trembled,
And turned, and fled away.
As turns, as flies, the woodman
In the Calabrian brake,
When through the reeds gleams the round eye
Of that fell speckled snake ;
So turned, so fled, false Sextus,
And hid him in the rear,
Behind the dark Lavinian ranks,
Bristling with crest and spear.

XVI.

But far to north Æbutius,
The Master of the Knights,
Gave Tubero of Norba
To feed the Porcian kites.
Next under those red horse-hoofs
Flaccus of Setia lay ;
Better had he been pruning
Among his elms that day.
Mamilius saw the slaughter,
And tossed his golden crest,
And towards the Master of the Knights
Through the thick battle pressed.

Æbutius smote Mamilius

So fiercely on the shield

That the great lord of Tusculum

Well nigh rolled on the field.

Mamilius smote Æbutius,

With a good aim and true,

Just where the neck and shoulder join,

And pierced him through and through;

And brave Æbutius Elva

Fell swooning to the ground:

But a thick wall of bucklers

Encompassed him around.

His clients from the battle

Bare him some little space,

And filled a helm from the dark lake,

And bathed his brow and face;

And when at last he opened

His swimming eyes to light,

Men say, the earliest word he spake

Was, ' Friends, how goes the fight? '

XVII.

But meanwhile in the centre

Great deeds of arms were wrought;

There Aulus the Dictator

And there Valerius fought.

Aulus with his good broadsword

A bloody passage cleared

To where, amidst the thickest foes,

He saw the long white beard.

Flat lighted that good broadsword

Upon proud Tarquin's head.

He dropped the lance: he dropped the reins
He fell as fall the dead.
Down Aulus springs to slay him,
With eyes like coals of fire ;
But faster Titus hath sprung down,
And hath bestrode his sire.
Latian captains, Roman knights,
Fast down to earth they spring,
And hand to hand they fight on foot
Around the ancient king.
First Titus gave tall Cæso
A death wound in the face ;
Tall Cæso was the bravest man
Of the brave Fabian race :
Aulus slew Rex of Gabii,
The priest of Juno's shrine :
Valerius smote down Julius,
Of Rome's great Julian line ;
Julius, who left his mansion
High on the Velian hill,
And through all turns of weal and woe
Followed proud Tarquin still.
Now right across proud Tarquin
A corpse was Julius laid ;
And Titus groaned with rage and grief,
And at Valerius made.
Valerius struck at Titus,
And lopped off half his crest ;
But Titus stabbed Valerius
A span deep in the breast.
Like a mast snapped by the tempest,
Valerius reeled and fell.

Ah! woe is me for the good house
That loves the people well!
Then shouted loud the Latines;
And with one rush they bore
The struggling Romans backward
Three lances' length and more:
And up they took proud Tarquin,
And laid him on a shield,
And four strong yeomen bare him,
Still senseless, from the field.

XVIII.

But fiercer grew the fighting
Around Valerius dead;
For Titus dragged him by the foot,
And Aulus by the head.
'On, Latines, on!' quoth Titus,
'See how the rebels fly!'
'Romans, stand firm!' quoth Aulus,
'And win this fight or die!
They must not give Valerius
To raven and to kite;
For aye Valerius loathed the wrong,
And aye upheld the right:
And for your wives and babies
In the front rank he fell.
Now play the men for the good house
That loves the people well!'

XIX.

Then tenfold round the body
The roar of battle rose,
Like the roar of a burning forest,
When a strong north wind blows.

Now backward, and now forward,
 Rocked furiously the fray,
Till none could see Valerius,
 And none wist where he lay.
For shivered arms and ensigns
 Were heaped there in a mound,
And corpses stiff, and dying men
 That writhed and gnawed the ground;
And wounded horses kicking,
 And snorting purple foam:
Right well did such a couch befit
 A Consular of Rome.

XX.

But north looked the Dictator;
 North looked he long and hard;
And spake to Caius Cossus,
 The Captain of his Guard;
'Caius, of all the Romans
 Thou hast the keenest sight;
Say, what through yonder storm of dust
 Comes from the Latian right?'

XXI.

Then answered Caius Cossus:
 'I see an evil sight;
The banner of proud Tusculum
 Comes from the Latian right;
I see the plumed horsemen;
 And far before the rest
I see the dark-grey charger,
 I see the purple vest;

I see the golden helmet
That shines far off like flame ;
So ever rides Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.'

XXII.

'Now hearken, Caius Cossus :
Spring on thy horse's back ;
Ride as the wolves of Apennine
Were all upon thy track ;
Haste to our southward battle :
And never draw thy rein
Until thou find Herminius,
And bid him come amain.'

XXIII.

So Aulus spake, and turned him
Again to that fierce strife ;
And Caius Cossus mounted,
And rode for death and life.
Loud clanged beneath his horse-hoofs
The helmets of the dead,
And many a curdling pool of blood
Splashed him from heel to head.
So came he far to southward,
Where fought the Roman host,
Against the banners of the marsh
And banners of the coast.
Like corn before the sickle
The stout Lavinians fell,
Beneath the edge of the true sword
That kept the bridge so well.

XXIV.

‘ Herminius ! Aulus greets thee ;
He bids thee come with speed,
To help our central battle ;
For sore is there our need.
There wars the youngest Tarquin,
And there the Crest of Flame,
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.
Valerius hath fallen fighting
In front of our array :
And Aulus of the seventy fields
Alone upholds the day.’

XXV.

Herminius beat his bosom :
But never a word he spake.
He clapped his hand on Auster’s mane :
He gave the reins a shake,
Away, away went Auster,
Like an arrow from the bow ;
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
From Aufidus to Po.

XXVI.

Right glad were all the Romans
Who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bare up the war
Around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering
Rose with a mighty swell ;
‘ Herminius comes, Herminius,
Who kept the bridge so well !’

XXVII.

Mamilius spied Herminius,
And dashed across the way.
'Herminius! I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum,
And lay thou on for Rome!'

XXVIII.

All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and grey.
Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breast-plate and through breast;
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
Through head-piece and through head;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.
Down fell they dead together
In a great lake of gore;
And still stood all who saw them fall
While men might count a score.

XXIX.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark-grey charger fled:
He burst through ranks of fighting men;
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.

His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined ;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.
Through many a startled hamlet
Thundered his flying feet ;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long white street ;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market-place.
And straightway round him gathered
A pale and trembling crowd,
And when they knew him, cries of rage
Broke forth, and wailing loud :
And women rent their tresses
For their great prince's fall ;
And old men girt on their old swords,
And went to man the wall.

XXX.

But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.
The raven-mane that daily,
With pats and fond caresses,

The young Herminia washed and combed,
And twined in even tresses,
And decked with coloured ribands
From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
In carnage and in mire.
Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
And seized black Auster's rein.
Then Aulus sware a fearful oath,
And ran at him amain.
'The furies of thy brother
With me and mine abide,
If one of your accursed house
Upon black Auster ride!
As on an Alpine watch-tower
From heaven comes down the flame,
Full on the neck of Titus
The blade of Aulus came :
And out the red blood spouted,
In a wide arch and tall,
As spouts a fountain in the court
Of some rich Capuan's hall.
The knees of all the Latines
Were loosened with dismay
When dead, on dead Herminius,
The bravest Tarquin lay.

XXXI.

And Aulus the Dictator
Stroked Auster's raven mane,
With heed he looked unto the girths
With heed unto the rein.

'Now bear me well, black Auster,
Into yon thick array;
And thou and I will have revenge
For thy good lord this day.'

XXXII.

So spake he ; and was buckling
Tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand.
So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know :
White as snow their armour was :
Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
Did such rare armour gleam ;
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.

XXXIII.

And all who saw them trembled,
And pale grew every cheek ;
And Aulus the Dictator
Scarce gathered voice to speak.
'Say by what name men call you ?
What city is your home ?
And wherefore ride ye in such guise
Before the ranks of Rome ?'

XXXIV.

'By many names men call us ;
In many lands we dwell :
Well Samothracia knows us ;
Cyrene knows us well.

Our house in gay Tarentum
Is hung each morn with flowers :
High o'er the masts of Syracuse
Our marble portal towers ;
But by the proud Eurotas
Is our dear native home ;
And for the right we come to fight
Before the ranks of Rome.'

XXXV.

So answered those strange horsemen,
And each couched low his spear ;
And forthwith all the ranks of Rome
Were bold, and of good cheer :
And on the thirty armies
Came wonder and affright,
And Ardea wavered on the left,
And Cora on the right.
'Rome to the charge!' cried Aulus ;
'The foe begins to yield !
Charge for the hearth of Vesta !
Charge for the Golden Shield !
Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay ;
The gods who live for ever
Are on our side to-day.'

XXXVI.

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
From earth to heaven arose,
The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close.

Then the good sword of Aulus
Was lifted up to slay :
Then, like a crag down Apennine,
Rushed Auster through the fray.
But under those strange horsemen
Still thicker lay the slain ;
And after those strange horses
Black Auster toiled in vain.
Behind them Rome's long battle
Came rolling on the foe,
Eensigs dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below.
So comes the Po in flood-time
Upon the Celtic plain :
So comes the squall, blacker than night,
Upon the Adrian main.
Now, by our Sire Quirinus,
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow,
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po.
False Sextus to the mountains
Turned first his horse's head ;
And fast fled Ferentinum,
And fast Lanuvium fled.
The horsemen of Nomentum
Spurred hard out of the fray ;
The footmen of Velitræ
Threw shield and spear away.

And underfoot was trampled,
Amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum,
That never stooped before :
And down went Flavius Faustus,
Who led his stately ranks
From where the apple blossoms wave
On Anio's echoing banks,
And Tullus of Arpinum,
Chief of the Volscian aids,
And Metius with the long fair curls,
The love of Anxur's maids,
And the white head of Vulso,
The great Arician seer,
And Nepos of Laurentum,
The hunter of the deer ;
And in the back false Sextus
Felt the good Roman steel,
And wriggling in the dust he died,
Like a worm beneath the wheel :
And fliers and pursuers
Were mingled in a mass ;
And far away the battle
Went roaring through the pass.

XXXVII.

Sempronius Atratinus
Sate in the Eastern Gate,
Beside him were three Fathers,
Each in his chair of state ;
Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons
That day were in the field,

And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve
Who kept the Golden Shield ;
And Sergius, the High Pontiff,
For wisdom far renowned ;
In all Etruria's colleges
Was no such Pontiff found.
And all around the portal,
And high above the wall,
Stood a great throng of people,
But sad and silent all ;
Young lads, and stooping elders
That might not bear the mail,
Matrons with lips that quivered,
And maids with faces pale.
Since the first gleam of daylight,
Sempronius had not ceased
To listen for the rushing
Of horse-hoofs from the east.
The mist of eve was rising,
The sun was hastening down,
When he was aware of a princely pair
Fast pricking towards the town.
So like they were, man never
Saw twins so like before ;
Red with gore their armour was,
Their steeds were red with gore.

XXXVIII.

‘ Hail to the great Asylum !
Hail to the hill-tops seven !
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
And the shield that fell from heaven !

This day, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought a glorious fight,
To-morrow your Dictator
Shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities
To deck the shrines of Rome !'

XXXIX.

Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south,
Crying, 'The day is ours !'
But on rode these strange horsemen,
With slow and lordly pace ;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta,
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door ;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.

XL.

And all the people trembled,
And pale grew every cheek ;
And Sergius the High Pontiff
Alone found voice to speak :
'The gods who live for ever
Have fought for Rome to-day !
These be the Great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.
Back comes the Chief in triumph,
Who, in the hour of fight,
Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren
In harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven,
Through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails.
Wherefore they washed their horses
In Vesta's holy well,
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,
I know, but may not tell.
Here, hard by Vesta's Temple,
Build we a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome.
And when the months returning
Bring back this day of fight,
The proud Ides of Quintilis,
Marked evermore with white,
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Let all the people throng,

With chaplets and with offerings,
 With music and with song ;
And let the doors and windows
 Be hung with garlands all,
And let the Knights be summoned
 To Mars without the wall :
Thence let them ride in purple
 With joyous trumpet-sound,
Each mounted on his war-horse,
 And each with olive crowned ;
And pass in solemn order
 Before the sacred dome,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren
 Who fought so well for Rome !





VIRGINIA.

A COLLECTION consisting exclusively of war-songs would give an imperfect, or rather an erroneous, notion of the spirit of the old Latin ballads. The Patricians, during more than a century after the expulsion of the Kings, held all the high military commands. A Plebeian, even though, like Lucius Siccus, he were distinguished by his valour and knowledge of war, could serve only in subordinate posts. A minstrel, therefore, who wished to celebrate the early triumphs of his country, could hardly take any but Patricians for his heroes. The warriors who are mentioned in the two preceding lays, Horatius, Lartius, Herminius, Aulus Posthumus, Æbutius Elva, Sempronius Atratinus, Valerius Poplicola, were all members of the dominant order; and a poet who was singing their praises, whatever his own political opinions might be, would naturally abstain from insulting the class to which they belonged, and from reflecting on the system which had placed such men at the head of the legions of the Commonwealth.

But there was a class of compositions in which the great families were by no means so courteously treated. No parts of early Roman history are richer with poetical colouring than those which relate to the long contest between the privileged houses and the commonalty. The population of Rome was, from a very early period, divided into hereditary castes, which, indeed, readily united to repel foreign enemies, but which regarded each other, during many years, with bitter animosity. Between those castes there was a barrier hardly less strong than that which, at Venice, parted the members of the Great Council from their countrymen. In some respects, indeed, the line which separated an Icilius or a Duilius from a Posthumius or a Fabius was even more deeply marked than that which separated the rower of a gondola from a Contarini or a Morosini. At Venice the distinction was merely civil. At Rome it was both civil and religious. Among the grievances under which the Plebeians suffered, three were felt as peculiarly severe. They were excluded from the highest magistracies; they were excluded from all share in the public lands; and they were ground down to the dust by partial and barbarous legislation touching pecuniary contracts. The ruling class in Rome was a monied class; and it made and administered the laws with a view solely to its own interest. Thus the relation between lender and borrower was mixed up with the relation between sovereign and subject. The great men held a large portion of the community in dependence by means of advances at enormous usury. The law of debt, framed by creditors, and for the protection of creditors, was the most horrible that has ever been known among men. The liberty, and even the life, of the insolvent were at the

mercy of the Patrician money-lenders. Children often became slaves in consequence of the misfortunes of their parents. The debtor was imprisoned, not in a public gaol under the care of impartial public functionaries, but in a private workhouse belonging to the creditor. Frightful stories were told respecting these dungeons. It was said that torture and brutal violation were common; that tight stocks, heavy chains, scanty measures of food, were used to punish wretches guilty of nothing but poverty; and that brave soldiers, whose breasts were covered with honourable scars, were often marked still more deeply on the back by the scourges of high-born usurers.

The Plebeians were, however, not wholly without constitutional rights. From an early period they had been admitted to some share of political power. They were enrolled each in his century, and were allowed a share, considerable though not proportioned to their numerical strength, in the disposal of those high dignities from which they were themselves excluded. Thus their position bore some resemblance to that of the Irish Catholics during the interval between the year 1792 and the year 1829. The Plebeians had also the privilege of annually appointing officers, named Tribunes, who had no active share in the government of the Commonwealth, but who, by degrees, acquired a power formidable even to the ablest and most resolute Consuls and Dictators. The person of the Tribune was inviolable; and, though he could directly effect little, he could obstruct everything.

During more than a century after the institution of the Tribuneship, the Commons struggled manfully for the removal of the grievances under which they laboured; and, in spite of many checks and reverses, succeeded in

wringing concession after concession from the stubborn aristocracy. At length in the year of the city 378, both parties mustered their whole strength for their last and most desperate conflict. The popular and active Tribune, Caius Licinius, proposed the three memorable laws which are called by his name, and which were intended to redress the three great evils of which the Plebeians complained. He was supported, with eminent ability and firmness, by his colleague, Lucius Sextius. The struggle appears to have been the fiercest that ever in any community terminated without an appeal to arms. If such a contest had raged in any Greek city, the streets would have run with blood. But, even in the paroxysms of faction, the Roman retained his gravity, his respect for law, and his tenderness for the lives of his fellow-citizens. Year after year Licinius and Sextius were re-elected Tribunes. Year after year, if the narrative which has come down to us is to be trusted, they continued to exert, to the full extent, their power of stopping the whole machine of government. No curule magistrates could be chosen; no military muster could be held. We know too little of the state of Rome in those days to be able to conjecture how, during that long anarchy, the peace was kept, and ordinary justice administered between man and man. The animosity of both parties rose to the greatest height. The excitement, we may well suppose, would have been peculiarly intense at the annual election of Tribunes. On such occasions there can be little doubt that the great families did all that could be done, by threats and caresses, to break the union of the Plebeians. That union, however, proved indissoluble. At length the good cause triumphed. The Licinian laws were carried. Lucius Sextius was the first Plebeian Consul, Caius Licinius the third.

The results of this great change were singularly happy and glorious. Two centuries of prosperity, harmony and victory, followed the reconciliation of the orders. Men who remembered Rome engaged in waging petty wars almost within sight of the Capitol lived to see her the mistress of Italy. While the disabilities of the Plebeians continued, she was scarcely able to maintain her ground against the Volscians and Hernicans. When those disabilities were removed, she rapidly became more than a match for Carthage and Macedon.

During the great Licinian contest the Plebeian poets were, doubtless, not silent. Even in modern times songs have been by no means without influence on public affairs; and we may therefore infer that, in a society where printing was unknown, and where books were rare, a pathetic or humorous party-ballad must have produced effects such as we can but faintly conceive. It is certain that satirical poems were common at Rome from a very early period. The rustics, who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and took little part in the strife of factions, gave vent to their petty local animosities in coarse Fescennine verse. The lampoons of the city were doubtless of a higher order; and their sting was early felt by the nobility. For in the Twelve Tables, long before the time of the Licinian laws, a severe punishment was denounced against the citizen who should compose or recite verses reflecting on another.* Satire is, indeed, the only sort of composition

* Cicero justly infers from this law that there had been early Latin poets whose works had been lost before his time. 'Quamquam id quidem etiam xii tabulæ declarant, condi jam tum solitum esse carmen, quod ne liceret fieri ad alterius injuriam lege sanxerunt.'—*Tusc.* iv. 2.

in which the Latin poets, whose works have come down to us, were not mere imitators of foreign models; and it is therefore the only sort of composition in which they have never been rivalled. It was not, like their tragedy, their comedy, their epic and lyric poetry, a hothouse plant which, in return for assiduous and skilful culture, gave only scanty and sickly fruits. It was hardy and full of sap; and in all the various juices which it yielded might be distinguished the flavour of the Ausonian soil. 'Satire,' says Quinctilian, with just pride, 'is all our own.' Satire sprang, in truth, naturally from the constitution of the Roman government and from the spirit of the Roman people; and, though at length subjected to metrical rules derived from Greece, retained to the last an essentially Roman character. Lucilius was the earliest satirist whose works were held in esteem under the Cæsars. But many years before Lucilius was born Nævius had been flung into a dungeon, and guarded there with circumstances of unusual rigour, on account of the bitter lines in which he had attacked the great Cæcilian family.* The genius and spirit of the Roman satirist survived the liberty of their country, and were not extinguished by the cruel despotism of the Julian and Flavian Emperors. The great poet who told the story of Domitian's turbot, was the legitimate successor of those forgotten minstrels whose songs animated the factions of the infant Republic.

These minstrels, as Niebuhr has remarked, appear to have generally taken the popular side. We can hardly be mistaken in supposing that, at the great crisis of the civil conflict, they employed themselves in versifying all the most powerful and virulent speeches of the Tribunes, and

* Plautus, *Miles Gloriosus*. Aulus Gellius, iii. 3.

in heaping abuse on the leaders of the aristocracy. Every personal defect, every domestic scandal, every tradition dishonourable to a noble house, would be sought out, brought into notice, and exaggerated. The illustrious head of the aristocratical party, Marcus Furius Camillus, might perhaps be, in some measure, protected by his venerable age and by the memory of his great services to the State. But Appius Claudius Crassus enjoyed no such immunity. He was descended from a long line of ancestors distinguished by their haughty demeanour, and by the inflexibility with which they had withstood all the demands of the Plebeian order. While the political conduct and the deportment of the Claudian nobles drew upon them the fiercest public hatred, they were accused of wanting, if any credit is due to the early history of Rome, a class of qualities which, in the military Commonwealth, is sufficient to cover a multitude of offences. The chiefs of the family appear to have been eloquent, versed in civil business, and learned after the fashion of their age ; but in war they were not distinguished by skill or valour. Some of them, as if conscious where their weakness lay, had, when filling the highest magistracies, taken internal administration as their department of public business, and left the military command to their colleagues.* One of them had been entrusted with an army, and had failed ignominiously.† None of them had been honoured with a triumph. None of them had achieved any martial exploit, such as those by which Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, Titus Quinctius Capitolinus, Aulus Cornelius Cossus, and, above all, the great Camillus, had extorted the

* In the years of the city 260, 304, and 330.

† In the year of the city 282.

reluctant esteem of the multitude. During the Licinian conflict, Appius Claudius Crassus signalised himself by the ability and severity with which he harangued against the two great agitators. He would naturally, therefore, be the favourite mark of the Plebeian satirists; nor would they have been at a loss to find a point on which he was open to attack.

His grandfather, called, like himself, Appius Claudius, had left a name as much detested as that of Sextus Tarquinius. This elder Appius had been Consul more than seventy years before the introduction of the Licinian laws. By availing himself of a singular crisis in public feeling, he had obtained the consent of the Commons to the abolition of the Tribuneship, and had been the chief of that Council of Ten to which the whole direction of the State had been committed. In a few months his administration had become universally odious. It had been swept away by an irresistible outbreak of popular fury; and its memory was still held in abhorrence by the whole city. The immediate cause of the downfall of this execrable government was said to have been an attempt made by Appius Claudius upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. The story ran that the Decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependent of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonour by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten

were pulled down; the Tribuneship was re-established; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death.

It can hardly be doubted that a story so admirably adapted to the purposes both of the poet and of the demagogue would be eagerly seized upon by minstrels burning with hatred against the Patrician order, against the Claudian house, and especially against the grandson and namesake of the infamous Decemvir.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of these fragments of the lay of Virginia, he must imagine himself a Plebeian who has just voted for the re-election of Sextius and Licinius. All the power of the Patricians has been exerted to throw out the two great champions of the Commons. Every Posthumius, Æmilius, and Cornelius has used his influence to the utmost. Debtors have been let out of the workhouses on condition of voting against the men of the people: clients have been posted to hiss and interrupt the favourite candidates: Appius Claudius Crassus has spoken with more than his usual eloquence and asperity: all has been in vain: Licinius and Sextius have a fifth time carried all the tribes: work is suspended: the booths are closed: the Plebeians bear on their shoulders the two champions of liberty through the Forum. Just at this moment it is announced that a popular poet, a zealous adherent of the Tribunes, has made a new song which will cut the Claudian nobles to the heart. The crowd gathers round him, and calls on him to recite it. He takes his stand on the spot where, according to tradition, Virginia, more than seventy years ago, was seized by the pandar of Appius, and he begins his story.

VIRGINIA.

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON THE DAY WHEREON
LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEXTINUS LATERANUS AND CAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS
STOLO WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES OF THE COMMONS THE FIFTH TIME,
IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLXXXII.



YE good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in his pride:
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always seemed to sneer:

That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the kindred still;
 For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons ill;
 Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,
 With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marcus steals,
 His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
 And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say.
 Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the lying Greeks:
 Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave Licinius speaks.
 Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd;
 Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud;
 Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike ye see;
 And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky,
 Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by.
 With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
 Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or
 harm;

And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
 With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of
 man;

And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced along,
 She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
 How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
 And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
 The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,
 From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
 And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young
 face,

And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
 And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
 His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

* * * * *

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke ;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of
smoke :

The city-gates were opened ; the Forum all alive,
With buyers and with sellers was humming like a hive :
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market girl was singing,
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home :
Ah ! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome !
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or
harm.

She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came ; not such as when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile :
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched
fist,

And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look aghast ;
And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast ;
The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder ; for all knew that fair child ;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and
smiled ;

And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell tone,
' She's mine, and I will have her : I seek but for mine own :

She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
'Twas in the sad September, the month of wail and fright,
Two augurs were borne forth that morn; the Consul died ere
night.

I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire :
Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's ire !'

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence came
On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.
For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of might,
Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor man's
right.

There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then ;
But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed and shrieked for
aid,

Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords, are
hung.

And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to
hear.

'Now, by your children's cradles, now by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves !
For this did Servius give us laws ? For this did Lucrece bleed ?
For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil seed ?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire ?
For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire ?

Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will!
Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill!
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian pride:
They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.
But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er.
We strove for honours—'twas in vain: for freedom—'tis no more.
No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
No tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from
wrong.

Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will.
Riches, and lands, and power, and state—ye have them:—keep
them still.

Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the ear, and laurel crown:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have
won.

Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may not cure,
Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor.
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star heat;
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born feet.
Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!

Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
 From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings?
 Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,
 Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering
 street,

Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
 And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish gold?
 Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
 The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
 The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
 The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
 Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride;
 Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride.
 Spare us the inexorable wrong, the unutterable shame,
 That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to
 flame,

Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
 And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched
 dare.'

* * * * * *
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Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
 To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
 Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
 Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
 Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
 Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
 And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
 And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, 'Farewell, sweet child!
 Farewell!

Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
 To thee, thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so to thee?

And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my
gown!

Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never
know.

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more
kiss;

And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this.
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.

Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain ;
Some ran to call a leech ; and some ran to lift the slain :
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found ;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the
wound.

In vain they ran, and felt, and stanch'd ; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscean foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank
down,

And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
'Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain ;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line !'
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way ;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with stead-
fast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius : 'Stop him ; alive or dead !
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head.'
He looked upon his clients ; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors ; but they trembled, and stood still.
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in
'Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing
tide;

And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried, 'What doth this rabble here?
Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?
Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse away!'
The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;
But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half-aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,
Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,
Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.
The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill, beyond the Latin Gate.
But close around the body, where stood the little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers and black
frowns,

And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that day.
Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from their
heads,

With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds. ◆
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his cheek;
And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove to speak;

And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell ;

‘ See, see, thou dog ! what thou hast done ; and hide thy shame
in hell !

Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make slaves
of men.

Tribunes ! Hurrah for Tribunes ! Down with the wicked Ten !’

And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through
the air

Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule chair :

And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came ;

For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but shame.

Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do them right,

That the great houses, all save one, have borne them well in fight.

Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs and his wrongs,

His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-fire songs.

Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul and Tuscan bowed ;

And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud.

But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,

And changes colour like a maid at sight of sword and shield.

The Claudian triumphs all were won within the city towers ;

The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any necks but ours.

A Cossus, like a wild cat, springs ever at the face ;

A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting chase ;

But the vile Claudian litter, raging with currish spite,

Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from those who
smite.

So now ’twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,

He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote upon
his thigh.

‘ Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray !

Must I be torn in pieces ? Home, home, the nearest way !’

While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewildered stare,

Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule chair ;

And fourscore clients on the left, and fourscore on the right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins girt up for
fight.

But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was the throng,
That scarce the train with might and main could bring their lord
along.

Twelve times the crowd made at him; five times they seized his
gown;

Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him down:

And sharper came the pelting; and evermore the yell—

‘Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!’—rose with a louder swell:

And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered sail

When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern gale,

When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds of spume,

And the great Thunder-Cape has donned his veil of inky gloom.

One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath the ear;

And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned with pain and fear.

His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with pride,

Now, like a drunken man’s, hung down, and swayed from side to
side;

And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door,

His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.

As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson be!

God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to see!

* * * * *





THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

It can hardly be necessary to remind any reader that according to the popular tradition, Romulus, after he had slain his grand-uncle Amulius, and restored his grandfather Numitor, determined to quit Alba, the hereditary domain of the Sylvian princes, and to found a new city. The gods, it was added, vouchsafed the clearest signs of the favour with which they regarded the enterprise, and of the high destinies reserved for the young colony.

This event was likely to be a favourite theme of the old Latin minstrels. They would naturally attribute the project of Romulus to some divine intimation of the power and prosperity which it was decreed that his city should attain. They would probably introduce seers foretelling the victories of unborn Consuls and Dictators, and the last great victory would generally occupy the most conspicuous place in the prediction. There is nothing strange in the supposition that the poet who was employed to celebrate the first great triumph of the Romans over the Greeks might throw his song of exultation into this form.

The occasion was one likely to excite the strongest feelings of national pride. A great outrage had been followed by a great retribution. Seven years before this time, Lucius Posthumius Megellus, who sprang from one of the noblest houses of Rome, and had been thrice Consul, was sent ambassador to Tarentum, with charge to demand reparation for grievous injuries. The Tarentines gave him audience in their theatre, where he addressed them in such Greek as he could command, which, we may well believe, was not exactly such as Cineas would have spoken. An exquisite sense of the ridiculous belonged to the Greek character; and closely connected with this faculty was a strong propensity to flippancy and impertinence. When Posthumius placed an accent wrong, his hearers burst into a laugh. When he remonstrated, they hooted him, and called him barbarian; and at length hissed him off the stage as if he had been a bad actor. As the grave Roman retired, a buffoon who, from his constant drunkenness, was nicknamed the Pint-pot, came up with gestures of the grossest indecency, and bespattered the senatorial gown with filth. Posthumius turned round to the multitude, and held up the gown, as if appealing to the universal law of nations. The sight only increased the insolence of the Tarentines. They clapped their hands, and set up a shout of laughter which shook the theatre. ‘Men of Tarentum,’ said Posthumius, ‘it will take not a little blood to wash this gown.’*

Rome, in consequence of this insult, declared war against the Tarentines. The Tarentines sought for allies beyond the Ionian Sea. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, came to their

* Dion. Hal. De Legationibus.

help with a large army; and, for the first time, the two great nations of antiquity were fairly matched against each other.

The fame of Greece in arms, as well as in arts, was then at the height. Half a century earlier, the career of Alexander had excited the admiration and terror of all nations from the Ganges to the Pillars of Hercules. Royal houses, founded by Macedonian captains, still reigned at Antioch and Alexandria. That barbarian warriors, led by barbarian chiefs, should win a pitched battle against Greek valour guided by Greek science, seemed as incredible as it would now seem that the Burmese or the Siamese should, in the open plain, put to flight an equal number of the best English troops. The Tarentines were convinced that their countrymen were irresistible in war; and this conviction had emboldened them to treat with the grossest indignity one whom they regarded as the representative of an inferior race. Of the Greek generals then living, Pyrrhus was indisputably the first. Among the troops who were trained in the Greek discipline, his Epirotes ranked high. His expedition to Italy was a turning-point in the history of the world. He found there a people who, far inferior to the Athenians and Corinthians in the fine arts, in the speculative sciences, and in all the refinements of life, were the best soldiers on the face of the earth. Their arms, their gradations of rank, their order of battle, their method of intrenchment, were all of Latian origin, and had all been gradually brought near to perfection, not by the study of foreign models, but by the genius and experience of many generations of great native commanders. The first words which broke from the king, when his practised eye had surveyed the Roman encampment, were full of mean-

ing:—‘These barbarians,’ he said, ‘have nothing barbarous in their military arrangements.’ He was at first victorious; for his own talents were superior to those of the captains who were opposed to him; and the Romans were not prepared for the onset of the elephants of the East, which were then for the first time seen in Italy—moving mountains, with long snakes for hands.* But the victories of the Epirotes were fiercely disputed, dearly purchased, and altogether unprofitable. At length, Manius Curius Dentatus, who had in his first Consulship won two triumphs, was again placed at the head of the Roman Commonwealth, and sent to encounter the invaders. A great battle was fought near Beneventum. Pyrrhus was completely defeated. He repassed the sea; and the world learned, with amazement, that a people had been discovered, who, in fair fighting, were superior to the best troops that had been drilled on the system of Parmenio and Antigonus.

The conquerors had a good right to exult in their success; for their glory was all their own. They had not learned from their enemy how to conquer him. It was with their own national arms, and in their own national battle-array, that they had overcome weapons and tactics long believed to be invincible. The pilum and the broadsword had vanquished the Macedonian spear. The legion had broken the Macedonian phalanx. Even the elephants, when the surprise produced by their first appearance was over, could cause no disorder in the steady yet flexible battalions of Rome.

* *Anguimanus* is the old Latin epithet for an elephant. Lucretius, ii. 538, v. 1302.

It is said by Florus and may easily be believed, that the triumph far surpassed in magnificence any that Rome had previously seen. The only spoils which Papirius Cursor and Fabius Maximus could exhibit were flocks and herds, waggons of rude structure, and heaps of spears and helmets. But now, for the first time, the riches of Asia and the arts of Greece adorned a Roman pageant. Plate, fine stuffs, costly furniture, rare animals, exquisite paintings and sculptures, formed part of the procession. At the banquet would be assembled a crowd of warriors and statesmen, among whom Manius Curius Dentatus would take the highest room. Caius Fabricius Luscinus, then, after two Consulships and two triumphs, Censor of the Commonwealth, would doubtless occupy a place of honour at the board. In situations less conspicuous probably lay some of those who were, a few years later, the terror of Carthage; Caius Duilius, the founder of the maritime greatness of his country; Marcus Atilius Regulus, who owed to defeat a renown far higher than that which he had derived from his victories; and Caius Lutatius Catulus, who, while suffering from a grievous wound, fought the great battle of the Ægates, and brought the first Punic war to a triumphant close. It is impossible to recount the names of these eminent citizens, without reflecting that they were all, without exception, Plebeians, and would, but for the ever-memorable struggle maintained by Caius Licinius and Lucius Sextius, have been doomed to hide in obscurity, or to waste in civil broils, the capacity and energy which prevailed against Pyrrhus and Hamilcar.

On such a day we may suppose that the patriotic enthusiasm of a Latin poet would vent itself in reiterated shouts of *Io triumphe*, such as were uttered by Horace on a far

less exciting occasion, and in boasts resembling those which Virgil put into the mouth of Anchises. The superiority of some foreign nations, and especially of the Greeks, in the lazy arts of peace, would be admitted with disdainful candour; but pre-eminence in all the qualities which fit a people to subdue and govern mankind would be claimed for the Romans.

The following lay belongs to the latest age of Latin ballad-poetry. Nævius and Livius Andronicus were probably among the children whose mothers held them up to see the chariot of Curius go by. The minstrel who sang on that day might possibly have lived to read the first hexameters of Ennius, and to see the first comedies of Plautus. His poem, as might be expected, shows a much wider acquaintance with the geography, manners, and productions of remote nations, than would have been found in compositions of the age of Camillus. But he troubles himself little about dates, and having heard travellers talk with admiration of the Colossus of Rhodes, and of the structures and gardens with which the Macedonian kings of Syria had embellished their residence on the banks of the Orontes, he has never thought of inquiring whether these things existed in the age of Romulus.

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

A LAY SUNG AT THE BANQUET IN THE CAPITOL, ON THE DAY WHEREON
MANIUS CURIUS DENTATUS, A SECOND TIME CONSUL, TRIUMPHED
OVER KING PYRRHUS AND THE TARENTINES, IN THE YEAR OF
THE CITY CCCCLXXIX.

I.

Now slain is King Amulius,
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.
Slain is the Pontiff Camers,
Who spake the words of doom :
'The children to the Tiber ;
The mother to the tomb.'

II.

In Alba's lake no fisher
His net to-day is flinging :
On the dark rind of Alba's oaks
To-day no axe is ringing :
The yoke hangs o'er the manger :
The scythe lies in the hay :
Through all the Alban villages
No work is done to-day.

III.

And every Alban burgher
Hath donned his whitest gown ;
And every head in Alba
Weareth a poplar crown ;
And every Alban door-post
With boughs and flowers is gay ;
For to-day the dead are living ;
The lost are found to-day.

IV.

They were doomed by a bloody king :
They were doomed by a lying priest :
They were cast on the raging flood :
They were tracked by the raging beast :
Raging beast and raging flood
Alike have spared the prey ;
And to-day the dead are living :
The lost are found to-day.

V.

The troubled river knew them,
And smoothed his yellow foam,
And gently rocked the cradle
That bore the fate of Rome.
The ravening she-wolf knew them,
And licked them o'er and o'er,
And gave them of her own fierce milk,
Rich with raw flesh and gore.
Twenty winters, twenty springs,
Since then have rolled away ;
And to-day the dead are living :
The lost are found to-day.

VI.

Blithe it was to see the twins,
Right goodly youths and tall,
Marching from Alba Longa
To their old grandsire's hall.
Along their path fresh garlands
Are hung from tree to tree :
Before them stride the pipers,
Piping a note of glee.

VII.

On the right goes Romulus,
With arms to the elbows red,
And in his hand a broadsword,
And on the blade a head—
A head in an iron helmet,
With horse-hair hanging down,
A shaggy head, a swarthy head,
Fixed in a ghastly frown—
The head of King Amulius
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.

VIII.

On the left side goes Remus,
With wrists and fingers red,
And in his hand a boar-spear,
And on the point a head—
A wrinkled head and aged,
With silver beard and hair,
And holy fillets round it,
Such as the pontiffs wear—

The head of ancient Camers,
Who spake the words of doom :
' The children to the Tiber ;
The mother to the tomb.'

IX.

Two and two behind the twins
Their trusty comrades go,
Four and forty valiant men,
With club, and axe, and bow.
On each side every hamlet
Pours forth its joyous crowd,
Shouting lads and baying dogs
And children laughing loud,
And old men weeping fondly
As Rhea's boys go by,
And maids who shriek to see the heads,
Yet, shrieking, press more nigh.

X.

So they marched along the lake ;
They marched by fold and stall,
By corn-field and by vineyard,
Unto the old man's hall.

XI.

In the hall-gate sate Capys,
Capys, the sightless seer ;
From head to foot he trembled
As Romulus drew near.
And up stood stiff his thin white hair,
And his blind eyes flashed fire :
' Hail ! foster child of the wonderous nurse
Hail ! son of the wonderous sire !

XII.

‘But thou—what dost thou here
In the old man’s peaceful hall?
What doth the eagle in the coop,
The bison in the stall?
Our corn fills many a garner;
Our vines clasp many a tree;
Our flocks are white on many a hill;
But these are not for thee.

XIII.

‘For thee no treasure ripens
In the Tartessian mine:
For thee no ship brings precious bales
Across the Libyan brine:
Thou shalt not drink from amber;
Thou shalt not rest on down;
Arabia shall not steep thy locks,
Nor Sidon tinge thy gown.

XIV.

‘Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,
Rich table and soft bed,
To them who of man’s seed are born,
Whom woman’s milk have fed.
Thou wast not made for lucre,
For pleasure, nor for rest;
Thou, that art sprung from the War-god’s loins,
And hast tugged at the she-wolf’s breast.

XV.

‘From sunrise unto sunset
All earth shall hear thy fame :
A glorious city thou shalt build,
And name it by thy name :
And there, unquenched through ages,
Like Vesta’s sacred fire,
Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
The spirit of thy sire.

XVI.

‘The ox toils through the furrow,
Obedient to the goad ;
The patient ass, up flinty paths,
Plods with his weary load :
With whine and bound the spaniel
His master’s whistle hears ;
And the sheep yields her patiently
To the loud clashing shears.

XVII.

‘But thy nurse will hear no master ;
Thy nurse will bear no load ;
And woe to them that shear her,
And woe to them that goad !
When all the pack, loud baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
Amidst the dying hounds.

XVIII.

‘ Pomona loves the orchard ;
And Liber loves the vine ;
And Pales loves the straw-built shed
Warm with the breath of kine ;
And Venus loves the whispers
Of plighted youth and maid,
In April’s ivory moonlight
Beneath the chestnut shade.

XIX.

‘ But thy father loves the clashing
Of broadsword and of shield :
He loves to drink the steam that reeks
From the fresh battle-field :
He smiles a smile more dreadful
Than his own dreadful frown,
When he sees the thick black cloud of smoke
Go up from the conquered town.

XX.

‘ And such as is the War-god,
The author of thy line,
And such as she who suckled thee,
Even such be thou and thine.
Leave to the soft Campanian
His baths and his perfumes ;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
Their dyeing-rats and looms :
Leave to the sons of Carthage
The rudder and the oar :
Leave to the Greek his marble Nymphs
And scrolls of wordy lore.

XXI.

‘Thine, Roman, is the pilum :
Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion’s ordered line ;
And thine the wheels of triumph,
Which with their laurelled train
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove’s eternal fane.

XXII.

‘Beneath thy yoke the Volscian
Shall veil his lofty brow :
Soft Capua’s curled revellers
Before thy chairs shall bow :
The Lucumoes of Arnus
Shall quake thy rods to see ;
And the proud Samnite’s heart of steel
Shall yield to only thee.

XXIII.

‘The Gaul shall come against thee
From the land of snow and night :
Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies
To the raven and the kite.

XXIV.

‘The Greek shall come against thee,
The conqueror of the East.
Beside him stalks to battle
The huge earth-shaking beast,
The beast on whom the castle
With all its guards doth stand,
The beast who hath between his eyes
The serpent for a hand.

First march the bold Epirotes,
 Wedged close with shield and spear;
And the ranks of false Tarentum
 Are glittering in the rear.

XXV.

‘The ranks of false Tarentum
 Like hunted sheep shall fly:
In vain the bold Epirotes
 Shall round their standards die:
And Apennine’s grey vultures
 Shall have a noble feast
On the fat and the eyes
 Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

XXVI.

‘Hurrah! for the good weapons
 That keep the War-god’s land.
Hurrah! for Rome’s stout pilum
 In a stout Roman hand.
Hurrah! for Rome’s short broadsword,
 That through the thick array
Of levelled spears and serried shields
 Hews deep its gory way.

XXVII.

‘Hurrah! for the great triumph
 That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the wan captives
 That pass in endless file.
Ho! bold Epirotes, whither
 Hath the Red King ta’en flight?
Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,
 Is not the gown washed white?

XXVIII.

‘Hurrah! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre,
And the fine web of Nile,
The helmets gay with plumage
Torn from the pheasant’s wings,
The belts set thick with starry gems
That shone on Indian kings,
The urns of massy silver,
The goblets rough with gold,
The many-coloured tablets bright
With loves and wars of old,
The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seems to speak;—
Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek.

XXIX.

‘Hurrah! for Manius Curius,
The bravest son of Rome,
Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
Thrice drawn in triumph home.
Weave, weave, for Manius Curius
The third embroidered gown:
Make ready the third lofty car,
And twine the third green crown;
And yoke the steeds of Rosea
With necks like a bended bow,
And deck the bull, Mevania’s bull,
The bull as white as snow.

XXX.

'Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove.

XXXI.

' Then where, o'er two bright havens,
The towers of Corinth frown ;
Where the gigantic King of Day
On his own Rhodes looks down ;
Where soft Orontes murmurs
Beneath the laurel shades ;
Where Nile reflects the endless length
Of dark-red colonnades ;
Where in the still deep water,
Sheltered from waves and blasts,
Bristles the dusky forest
Of Byrsa's thousand masts ;
Where fur-clad hunters wander
Amidst the northern ice ;
Where through the sand of morning-land
The camel bears the spice ;
Where Atlas flings his shadow
Far o'er the western foam,
Shall be great fear on all who hear
The mighty name of Rome.'



IVRY:

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land
of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, ' God save our Lord the King !'
' And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
' For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
' Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
' And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
' Remember St. Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, ' No Frenchman is my foe :
' Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His
church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of
war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

1824.





THE ARMADA :

A FRAGMENT.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho ! scatter flowers, fair
maids :

Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ' ho ! gallants, draw your blades :
Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft her wide ;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves :
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald
flew :

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol
town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

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1832.

THE END.

LAYS
OF
THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D.C.L.,

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University of Edinburgh.*

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARCHIBALD WILLIAM MONTGOMERIE,

Earl of Eglinton and Winton, &c.,

THE PATRIOTIC AND NOBLE REPRESENTATIVE OF AN

ANCIENT SCOTTISH RACE,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

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EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

THE great battle of Flodden was fought upon the 9th of September 1513. The defeat of the Scottish army, resulting mainly from the fantastic ideas of chivalry entertained by James IV., and his refusal to avail himself of the natural advantages of his position, was by far the most disastrous of any recounted in the history of the northern wars. The whole strength of the kingdom, both Lowland and Highland, was assembled, and the contest was one of the sternest and most desperate upon record.

For several hours the issue seemed doubtful. On the left the Scots obtained a decided advantage; on the right wing they were broken and overthrown; and at last the whole weight of the battle was brought into the centre, where King James and the Earl of Surrey commanded in person. The determined valour of James, imprudent as it was, had the effect of rousing to a pitch of desperation the courage of the meanest soldiers; and the ground becoming soft and slippery from blood, they pulled off their boots and shoes, and secured a firmer footing by fighting in their hose.

"It is owned," says Abercromby, "that both parties did wonders, but none on either side performed more than the King himself. He was again told that, by coming to handy blows, he could do no more than another man, whereas, by keeping the post due to his station, he might be worth many thousands. Yet he would not only fight in person, but also on foot; for he no sooner saw that body of the English give way which was defeated by the Earl of Huntly, but he alighted from his horse, and commanded his guard of noblemen and gentlemen to do the like and follow him. He had at first abundance of success; but at length the Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Edward Stanley, who had defeated their opposites, coming in with the Lord Dacre's horse, and surrounding the King's battalion on all sides, the Scots were so distressed that, for their last defence, they cast themselves into a ring; and, being resolved to die nobly with their sovereign, who scorned to ask quarter, were altogether cut off. So say the English writers, and I am apt to believe that they are in the right."

The combat was maintained with desperate fury until nightfall. At the close, according to Mr Tytler, "Surrey was uncertain of the result of the battle: the remains of the enemy's centre still held the field; Home, with his Borderers, still hovered on the left; and the commander wisely allowed neither pursuit nor plunder, but drew off his men, and kept a strict watch during the night. When the morning broke, the Scottish artillery were seen standing deserted on the side of the hill: their defenders had disappeared; and the Earl ordered thanks to be given for a victory which was no longer doubtful. Yet, even after all this, a body of the Scots appeared unbroken

upon a hill, and were about to charge the Lord Admiral, when they were compelled to leave their position by a discharge of the English ordnance.

“The loss of the Scots in this fatal battle amounted to about ten thousand men. Of these a great proportion were of high rank; the remainder being composed of the gentry, the farmers and landed yeomanry, who disdained to fly when their sovereign and his nobles lay stretched in heaps around them.” Besides King James, there fell at Flodden the Archbishop of St Andrews, thirteen earls, two bishops, two abbots, fifteen lords and chiefs of clans, and five peers’ eldest sons, besides La Motte the French ambassador, and the secretary of the King. The same historian adds—“The names of the gentry who fell are too numerous for recapitulation, since there were few families of note in Scotland which did not lose one relative or another, whilst some houses had to weep the death of all. It is from this cause that the sensations of sorrow and national lamentation occasioned by the defeat were peculiarly poignant and lasting—so that to this day few Scotsmen can hear the name of Flodden without a shudder of gloomy regret.”

The loss to Edinburgh on this occasion was peculiarly great. All the magistrates and able-bodied citizens had followed their King to Flodden, whence very few of them returned. The office of Provost or chief magistrate of the capital was at that time an object of ambition, and was conferred only upon persons of high rank and station. There seems to be some uncertainty whether the holder of this dignity at the time of the battle of Flodden was Sir Alexander Lauder, ancestor of the Fountainhall family, who was elected in 1511, or that great historical

personage, Archibald Earl of Angus, better known as Archibald Bell-the-Cat, who was chosen in 1513, the year of the battle. Both of them were at Flodden. The name of Sir Alexander Lauder appears upon the list of the slain. Angus was one of the survivors; but his son, George, Master of Angus, fell fighting gallantly by the side of King James. The city records of Edinburgh, which commence about this period, are not clear upon the point, and I am rather inclined to think that the Earl of Angus was elected to supply the place of Lauder. But although the actual magistrates were absent, they had formally nominated deputies in their stead. I find, on referring to the city records, that "George of Tours" had been appointed to officiate in the absence of the Provost, and that four other persons were selected to discharge the office of bailies until the magistrates should return.

It is impossible to describe the consternation which pervaded the whole of Scotland when the intelligence of the defeat became known. In Edinburgh it was excessive. Mr. Arnot, in the history of that city, says—

"The news of their overthrow in the field of Flodden reached Edinburgh on the day after the battle, and overwhelmed the inhabitants with grief and confusion. The streets were crowded with women seeking intelligence about their friends, clamouring and weeping. Those who officiated in absence of the magistrates proved themselves worthy of the trust. They issued a proclamation, ordering all the inhabitants to assemble in military array for defence of the city, on the tolling of the bell; and commanding, 'that all women, and especially strangers, do repair to their work, and not be seen upon the street *clamorand and cryand*; and that women of the better sort do repair

to the church and offer up prayers, at the stated hours, for our Sovereign Lord and his army, and the townsmen who are with the army.' ”

Indeed, the Council records bear ample evidence of the emergency of that occasion. Throughout the earlier pages, the word “Flowdown” frequently occurs on the margin, in reference to various hurried orders for arming and defence; and there can be no doubt that, had the English forces attempted to follow up their victory, and attack the Scottish capital, the citizens would have resisted to the last. But it soon became apparent that the loss sustained by the English was so severe, that Surrey was in no condition to avail himself of the opportunity; and in fact, shortly afterwards, he was compelled to disband his army.

The references to the city banner contained in the following poem, may require a word of explanation. It is a standard still held in great honour and reverence by the burghers of Edinburgh, having been presented to them by James III., in return for their loyal service in 1482. This banner, along with that of the Earl Marischal, still conspicuous in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, was honourably brought back from Flodden, and certainly never could have been displayed in a more memorable field. Maitland says, with reference to this very interesting relic of antiquity—

“As a perpetual remembrance of the loyalty and bravery of the Edinburghers on the aforesaid occasion, the King granted them a banner or standard, with a power to display the same in defence of their king, country, and their own rights. This flag is kept by the Convener of the Trades; at whose appearance therewith, it is said that

not only the artificers of Edinburgh are obliged to repair to it, but all the artisans or craftsmen within Scotland are bound to follow it, and fight under the Convener of Edinburgh as aforesaid."

No event in Scottish history ever took a more lasting hold of the public mind than the "woeful fight" of Flodden; and, even now, the songs and traditions which are current on the Border recall the memory of a contest unsullied by disgrace, though terminating in disaster and defeat.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

I.

NEWS of battle!—news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant King?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

II.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
'Warder—warder! open quickly;
Man—is this a time to wait?"

And the heavy gates are opened :
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man ;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan :
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God ! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band ?

III.

Round him crush the people, crying,
“ Tell us all—oh, tell us true !
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you ?
Where are they, our brothers—children ?
Have they met the English foe ?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed ?
Is it weal or is it woe ? ”
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel ;
But no word he speaks in answer—
Only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
“ By the God that made thee, Randolph !
Tell us what mischance hath come.”
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

IV.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
“Your hands are weak with age,” he said,
“Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum,—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
’Twere better that in fiery flame
The roofs should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!”

V.

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:

They fell upon his corslet
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring;
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

VI.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a Lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsman's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
When youth's of victory sure.
But yet a dearer thought had he,—
For, with a father's pride,
He saw his last remaining son
Go forth by Randolph's side,

With casque on head and spur on heel,
All keen to do and dare ;
And proudly did that gallant boy
Dunedin's banner bear.
Oh! woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily—
"Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face
Speak! though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace!"

VII.

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud :
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—"That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.

Ay! ye may well look upon it—
There is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy;
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King!"

VIII.

Woe, and woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
Through the streets the death-word rushes,
Spreading terror, sweeping on—
"Jesu Christ! our King has fallen—
O Great God, King James is gone!
Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
Thou who erst didst lose thy Son!
O the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
O our King—the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
O our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again!

Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them !

IX.

But within the Council Chamber
All was silent as the grave,
Whilst the tempest of their sorrow
Shook the bosoms of the brave.
Well indeed might they be shaken
With the weight of such a blow :
He was gone—their prince, their idol,
Whom they loved and worshipped so !
Like a knell of death and judgment,
Rung from heaven by angel hand,
Fell the words of desolation
On the elders of the land.
Hoary heads were bowed and trembling,
Withered hands were clasped and wrung ;
God had left the old and feeble,
He had ta'en away the young.

X.

Then the Provost he uprose,
And his lip was ashen white ;
But a flush was on his brow,
And his eye was full of light.
" Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
Like a soldier stout and true ;
Thou hast done a deed of daring
Had been perilled but by few.

For thou hast not shamed to face us,
Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou a knight and captain—
Here, alive within thy mail!
Now, as my God shall judge me,
I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
And died above my son!
Thou needst not tell it: he is dead.
God help us all this day!
But speak—how fought the citizens
Within the furious fray?
For by the might of Mary!
’Twere something still to tell
That no Scottish foot went backward
When the Royal Lion fell!”

XI.

“No one failed him! He is keeping
Royal state and semblance still;
Knight and noble lie around him,
Cold on Flodden’s fatal hill.
Of the brave and gallant-hearted,
Whom you sent with prayers away,
Not a single man departed
From his Monarch yesterday.
Had you seen them, O my masters!
When the night began to fall,
And the English spearmen gathered
Round a grim and ghastly wall
As the wolves in winter circle
Round the leaguer on the heath,
So the greedy foe glared upward,
Panting still for blood and death.

But a rampart rose before them,
Which the boldest dared not scale;
Every stone a Scottish body,
Every step a corpse in mail!
And behind it lay our Monarch,
Clenching still his shivered sword;
By his side Montrose and Athole,
At his feet a Sonthron lord.
All so thick they lay together,
When the stars lit up the sky,
That I knew not who were stricken,
Or who yet remained to die.
Few there were when Surrey halted,
And his wearied host withdrew;
None but dying men around me,
When the English trumpet blew,
Then I stooped, and took the banner,
As you see it, from his breast,
And I closed our hero's eyelids,
And I left him to his rest.
In the mountains growled the thunder,
As I leaped the woeful wall,
And the heavy clouds were settling
Over Flodden, like a pall."

XII.

So he ended. And the others
Cared not any answer then;
Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,
Sitting anguish-struck, like men
Who have seen the roaring torrent
Sweep their happy homes away,
And yet linger by the margin,
Staring wildly on the spray.

But, without, the maddening tumult
Waxes ever more and more,
And the crowd of wailing women
Gather round the Council door.
Every dusky spire is ringing
With a dull and hollow knell,
And the Miserere's singing
To the tolling of the bell.
Through the streets the burghers hurry,
Spreading terror as they go;
And the rampart's thronged with watchers
For the coming of the foe.
From each mountain-top a pillar
Streams into the torpid air,
Bearing token from the Border
That the English host is there.
All without is flight and terror,
All within is woe and fear—
God protect thee, Maiden City,
For thy latest hour is near!

XIII.

No! not yet, thou high Dunedin!
Shalt thou totter to thy fall;
Though thy bravest and thy strongest
Are not there to man the wall.
No, not yet! the ancient spirit
Of our fathers hath not gone;
Take it to thee as a buckler
Better far than steel or stone.
Oh, remember those who perished
For thy birthright at the time
When to be a Scot was treason,
And to side with Wallace crime!

Have they not a voice among us,
 Whilst their hallowed dust is here?
Hear ye not a summons sounding
 From each buried warrior's bier?
Up!—they say—and keep the freedom
 Which we won you long ago:
Up! and keep our graves unsullied
 From the insults of the foe!
Up! and if ye cannot save them,
 Come to us in blood and fire:
Midst the crash of falling turrets
 Let the last of Scots expire!

XIV.

Still the bells are tolling fiercely,
 And the cry comes louder in;
Mothers wailing for their children,
 Sisters for their slaughtered kin.
All is terror and disorder;
 Till the Provost rises up,
Calm, as though he had not tasted
 Of the fell and bitter cup.
All so stately from his sorrow,
 Rose the old undaunted chief,
That you had not deemed, to see him,
 His was more than common grief.
“Rouse ye, Sirs!” he said; “we may not
 Longer mourn for what is done;
If our King be taken from us,
 We are left to guard his son.
We have sworn to keep the city
 From the foe, whate'er they be,
And the oath that we have taken
 Never shall be broke by me.

Death is nearer to us, brethren,
Than it seemed to those who died,
Fighting yesterday at Flodden,
By their lord and master's side.
Let us meet it then in patience,
Not in terror or in fear ;
Though our hearts are bleeding yonder,
Let our souls be steadfast here.
Up, and rouse ye ! Time is fleeting,
And we yet have much to do ;
Up ! and haste ye through the city,
Stir the burghers stout and true
Gather all our scattered people,
Fling the banner out once more,—
Randolph Murray ! do thou bear it,
As it erst was borne before :
Never Scottish heart will leave it,
When they see their Monarch's gore

XV.

“Let them cease that dismal knelling
It is time enough to ring,
When the fortress-strength of Scotland
Stoops to ruin like its King.
Let the bells be kept for warning,
Not for terror or alarm ;
When they next are heard to thunder,
Let each man and stripling arm.
Bid the women leave their wailing—
Do they think that woeful strain,
From the bloody heaps of Flodden,
Can redeem their dearest slain ?

Bid them cease,—or rather hasten
To the churches every one;
There to pray to Mary Mother,
And to her anointed Son,
That the thunderbolt above us
May not fall in ruin yet;
That in fire and blood and rapine
Scotland's glory may not set.
Let them pray,—for never women
Stood in need of such a prayer!—
England's yeomen shall not find them
Clinging to the altars there.
No! if we are doomed to perish,
Man and maiden, let us fall,
And a common gulf of ruin
Open wide to overwhelm us all!
Never shall the ruthless spoiler
Lay his hot insulting hand
On the sisters of our heroes,
Whilst we bear a torch or brand!
Up! and rouse ye, then, my brothers,—
But when next ye hear the bell
Sounding forth the sullen summons
That may be our funeral knell,
Once more let us meet together,
Once more see each other's face;
Then, like men that need not tremble,
Go to our appointed place.
God, our Father, will not fail us,
In that last tremendous hour,—
If all other bulwarks crumble,
He will be our strength and tower:

Though the ramparts rock beneath us,
And the walls go crashing down,
Though the roar of conflagration
Bellow o'er the sinking town ;
There is yet one place of shelter,
Where the foemen cannot come,
Where the summons never sounded
Of the trumpet or the drum.
There again we'll meet our children,
Who, on Flodden's trampled sod,
For their king and for their country
Rendered up their souls to God.
There shall we find rest and refuge,
With our dear departed brave
And the ashes of the city
Be our universal grave !"





THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

THE most poetical chronicler would find it impossible to render the incidents of Montrose's brilliant career more picturesque than the reality. Among the devoted champions who, during the wildest and most stormy period of our history, maintained the cause of Church and King, "the Great Marquis" undoubtedly is entitled to the foremost place. Even party malevolence, by no means extinct at the present day, has been unable to detract from the eulogy pronounced upon him by the famous Cardinal de Retz, the friend of Condé and Turenne, when he thus summed up his character:—"Montrose, a Scottish nobleman, head of the house of Grahame—the only man in the world that has ever realised to me the ideas of certain heroes, whom we now discover nowhere but in the lives of Plutarch—has sustained in his own country the cause of the King his master, with a greatness of soul that has not found its equal in our age."

But the success of the victorious leader and patriot is almost thrown into the shade by the noble magnanimity and Christian heroism of the man in the hour of defeat

and death. Without wishing, in any degree, to revive a controversy long maintained by writers of opposite political and polemical opinions, it may fairly be stated that Scottish history does not present us with a tragedy of parallel interest. That the execution of Montrose was the natural, nay, the inevitable, consequence of his capture, may be freely admitted even by the fiercest partisan of the cause for which he staked his life. In those times, neither party was disposed to lenity; and Montrose was far too conspicuous a character, and too dangerous a man, to be forgiven. But the ignominious and savage treatment which he received at the hands of those whose station and descent should at least have taught them to respect misfortune, has left an indelible stain upon the memory of the Covenanting chiefs, and more especially upon that of Argyle.

The perfect serenity of the man in the hour of trial and death, the courage and magnanimity which he displayed to the last, have been dwelt upon with admiration by writers of every class. He heard his sentence delivered without any apparent emotion, and afterwards told the magistrates who waited upon him in prison, "that he was much indebted to the Parliament for the great honour they had decreed him;" adding, "that he was prouder to have his head placed upon the top of the prison, than if they had decreed a golden statue to be erected to him in the market-place, or that his picture should be hung in the King's bed-chamber." He said, "he thanked them for their care to preserve the remembrance of his loyalty, by transmitting such monuments to the different parts of the kingdom; and only wished that he had flesh enough to have sent a piece to every city in Christendom, as a token

of his unshaken love and fidelity to his king and country." On the night before his execution, he inscribed the following lines with a diamond on the window of his jail:—

"Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker! in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air;
Lord! since thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just."

After the Restoration the dust *was* recovered, the scattered remnants collected, and the bones of the hero conveyed to their final resting-place by a numerous assemblage of gentlemen of his family and name.

There is no ingredient of fiction in the historical incidents recorded in the following ballad. The indignities that were heaped upon Montrose during his procession through Edinburgh, his appearance before the Estates, and his last passage to the scaffold, as well as his undaunted bearing, have all been spoken to by eyewitnesses of the scene. A graphic and vivid sketch of the whole will be found in Mr Mark Napier's volume, "*The Life and Times of Montrose*"—a work as chivalrous in its tone as the *Chronicles of Froissart*, and abounding in original and most interesting materials; but, in order to satisfy all scruple, the authorities for each fact are given in the shape of notes. The ballad may be considered as a narrative of the transactions, related by an aged Highlander, who had followed Montrose throughout his campaigns, to his grandson, shortly before the battle of Killiecrankie.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

I.

COME hither, Evan Cameron
Come, stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain-side,
There's war within the blast—
Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past :
I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night.

II.

'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.

I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsays' pride ;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.

III.

A traitor sold him to his foes ;
O deed of deathless shame !
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armèd men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown ;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down !

IV.

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

V. -

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig west-country lords,
In balcony and bow ;
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row.
And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see !

VI.

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye ;—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

VII.

But onwards—always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured,
Till it reached the house of doom.

Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd :
Then as the Graeme looked upwards
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold—
The master-fiend Argyle!

VIII.

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,
But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale
And he turned his eyes away.
The painted harlot by his side,
She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
And hands were clenched at him ;
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
“ Back, coward, from thy place!
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face.”

IX.

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailèd men—
Not all the rebels in the south
Had borne us backwards then !

Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!

X.

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom ;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

XI.

"Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And oh, that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me—
I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

XII.

"There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them :
I go from you to Him !"

XIII.

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town :
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come ;
Yet aye broke in with muffled beat,
The 'larm of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor
Came forth to see him die.

XIV.

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree !

Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms—

The bells begin to toll—

“He is coming! he is coming!

God’s mercy on his soul!”

One last long peal of thunder—

The clouds are cleared away,

And the glorious sun once more looks down

Amidst the dazzling day.

XV.

“He is coming! he is coming!”

Like a bridegroom from his room,

Came the hero from his prison

To the scaffold and the doom.

There was glory on his forehead,

There was lustre in his eye,

And he never walked to battle

More proudly than to die:

There was colour in his visage,

Though the cheeks of all were wan,

And they marvelled as they saw him pass,

That great and goodly man!

XVI.

He mounted up the scaffold,

And he turned him to the crowd;

But they dared not trust the people,

So he might not speak aloud.

But he looked upon the heavens,

And they were clear and blue,

And in the liquid ether

The eye of God shone through

Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

XVII.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee ;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away :
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.

XVIII.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll ;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done !

NOTES TO THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

"A traitor sold him to his foes."—P. 167.

"THE contemporary historian of the Earls of Sutherland records, that (after the defeat of Invercarron) Montrose and Kinnoul 'wandered up the river Kyle the whole ensuing night, and the next day, and the third day also, without any food or sustenance, and at last came within the country of Assynt. The Earl of Kinnoul, being faint for lack of meat, and not able to travel any farther, was left there among the mountains, where it was supposed he perished. Montrose had almost famished, but that he fortunèd in his misery to light upon a small cottage in that wilderness, where he was supplied with some milk and bread.' Not even the iron frame of Montrose could endure a prolonged existence under such circumstances. He gave himself up to Macleod of Assynt, a former adherent, from whom he had reason to expect assistance in consideration of that circumstance, and, indeed, from the dictates of honourable feeling and common humanity. As the Argyle faction had sold the King, so this Highlander rendered his own name infamous by selling the hero to the Covenanters, for which 'duty to the public' he was rewarded with four hundred bolls of meal."—NAPIER'S *Life of Montrose*.

"They brought him to the Watergate."—P. 167.

"*Friday, 17th May.*—Act ordaining James Grahame to be brought from the Watergate on a cart, bareheaded, the hangman in his livery, covered, riding on the horse that draws the cart—the prisoner to be bound to the cart with a rope—to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and from thence to be brought to the Parliament House, and there, in the place of delinquents, on his knees, to receive his sentence—viz., to be hanged on a gibbet at the Cross of Edinburgh, with his book and declaration tied on a rope about his neck, and there to hang for the space of three hours until he be dead; and thereafter to be cut down by the hangman, his head, hands, and legs to be cut off, and distributed as follows:—viz., his

head to be affixed on an iron pin, and set on the pinnacle of the west gavel of the new prison of Edinburgh; one hand to be set on the port of Perth, the other on the port of Stirling; one leg and foot on the port of Aberdeen, the other on the port of Glasgow. If at his death penitent, and relaxed from excommunication, then the trunk of his body to be interred by pioneers in the Greyfriars; otherwise, to be interred in the Boroughmuir, by the hangman's men, under the gallows."—BALFOUR's *Notes of Parliament*.

It is needless to remark that this inhuman sentence was executed to the letter. In order that the exposure might be more complete, the cart was constructed with a high chair in the centre, having holes behind, through which the ropes that fastened him were drawn. The author of the *Wigton Papers*, recently published by the Maitland Club, says, "The reason of his being tied to the cart was in hope that the people would have stoned him, and that he might not be able by his hands to save his face." His hat was then pulled off by the hangman, and the procession commenced.

*"But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high."*—P. 168.

"In all the way, there appeared in him such majesty, courage, modesty—and even somewhat more than natural—that those common women who had lost their husbands and children in his wars, and who were hired to stone him, were upon the sight of him so astonished and moved, that their intended curses turned into tears and prayers; so that next day *all the ministers preached against them for not stoning and reviling him.*"—*Wigton Papers*.

*"Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud."*—P. 169.

"It is remarkable that, of the many thousand beholders, the Lady Jean Gordon, Countess of Haddington, did (alone) publicly insult and laugh at him; which being perceived by a gentleman in the street, he cried up to her, that it became her better to sit upon the cart for her adulteries."—*Wigton Papers*. This infamous woman was the third daughter of Huntly, and the niece of Argyle. It will hardly be credited that she was the sister of that gallant Lord Gordon, who fell fighting by the side of Montrose, only five years before, at the battle of Aldford!

*"For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face."*—P. 169.

"The Lord Lorn and his new lady were also sitting on a balcony, joyful spectators; and the cart being stopped when it came before the lodging where the Chancellor, Argyle, and Warristoun sat—that they might have time to insult—he, suspecting the business, turned his face towards them, whereupon they presently crept in at the windows; which being perceived by an Englishman, he cried up, it was no wonder they started aside at his look, for they durst not look him in the face these seven years bygone."—*Wigton Papers.*

*"With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom."*—P. 170.

Archibald Johnston of Warristoun. This man, who was the inveterate enemy of Montrose, and who carried the most selfish spirit into every intrigue of his party, received the punishment of his treasons about eleven years afterwards. It may be instructive to learn how *he* met his doom. The following extract is from the MSS. of Sir George Mackenzie:—"The Chancellor and others waited to examine him; he fell upon his face, roaring, and with tears entreated they would pity a poor creature who had forgot all that was in the Bible. This moved all the spectators with a deep melancholy; and the Chancellor, reflecting upon the man's great parts, former esteem, and the great share he had in all the late revolutions, could not deny some tears to the frailty of silly mankind. At his examination, he pretended he had lost so much blood by the unskilfulness of his chirurgeons, that he lost his memory with his blood; and I really believe that his courage had been drawn out with it. Within a few days he was brought before the parliament, where he discovered nothing but much weakness, running up and down upon his knees, begging mercy; but the parliament ordained his former sentence to be put to execution, and accordingly he was executed at the Cross of Edinburgh."

*"And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him."*—P. 171.

"He said he was much beholden to the parliament for the honour they put on him; 'for,' says he, 'I think it a greater

honour to have my head standing on the port of this town, for this quarrel, than to have my picture in the king's bed-chamber. I am beholden to you that, lest my loyalty should be forgotten, ye have appointed five of your most eminent towns to bear witness of it to posterity."—*Wigton Papers*.

"He is coming! he is coming!

Like a bridegroom from his room."—P. 172.

"In his downgoings from the Tolbooth to the place of execution, he was very richly clad in fine scarlet, laid over with rich silver lace, his hat in his hand, his bands and cuffs exceeding rich, his delicate white gloves on his hands, his stockings of incarnate silk, and his shoes with their ribbons on his feet; and sarks provided for him with pearling about, above ten pounds the elue. All these were provided for him by his friends, and a pretty cassock put on upon him, upon the scaffold, wherein he was hanged. To be short, nothing was here deficient to honour his poor carcase, more be seeming a bridegroom than a criminal going to the gallows."—*NICHOLL'S Diary*.

"The grim Geneva ministers

With anxious scowl drew near."—P. 173.

The Presbyterian ministers beset Montrose both in prison and on the scaffold. The following extracts are from the diary of the Rev. Robert Traill, one of the persons who were appointed by the commission of the kirk "to deal with him:"—"By a warrant from the kirk, we staid a while with him about his soul's condition. But we found him continuing in his old pride, and taking very ill what was spoken to him, saying, 'I pray you, gentlemen, let me die in peace.' It was answered that he might die in true peace, being reconciled to the Lord and to his kirk."—"We returned to the commission, and did show unto them what had passed amongst us. They, seeing that for the present he was not desiring relaxation from his censure of excommunication, did appoint Mr Mungo Law and me to attend on the morrow on the scaffold, at the time of his execution, that, in case he should desire to be relaxed from his excommunication, we should be allowed to give it unto him in the name of the kirk, and to pray with him, and for him, *that what is loosed on earth might be loosed in*

heaven." But this pious intention, which may appear somewhat strange to the modern Calvinist, when the prevailing theories of the kirk regarding the efficacy of absolution are considered, was not destined to be fulfilled. Mr Traill goes on to say, "But he did not at all desire to be relaxed from his excommunication in the name of the kirk, yea, *did not look towards that place on the scaffold where we stood*; only he drew apart some of the magistrates, and spake a while with them, and then went up the ladder, in his red scarlet cassock, in a very stately manner."

*"And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven."—P. 173.*

"He was very earnest that he might have the liberty to keep on his hat—it was denied: he requested he might have the privilege to keep his cloak about him—neither could that be granted. Then, with a most undaunted courage, he went up to the top of that prodigious gibbet."—"The whole people gave a general groan; and it was very observable, that even those who, at his first appearance, had bitterly inveighed against him, could not now abstain from tears."—*Montrose Redivivus.*





THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

HECTOR BOECE, in his very delightful, though somewhat apocryphal *Chronicles of Scotland*, tells us, that “quhen Schir James Douglas was chosin as maist worthy of all Scotland to pass with King Robertis hart to the Holy Land, he put it in ane cais of gold, with arromitike and precious unyementis; and tuke with him Schir William Sinclaire and Schir Robert Logan, with mony othir nobilmen, to the haily graif; quhare he buryit the said hart, with maist reverence and solempnitie that could be devisit.”

But no contemporary historian bears out the statement of the old Canon of Aberdeen. Froissart, Fordoun, and Barbour all agree that the devotional pilgrimage of the good Sir James was not destined to be accomplished, and that the heart of Scotland's greatest King and hero was brought back to the land of his nativity. Mr Tytler, in few words, has so graphically recounted the leading events of this expedition, that I do not hesitate to adopt his narrative:—

“As soon as the season of the year permitted, Douglas, having the heart of his beloved master under his charge,

set sail from Scotland, accompanied by a splendid retinue, and anchored off Sluys in Flanders, at this time the great seaport of the Netherlands. His object was to find out companions with whom he might travel to Jerusalem; but he declined landing, and for twelve days received all visitors on board his ship with a state almost kingly.

“At Sluys he heard that Alonzo, the king of Leon and Castile, was carrying on war with Osmyn, the Moorish governor of Granada. The religious mission which he had embraced, and the vows he had taken before leaving Scotland, induced Douglas to consider Alonzo’s cause as a holy warfare; and before proceeding to Jerusalem, he first determined to visit Spain, and to signalise his prowess against the Saracens. But his first field against the Infidels proved fatal to him who, in the long English war, had seen seventy battles. The circumstances of his death were striking and characteristic. In an action near Theba, on the borders of Andalusia, the Moorish cavalry were defeated; and after their camp had been taken, Douglas, with his companions, engaged too eagerly in the pursuit, and being separated from the main body of the Spanish army a strong division of the Moors rallied and surrounded them. The Scottish knight endeavoured to cut his way through the Infidels, and in all probability would have succeeded, had he not again turned to rescue Sir William Saint Clair of Roslin, whom he saw in jeopardy. In attempting this, he was inextricably involved with the enemy. Taking from his neck the casket which contained the heart of Bruce, he cast it before him, and exclaimed with a loud voice, ‘Now pass onward as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!’ The action and the sentiment were heroic, and they were the

last words and deed of a heroic life, for Douglas fell overpowered by his enemies; and three of his knights, and many of his companions, were slain along with their master. On the succeeding day, the body and the casket were both found on the field, and by his surviving friends conveyed to Scotland. The heart of Bruce was deposited at Melrose, and the body of the 'Good Sir James'—the name by which he is affectionately remembered by his countrymen—was consigned to the cemetery of his fathers in the parish church of Douglas."

A nobler death on the field of battle is not recorded in the annals of chivalry. In memory of this expedition, the Douglasses have ever since carried the armorial bearings of the Bloody Heart surmounted by the Crown; and a similar distinction is borne by another family. Sir Simon of Lee, a distinguished companion of Douglas, was the person on whom, after the fall of his leader, the custody of the heart devolved. Hence the name of Lockhart, and their effigy, the Heart within a Fetterlock.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

I.

It was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

II.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,
And flung our armour in the ships
That rode within the bay.

III.

We spoke not as the shore grew less,
But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

IV.

And aye the purple hues decayed
Upon the fading bill,
And but one heart in all that ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

V.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck—

Oh, but his face was wan !

Unlike the flush it used to wear

When in the battle-van.—

VI.

“ Come hither, I pray, my trusty knight,

Sir Simon of the Lee ;

There is a freit lies near my soul

. I needs must tell to thee.

VII.

“ Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke

Upon his dying day :

How he bade me take his noble heart

And carry it far away ;

VIII.

“ And lay it in the holy soil

Where once the Saviour trod,

Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,

Nor strike one blow for God.

IX.

“ Last night as in my bed I lay,

I dreamed a dreary dream :—

Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand

In the moonlight's quivering beam.

X.

“ His robe was of the azure dye—

Snow-white his scattered hairs—

And even such a cross he bore

As good Saint Andrew bears.

XI.

“ ‘Why go ye forth, Lord James,’ he said,
‘With spear and belted brand ?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land ?

XII.

“ ‘The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

XIII.

“ ‘But ’tis not there that Scotland’s heart
Shall rest, by God’s decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea !

XIV.

“ ‘Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede !
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

XV.

“ ‘And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
And save King Robert’s vow ;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou !’

XVI.

“ Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee—
For truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me—

XVII.

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

XVIII.

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand—
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command."

XIX.

"But if in battle-front, Lord James,
'Tis ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

XX.

And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

XXI.

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

XXII.

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armed men
That round yon standard throng?"

XXIII.

"The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil, and waste, and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day."

XXIV.

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
"Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turned aside
From the Cross in jeopardie !

XXV.

"Have down, have down, my merry men all—
Have down unto the plain ;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain !"

XXVI.

"Now welcome to me, noble lord,
Thou and thy stalwart power ;
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
Who comes in such an hour !

XXVII.

"Is it for bond or faith you come,
Or yet for golden fee ?
Or bring ye France's lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie ?"

XXVIII.

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and thy belted peers—
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears.

XXIX.

"We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
Who died upon the tree.

XXX.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour's grave.

XXXI.

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!"

XXXII.

The King has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne—
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

XXXIII.

"I know thy name full well, Lord James;
And honoured may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!

XXXIV.

"Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!"

XXXV.

The Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh, but his glance was high!
"There is not one of all my men
But is as frank as I.

XXXVI.

"There is not one of all my knights
But bears as true a spear—
Then—onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
And think, King Robert's here!"

XXXVII.

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As, spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

XXXVIII.

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

XXXIX.

But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through;
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

XL.

We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

XLI.

"Make in ! make in !" Lord Douglas cried—

"Make in, my brethren dear
Sir William of St Clair is down ;
We may not leave him here !"

XLII.

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain ;
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

XLIII.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St Clair !
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there !"

XLIV.

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lionlike and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

XLV.

He flung it from him far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—"Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore !"

XLVI.

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor

XLVII.

"Now praised be God, the day is won!
They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well?"

XLVIII.

"Oh, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me;
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!"

XLIX.

"There lies above his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe, that I am living man,
Not lying there by him!"

L.

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there.

LI.

"O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May!
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day.

LII.

"And, Scotland, thou may'st veil thy head
In sorrow and in pain:
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain!"

LIII.

“ We'll bear them back unto our ship,
We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth,
Within our own countrie.

LIV.

“ And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
Shall never bear the Moor!”

LV.

The King he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

LVI.

“ God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!”

LVII.

We lifted thence the good Lord James,
And the priceless heart he bore;
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

LVIII.

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death,
Before the mighty dead.

LIX.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose ;
And woeful men were we that day—
God grant their souls repose !





THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

IT is very much to be regretted that no competent person has as yet undertaken the task of compiling a full and authentic biography of Lord Viscount Dundee. His memory has consequently been left at the mercy of writers who have espoused the opposite political creed; and the pen of romance has been freely employed to portray as a bloody assassin one of the most accomplished men and gallant soldiers of his age.

In order to do justice to Claverhouse, we must regard him in connection with the age and country in which he lived. The religious differences of Scotland were then at their greatest height; and there is hardly any act of atrocity and rebellion which had not been committed by the insurgents. The royal authority was openly and publicly disowned in the western districts: the Archbishop of St Andrews, after more than one hairbreadth escape, had been waylaid and barbarously murdered by an armed gang of fanatics on Magus Muir; and his daughter was wounded and maltreated while interceding for the old man's life. The country was infested by ban-

ditti, who took every possible opportunity of shooting down and massacring any of the straggling soldiery: the clergy were attacked and driven from their houses; so that, throughout a considerable portion of Scotland, there was no security either for property or for life. It was lately the fashion to praise and magnify the Covenanters as the most innocent and persecuted of men; but those who are so ready with their sympathy, rarely take the pains to satisfy themselves, by reference to the annals of the time, of the true character and motives of those men whom they blindly venerate as martyrs. They forget, in their zeal for religious freedom, that even the purest and holiest of causes may be sullied and disgraced by the deeds of its upholders, and that a wild and frantic profession of faith is not always a test of genuine piety. It is not in the slightest degree necessary to discuss whether the royal prerogative was at that time arbitrarily used, or whether the religious freedom of the nation was unduly curtailed. Both points may be, and indeed are, admitted—for it is impossible altogether to vindicate the policy of the measures adopted by the two last monarchs of the house of Stuart; but neither admission will clear the Covenanters from the stain of deliberate cruelty.

After the battle of Philiphaugh, the royalist prisoners were butchered in cold blood, under the superintendence of a clerical emissary, who stood by rubbing his hands, and exclaiming—"The wark gangs bonnily on!" Were I to transcribe, from the pamphlets before me, the list of the murders which were perpetrated by the country people on the soldiery, officers, and gentlemen of loyal principles, during the reign of Charles II., I believe that no candid person would be surprised at the severe retalia-

tion which was made. It must be remembered that the country was then under military law, and that the strictest orders had been issued by the Government to the officers in command of the troops, to use every means in their power for the effectual repression of the disturbances. The necessity of such orders will become apparent, when we reflect that, besides the open actions at Aird's Moss and Drumclog, the city of Glasgow was attacked, and the royal forces compelled for a time to fall back upon Stirling.

Under such circumstances, it is no wonder if the soldiery were severe in their reprisals. Innocent blood may no doubt have been shed, and in some cases even wantonly; for when rebellion has grown into civil war, and the ordinary course of the law is put in abeyance, it is always impossible to restrain military licence. But it is most unfair to lay the whole odium of such acts upon those who were in command, and to dishonour the fair name of gentlemen, by attributing to them personally the commission of deeds of which they were absolutely ignorant. To this day the peasantry of the western districts of Scotland entertain the idea that Claverhouse was a sort of fiend in human shape, tall, muscular, and hideous in aspect, secured by infernal spells from the chance of perishing by any ordinary weapon, and mounted on a huge black horse, the especial gift of Beelzebub! On this charger it is supposed that he could ride up precipices as easily as he could traverse the level ground—that he was constantly accompanied by a body of desperadoes, vulgarly known by such euphonious titles as “Hell's Tam” and “the De'il's Jock,” and that his whole time was occupied, day and night, in hunting Covenanters upon the

hills ! Almost every rebel who was taken in arms and shot, is supposed to have met his death from the individual pistol of Claverhouse ; and the tales which, from time to time, have been written by such ingenious persons as the late Mr Galt and the Ettrick Shepherd, have quietly been assumed as facts, and added to the store of our traditionary knowledge. It is in vain to hint that the chief commanders of the forces in Scotland could have found little leisure, even had they possessed the taste, for pursuing single insurgents. Such suggestions are an insult to martyrology ; and many a parish of the west would be indignant were it averred that the tenant of its grey stone had suffered by a meaner hand.

When we look at the portrait of Claverhouse, and survey the calm, melancholy, and beautiful features of the devoted soldier, it appears almost incredible that he should have provoked so much calumny and misrepresentation. But when—discarding modern historians, who in too many instances do not seem to entertain the slightest scruple in dealing with the memory of the dead *—we turn to the writings of his contemporaries, who knew the man, his character appears in a very different light. They describe him as one who was stainless in his honour, pure in his faith, wise in council, resolute in action, and utterly free from that selfishness which disgraced many of the Scottish statesmen of the time. No one dares question his loyalty, for he sealed that confession with his blood ; and it is universally admitted that with him fell the last hopes of the reinstatement of the house of Stuart.

* *Vide* APPENDIX.

I may perhaps be permitted here, in the absence of a better chronicler, to mention a few particulars of his life, which, I believe, are comparatively unknown. John Grahame of Claverhouse was a cadet of the family of Fintrie, connected by intermarriage with the blood-royal of Scotland. After completing his studies at the University of St. Andrews, he entered, as was the national custom for gentlemen of good birth and limited means, into foreign service; served some time in France as a volunteer, and afterwards went to Holland. He very soon received a commission, as a cornet in a regiment of horse-guards, from the Prince of Orange, nephew of Charles II. and James VII., and who afterwards married the Princess Mary. His manner at that time is thus described:—"He was then ane esquire, under the title of John Grahame of Claverhouse; but the vivacity of his parts, and the delicacy and justice of his understanding and judgment, joined with a certain vigour of mind and activity of body distinguished him in such a manner from all others of his rank, that though he lived in a superior character, yet he acquired the love and esteem of all his equals as well as of those who had the advantage of him in dignity and estate."

By one of those singular accidents which we occasionally meet with in history, Grahame, afterwards destined to become his most formidable opponent, saved the life of the Prince of Orange at the battle of St Neff. The Prince's horse had been killed, and he himself was in the grasp of the enemy, when the young cornet rode to his rescue, freed him from his assailants, and mounted him on his own steed. For this service he received a captain's commission, and the promise of the first regiment that should fall vacant.

But, even in early life, William of Orange was not famous for keeping his promises. Some years afterwards a vacancy in one of the Scottish Regiments in the Prince's service occurred, and Claverhouse, relying upon the previous assurance, preferred his claim. It was disregarded, and Mr Collier, afterwards Earl of Portmore, was appointed over his head. It would seem that Grahame had suspected some foul play on the part of this gentleman, for, shortly after, they accidentally met and had an angry altercation. This circumstance having come to the ears of the Prince, he sent for Captain Grahame, and administered a sharp rebuke. I give the remainder of this incident in the words of the old writer, because it must be considered a very remarkable one, as illustrating the fiery spirit and dauntless independence of Claverhouse.

"The Captain answered, that he was indeed in the wrong, since it was more his Highness's business to have resented that quarrel than his; because Mr Collier had less injured him in disappointing him of the regiment, than he had done his Highness in making him break his word. 'Then,' replied the Prince in an angry tone, 'I make you full reparation; for I bestow on you what is more valuable than a regiment, when I give you your right arm!' The Captain subjoined, that since his Highness had the goodness to give him his liberty, he resolved to employ himself elsewhere, for he would not longer serve a Prince that had broken his word.

"The Captain, having thus thrown up his commission, was preparing in haste for his voyage, when a messenger arrived from the Prince, with two hundred guineas for the horse on which he had saved his life. The Captain sent the horse, but he ordered the gold to be distributed

among the grooms of the Prince's stables. It is said, however, that his Highness had the generosity to write to the King and the Duke, recommending him as a fine gentleman and a brave officer, fit for any office, civil or military." *

On his arrival in Britain he was well received by the Court, and immediately appointed to a high military command in Scotland. It would be beyond the scope of the present paper to enter minutely into the details of his service during the stormy period when Scotland was certainly misgoverned and when there was little unity, but much disorder in the land. In whatever point of view we regard the history of those times, the aspect is a mournful one indeed. "Church and State never was a popular cry in Scotland; and the peculiar religious tendencies which had been exhibited by a large portion of the nation, at the time of the Reformation, rendered the return of tranquillity hopeless, until the hierarchy was displaced, and a humbler form of church government, more suited to the feelings of the people, substituted in its stead.

Three years after the accession of James VII., Claverhouse was raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Viscount of Dundee. He was major-general and second in command of the royal forces, when the Prince of Orange landed; and he earnestly entreated King James to be allowed to march against him, offering to stake his head on the successful result of the enterprise. There can be little doubt, from the great popularity of Lord Dundee with the army, that, had such consent been given, William would have found more than a match in his old officer;

* *Memoirs of the Lord Viscount of Dundee.* London: 1714.

but the King seemed absolutely infatuated, and refused to allow a drop of blood to be shed in his quarrel, though the great bulk of the population of England were clearly and enthusiastically in his favour. A modern poet, the Honourable George Sydney Smythe, has well illustrated this event in the following spirited lines:—

“Then out spake gallant Claverhouse, and his soul thrilled wild
and high,
And he showed the King his subjects, and he prayed him not to fly.
Oh, never yet was captain so dauntless as Dundee—
He has sworn to chase the Hollander back to his Zudyer-Zee!”

But though James quitted his kingdom, the stern loyalty of Dundee was nothing moved. Alone and without escort he traversed England, and presented himself at the Convention of Estates, then assembled at Edinburgh for the purpose of receiving the message from the Prince of Orange. The meeting was a very strange one. Many of the nobility and former members of the Scottish Parliament had absolutely declined attending it,—some on the ground that it was not a legal assembly, having been summoned by the Prince of Orange; and others because, in such a total disruption of order, they judged it safest to abstain from taking any prominent part. This gave an immense ascendancy to the Revolution party, who further proceeded to strengthen their position by inviting to Edinburgh large bodies of the armed population of the west. After defending for several days the cause of his master, with as much eloquence as vigour, Dundee, finding that the majority of the Convention were resolved to offer the crown of Scotland to the Prince, and having moreover received sure information that some of the wild

frantic Whigs, with Daniel Ker of Kersland at their head, had formed a plot for his assassination, quitted Edinburgh with about fifty horsemen, and, after a short interview—celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in one of his grandest ballads—with the Duke of Gordon at the Castle rock, directed his steps towards the north. After a short stay at his house of Dudhope, during which he received, by order of the Council, who were thoroughly alarmed at his absence, a summons through a Lyon-herald to return to Edinburgh under pain of high treason, he passed into the Gordon country, where he was joined by the Earl of Dunfermline with a small party of about sixty horse. His retreat was timeous, for General Mackay, who commanded for the Prince of Orange, had despatched a strong force, with instructions to make him prisoner. From this time, until the day of his death, he allowed himself no repose. Imitating the example, and inheriting the enthusiasm of his great predecessor Montrose, he invoked the loyalty of the clans to assist him in the struggle for legitimacy,—and he did not appeal to them in vain. His name was a spell to rouse the ardent spirits of the mountaineers; and not the Great Marquess himself, in the height of his renown, was more sincerely welcomed and more fondly loved than “*Ian dhu nan Cath*,”—dark John of the Battles,—the name by which Lord Dundee is still remembered in Highland song. In the mean time the Convention, terrified at their danger, and dreading a Highland inroad, had despatched Mackay, a military officer of great experience, with a considerable body of troops, to quell the threatened insurrection. He was encountered by Dundee, and compelled to evacuate the high country and fall back upon the Lowlands, where he sub-

sequently received reinforcements, and again marched northward. The Highland host was assembled at Blair, though not in great force, when the news of Mackay's advance arrived ; and a council of the chiefs and officers was summoned, to determine whether it would be most advisable to fall back upon the glens and wild fastnesses of the Highlands, or to meet the enemy at once, though with a far inferior force.

Most of the old officers, who had been trained in the foreign wars, were of the former opinion—"alleging that it was neither prudent nor cautious to risk an engagement against an army of disciplined men, that exceeded theirs in number by more than a half." But both Glengarry and Lochell, to the great satisfaction of the General, maintained the contrary view, and argued that neither hunger nor fatigue were so likely to depress the Highlanders as a retreat when the enemy was in view. The account of the discussion is so interesting, and so characteristic of Dundee, that I shall take leave to quote its termination in the words of Drummond of Balhaldy :—

"An advice so hardy and resolute could not miss to please the generous Dundee. His looks seemed to heighten with an air of delight and satisfaction all the while Lochell was speaking. He told his council that they had heard his sentiments from the mouth of a person who had formed his judgment upon infallible proofs drawn from a long experience, and an intimate acquaintance with the persons and subject he spoke of. Not one in the company offering to contradict their general, it was unanimously agreed to fight.

"When the news of this vigorous resolution spread through the army, nothing was heard but acclamations of

joy, which exceedingly pleased their gallant general ; but before the council broke up, Locheill begged to be heard for a few words. ‘My Lord,’ said he, ‘I have just now declared, in presence of this honourable company, that I was resolved to give an implicit obedience to all your Lordship’s commands ; but I humbly beg leave, in name of these gentlemen, to give the word of command for this one time. It is the voice of your council, and their orders are that you do not engage personally. Your Lordship’s business is to have an eye on all parts, and to issue out your commands as you shall think proper ; it is ours to execute them with promptitude and courage. On your Lordship depends the fate, not only of this little brave army, but also of our King and country. If your Lordship deny us this reasonable demand, for my own part I declare, that neither I, nor any I am concerned in, shall draw a sword on this important occasion, whatever construction shall be put upon the matter.’

“Locheill was seconded in this by the whole council ; but Dundee begged leave to be heard in his turn. ‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘as I am absolutely convinced, and have had repeated proofs, of your zeal for the King’s service, and of your affection to me as his general and your friend, so I am fully sensible that my engaging personally this day may be of some loss if I shall chance to be killed. But I beg leave of you, however, to allow me to give one *shear darg* (that is, one harvest-day’s work) to the King, my master, that I may have an opportunity of convincing the brave clans that I can hazard my life in that service as freely as the meanest of them. Ye know their temper, gentlemen ; and if they do not think I have personal courage enough, they will not esteem me hereafter, nor obey my commands

with cheerfulness. Allow me this single favour, and I here promise, upon my honour, never again to risk my person while I have that of commanding you.'

"The council, finding him inflexible, broke up, and the army marched directly towards the Pass of Killiecrankie."

Those who have visited that romantic spot need not be reminded of its peculiar features, for these, once seen, must dwell for ever in the memory. The lower part of the Pass is a stupendous mountain-chasm, scooped out by the waters of the Garry, which here descend in a succession of roaring cataracts and pools. The old road, which ran almost parallel to the river and close upon its edge, was extremely narrow, and wound its way beneath a wall of enormous crags, surmounted by a natural forest of birch, oak, and pine. An army cooped up in that gloomy ravine would have as little chance of escape from the onset of an enterprising partisan corps, as had the Bavarian troops when attacked by the Tyrolese in the steep defiles of the Inn. General Mackay, however, had made his arrangements with consummate tact and skill, and had calculated his time so well, that he was enabled to clear the Pass before the Highlanders could reach it from the other side. Advancing upwards, the passage becomes gradually broader, until, just below the House of Urrard, there is a considerable width of meadow-land. It was here that Mackay took up his position, and arrayed his troops, on observing that the heights above were occupied by the army of Dundee.

The forces of the latter scarcely amounted to one-third of those of his antagonist, which were drawn up in line without any reserve. He was therefore compelled,

in making his dispositions, to leave considerable gaps in his own line, which gave Mackay a further advantage. The right of Dundee's army was formed of the M'Lean, Glengarry, and Clanranald regiments, along with some Irish levies. In the centre was Dundee himself, at the head of a small and ill-equipped body of cavalry, composed of Lowland gentlemen and their followers, and about forty of his old troopers. The Camerons and Skymen, under the command of Locheill and Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, were stationed on the left. During the time occupied by these dispositions, a brisk cannonade was opened by Mackay's artillery, which materially increased the impatience of the Highlanders to come to close quarters. At last the word was given to advance, and the whole line rushed forward with the terrific impetuosity peculiar to a charge of the clans. They received the fire of the regular troops without flinching, reserved their own until they were close at hand, poured in a murderous volley, and then, throwing away their firelocks, attacked the enemy with the broadsword.

The victory was almost instantaneous, but it was bought at a terrible price. Through some mistake or misunderstanding, a portion of the cavalry, instead of following their general, who had charged directly for the guns, executed a manœuvre which threw them into disorder; and when last seen in the battle, Dundee, accompanied only by the Earl of Dunfermline and about sixteen gentlemen, was entering into the cloud of smoke, standing up in his stirrups, and waving to the others to come on. It was in this attitude that he appears to have received his death-wound. On returning from the pursuit, the Highlanders found him dying on the field.

It would be difficult to point out another instance in which the maintenance of a great cause depended solely upon the life of a single man. Whilst Dundee survived, Scotland at least was not lost to the Stuarts, for, shortly before the battle, he had received assurance that the greater part of the organized troops in the north were devoted to his person, and ready to join him; and the victory of Killiecrankie would have been followed by a general rising of the loyal gentlemen in the Lowlands. But with his fall the enterprise was over.

I hope I shall not be accused of exaggerating the importance of this battle, which, according to the writer I have already quoted, was best proved by the consternation into which the opposite party were thrown at the first news of Mackay's defeat. "The Duke of Hamilton, commissioner for the parliamant which then sat at Edinburgh, and the rest of the ministry, were struck with such a panic, that some of them were for retiring into England, others into the western shires of Scotland, where all the people, almost to a man, befriended them; nor knew they whether to abandon the government, or to stay a few days until they saw what use my Lord Dundee would make of his victory. They knew the rapidity of his motions, and were convinced that he would allow them no time to deliberate. On this account it was debated, whether such of the nobility and gentry as were confined for adhering to their old master, should be immediately set at liberty or more closely shut up; and though the last was determined on, yet the greatest revolutionists among them made private and frequent visits to these prisoners, excusing what was past, from a fatal necessity of the times, which obliged them

to give a seeming compliance, but protesting that they always wished well to King James, as they should soon have occasion to show when my Lord Dundee advanced."

"The next morning after the battle," says Drummond, "the Highland army had more the air of the shattered remains of broken troops than of conquerors; for here it was literally true that

'The vanquished triumphed, and the victors mourned.'

The death of their brave general, and the loss of so many of their friends, were inexhaustible fountains of grief and sorrow. They closed the last scene of this mournful tragedy in obsequies of their lamented general, and of the other gentlemen who fell with him, and interred them in the church of Blair of Atholl with a real funeral solemnity, there not being present one single person who did not participate in the general affliction."

I close this notice of a great soldier and devoted loyalist, by transcribing the beautiful epitaph composed by Dr. Piteairn :—

"Ultime Scotorum, potuit quo sospite solo
 Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ :
 Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives,
 Accepitque novos, te moriente, deos.
 Illa tibi superesse negat : tu non potes illi :
 Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane vale :
 Tuque vale, gentis prisæ fortissime dux,
 Optime Scotorum atque ultime—Grame, vale !"

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

I.

SOUND the fife, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphal music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day—
Never, since the valiant Douglas
On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
To our dear Redeemer's shore!
Lo! we bring with us the hero—
Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
Crowned as best beseems a victor
From the altar of his fame;

Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors
Weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him!
See! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—
See! his valiant blood is mingled—
With its crimson and its gold—
See how calm he looks, and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle-field!
See—Oh never more, my comrades,
Shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh
Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for King and Country,
Bade us win the field, or fall!

II.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;

Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapt in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true ;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose ;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
“ Soldiers! I have sworn a vow :
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Graemes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his Country and King James!
Think upon the Royal Martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think of him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir :—

By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
Search for him that was Dundee!"

III.

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath;
their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.

Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe :
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum ;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the plain beneath ;
Then we bounded from our covert.—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men !
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald —
Flashed the broadsword of Locheill !
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.

Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

IV.

And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Græme!

V.

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!

O thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after-time :
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!





THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

THE Massacre of Glencoe is an event which neither can nor ought to be forgotten. It was a deed of the worst treason and cruelty—a barbarous infraction of all laws, human and divine; and it exhibits in their foulest perfidy the true characters of the authors and abettors of the Revolution.

After the battle of Killiecrankie the cause of the Scottish royalists declined, rather from the want of a competent leader than from any disinclination on the part of a large section of the nobility and gentry to vindicate the right of King James. No person of adequate talents or authority was found to supply the place of the great and gallant Lord Dundee: for General Cannon, who succeeded in command, was not only deficient in military skill, but did not possess the confidence, nor understand the character of the Highland chiefs, who, with their clansmen, constituted by far the most important section of the army. Accordingly no enterprise of any importance was attempted; and the disastrous issue of the battle of the Boyne led to a negotiation which terminated in the entire disbanding of the royal forces. By this treaty, which was expressly sanctioned by William

of Orange, a full and unreserved indemnity and pardon was granted to all of the Highlanders who had taken arms, with a proviso that they should first subscribe the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, before the 1st of January 1692, in presence of the Lords of the Scottish Council, "or of the sheriffs or their deputies of the respective shires wherein they lived." The letter of William addressed to the Privy Council, and ordering proclamation to be made to the above effect, contained also the following significant passage:—"That ye communicate our pleasure to the Governor of Inverlochy, and other commanders, that they be exact and diligent in their several posts; but that they show no more zeal against the Highlanders after their submission, *than they have ever done formerly when these were in open rebellion.*"

This enigmatical sentence, which in reality was intended, as the sequel will show, to be interpreted in the most cruel manner, appears to have caused some perplexity in the Council, as that body deemed it necessary to apply for more distinct and specific instructions, which, however, were not then issued. It had been especially stipulated by the chiefs, as an indispensable preliminary to their treaty, that they should have leave to communicate with King James, then residing at St Germain, for the purpose of obtaining his permission and warrant previous to submitting themselves to the existing government. That article had been sanctioned by William before the proclamation was issued, and a special messenger was despatched to France for that purpose.

In the mean time, troops were gradually and cautiously advanced to the confines of the Highlands, and, in some instances, actually quartered on the inhabitants. The con-

dition of the country was perfectly tranquil. No disturbances whatever occurred in the north or west of Scotland; Locheill and the other chiefs were awaiting the communication from St Germain, and held themselves bound in honour to remain inactive; whilst the remainder of the royalist forces (for whom separate terms had been made) were left unmolested at Dunkeld.

But rumours, which are too clearly traceable to the emissaries of the new Government, asserting the preparation made for an immediate landing of King James at the head of a large body of the French, were industriously circulated, and by many were implicitly believed. The infamous policy which dictated such a course is now apparent. The term of the amnesty or truce granted by the proclamation expired with the year 1691, and all who had not taken the oath of allegiance before that term were to be proceeded against with the utmost severity. The proclamation was issued upon the 29th of August: consequently, only four months were allowed for the complete submission of the Highlands.

Not one of the chiefs subscribed until the mandate from King James arrived. That document, which is dated from St Germain on the 12th of December 1691, reached Dunkeld eleven days afterwards, and, consequently, but a very short time before the indemnity expired. The bearer, Major Menzies, was so fatigued that he could proceed no farther on his journey, but forwarded the mandate by an express to the commander of the royal forces, who was then at Glengarry. It was therefore impossible that the document could be circulated through the Highlands within the prescribed period. Locheill, says Drummond of Balhaldy, did not receive his copy till about thirty

hours before the time was out, and appeared before the sheriff at Inverara, where he took the oaths upon the very day on which the indemnity expired.

That a general massacre throughout the Highlands was contemplated by the Whig Government is a fact established by overwhelming evidence. In the course of the subsequent investigation before the Scots Parliament, letters were produced from Sir John Dalrymple, then Master of Stair, one of the secretaries of state in attendance upon the Court, which too clearly indicate the intentions of William. In one of these, dated 1st December 1691—a *month*, be it observed, before the amnesty expired—and addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, there are the following words: “The winter is the only season in which we are sure the Highlanders cannot escape us *nor carry their wives, bairns, and cattle to the mountains.*” And in another letter, written only two days afterwards, he says, “It is the only time that they cannot escape you, for human constitution cannot endure to be long out of houses. *This is the proper season to maule them in the cold long nights.*” And in January thereafter, he informed Sir Thomas Livingston that the design was “to destroy entirely the country of Lochaber, Locheill’s lands, Keppoch’s, Glengarry’s, Appin, and Glencoe. I assure you,” he continues, “your power shall be full enough, *and I hope the soldiers will not trouble the Government with prisoners.*”

Locheill was more fortunate than others of his friends and neighbours. According to Drummond,—“Major Menzies, who, upon his arrival, had observed the whole forces of the kingdom ready to invade the Highlands, as he wrote to General Buchan, foreseeing the unhappy con-

sequences, not only begged that general to send expresses to all parts with orders immediately to submit, but also wrote to Sir Thomas Livingston, praying him to supplicate the Council for a prorogation of the time, in regard that he was so excessively fatigued, that he was obliged to stop some days to repose a little; and that though he should send expresses, yet it was impossible they could reach the distant parts in such time as to allow the several persons concerned the benefit of the indemnity within the space limited; besides, that some persons having put the Highlanders in a bad temper, he was confident to persuade them to submit, if a further time were allowed. Sir Thomas presented this letter to the Council on the 5th of January 1692, but they refused to give any answer, and ordered him to transmit the same to Court."

The reply of William of Orange was a letter, countersigned by Dalrymple, in which, upon the recital that "several of the chieftains and many of their clans have not taken the benefit of our gracious indemnity," he gave orders for a general massacre. "To that end, we have given Sir Thomas Livingston orders to employ our troops (which we have already conveniently posted) to cut off these obstinate rebels *by all manner of hostility*; and we do require you to give him your assistance and concurrence in all other things that may conduce to that service; and because these rebels, to avoid our forces, may draw themselves, *their families*, goods, or cattle, to lurk or be concealed among their neighbours: therefore we require and authorise you to emit a proclamation, to be published at the market-crosses of these or the adjacent shires where the rebels reside, discharging upon the highest penalties the law allows, any reset, correspondence, or

intercommuning with these rebels." This monstrous mandate, which was in fact the death warrant of many thousand innocent people, no distinction being made of age or sex, would, in all human probability, have been put into execution, but for the remonstrance of one high-minded nobleman. Lord Carmarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds, accidentally became aware of the proposed massacre, and personally remonstrated with the monarch against a measure which he denounced as at once cruel and impolitic. After much discussion, William, influenced rather by an apprehension that so savage and sweeping an act might prove fatal to his new authority, than by any compunction or impulse of humanity, agreed to recall the general order, and to limit himself, in the first instance, to a single deed of butchery, by way of testing the temper of the nation. Some difficulty seems to have arisen in the selection of the fittest victim. Both Keppoch and Glencoe were named, but the personal rancour of Secretary Dalrymple decided the doom of the latter. The secretary wrote thus:—"Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oath, *at which I rejoice*. It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable set." The final instructions regarding Glencoe, which were issued on 16th January 1692, are as follows:—

"WILLIAM R.—As for M'Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for public justice to extirpate that set of thieves.

W. R."

This letter is remarkable as being signed and countersigned by William alone, contrary to the usual practice. The secretary was no doubt desirous to screen himself from after responsibility, and was besides aware that the

royal signature would insure a rigorous execution of the sentence. -

Macdonald, or, as he was more commonly designed, M'Ian of Glencoe, was the head of a considerable sept or branch of the great Clan-Coila, and was lineally descended from the ancient Lords of the Isles, and from the royal family of Scotland—the common ancestor of the Macdonalds having espoused a daughter of Robert II. He was, according to a contemporary testimony, “a person of great integrity, honour, good nature, and courage; and his loyalty to his old master, King James, was such, that he continued in arms from Dundee's first appearing in the Highlands, till the fatal treaty that brought on his ruin.” In common with the other chiefs, he had omitted taking the benefit of the indemnity until he received the sanction of King James: but the copy of that document which was forwarded to him, unfortunately arrived too late. The weather was so excessively stormy at the time that there was no possibility of penetrating from Glencoe to Inverara, the place where the sheriff resided, before the expiry of the stated period; and M'Ian accordingly adopted the only practicable mode of signifying his submission, by making his way with great difficulty to Fort-William, then called Inverlochy, and tendering his signature to the military Governor there. That officer was not authorised to receive it, but, at the earnest entreaty of the chief, he gave him a certificate of his appearance and tender; and on New-Year's day, 1692, M'Ian reached Inverara, where he produced that paper as evidence of his intentions, and prevailed upon the sheriff, Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass, to administer the oaths required. After that ceremony, which was immediately intimated to

the Privy Council, had been performed, the unfortunate gentleman returned home, in the full conviction that he had thereby made peace with Government for himself and for his clan. But his doom was already sealed.

A company of the Earl of Argyle's regiment had been previously quartered at Glencoe. These men, though Campbells, and hereditarily obnoxious to the Macdonalds, Camerons, and other of the loyal clans, were yet countrymen, and were kindly and hospitably received. Their captain, Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, was connected with the family of Glencoe through the marriage of a niece, and was resident under the roof of the chief. And yet this was the very troop selected for the horrid service.

Special instructions were sent to the major of the regiment, one Duncanson, then quartered at Ballachulish—a morose, brutal, and savage man—who accordingly wrote to Campbell of Glenlyon in the following terms:—

“BALLACHOLIS, 12 *Feb.* 1692.

“SIR,—You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the M'Donalds of Glencoe, and putt all to the sword under seventy. You are to have special care that the old fox and his sons doe upon no account escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put in execution att five o'clock in the morning precisely, and by that time, or very shortly after it, I'll strive to be att you with a stronger party. If I doe not come to you att five, you are not to tarry for me. but to fall on. This is by the king's speciall command, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants be cutt off root and branch. See that this be putt in execution without feud or favour, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the king's government, nor a man fitt to carry a commission in the king's service. Expecting you will not faill in the fulfilling hereof as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand.

“ROBERT DUNCANSON.

“*For their Majesty's service,*
“*To Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon.*”

This order was but too literally obeyed. At the appointed hour, when the whole inhabitants of the glen were asleep, the work of murder began. M'Ian was one of the first who fell. Drummond's narrative fills up the remainder of the dreadful story.

“ They then served all within the family in the same manner, without distinction of age or person. In a word—for the horror of that execrable butchery must give pain to the reader—they left none alive but a young child, who being frightened with the noise of the guns, and the dismal shrieks and cries of its dying parents, whom they were a-murdering, got hold of Captain Campbell's knees, and wrapt itself within his cloak ; by which, chancing to move compassion, the captain inclined to have saved it, but one Drummond, an officer, arriving about the break of day with more troops, commanded it to be shot by a file of musqueteers. Nothing could be more shocking and horrible than the prospect of these houses bestrewed with mangled bodies of the dead, covered with blood, and resounding with the groans of wretches in the last agonies of life.

“ Two sons of Glencoe's were the only persons that escaped in that quarter of the country ; for, growing jealous of some ill designs from the behaviour of the soldiers, they stole from their beds a few minutes before the tragedy began, and, chancing to overhear two of them discoursing plainly of the matter, they endeavoured to have advertised their father ; but finding that impracticable, they ran to the other end of the country and alarmed the inhabitants. There was another accident that contributed much to their safety ; for the night was so excessively stormy and tempestuous, that four hundred soldiers,

who were appointed to murder those people, were stopped in their march from Inverlochy, and could not get up till they had time to save themselves. To cover the deformity of so dreadful a sight, the soldiers burned all the houses to the ground, after having rifled them, carried away nine hundred cows, two hundred horses, numberless herds of sheep and goats, and everything else that belonged to these miserable people. Lamentable was the case of the women and children that escaped the butchery: the mountains were covered with a deep snow, the rivers impassable, storm and tempest filled the air, and added to the horrors and darkness of the night, and there were no houses to shelter them within many miles.”*

Such was the awful massacre of Glencoe, an event which has left an indelible and execrable stain upon the memory of William of Orange. The records of Indian warfare can hardly afford a parallel instance of atrocity; and this deed, coupled with his deliberate treachery in the Darien scheme, whereby Scotland was for a time absolutely ruined, is sufficient to account for the little estimation in which the name of the “great Whig deliverer” is still regarded in the valleys of the North.

* *Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron of Locheill.*

THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

I.

Do not lift him from the bracken,
Leave him lying where he fell—
Better bier ye cannot fashion :
None beseems him half so well
As the bare and broken heather,
And the hard and trampled sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended
To the judgment-seat of God !
Winding-sheet we cannot give him—
Seek no mantle for the dead,
Save the cold and spotless covering
Showered from heaven upon his head.
Leave his broadsword as we found it,
Bent and broken with the blow,
Which, before he died, avenged him
On the foremost of the foe.
Leave the blood upon his bosom—
Wash not off that sacred stain ;
Let it stiffen on the tartan,
Let his wounds unclosed remain,

Till the day when he shall show them
At the throne of God on high,
When the murderer and the murdered
Meet before their Judge's eye!

II.

Nay, ye should not weep, my children!
Leave it to the faint and weak;
Sobs are but a woman's weapon—
Tears befit a maiden's cheek.
Weep not, children of Macdonald!
Weep not thou, his orphan heir—
Not in shame, but stainless honour,
Lies thy slaughtered father there.
Weep not—but when years are over,
And thine arm is strong and sure,
And thy foot is swift and steady
On the mountain and the muir—
Let thy heart be hard as iron,
And thy wrath as fierce as fire,
Till the hour when vengeance cometh
For the race that slew thy sire!
Till in deep and dark Glenlyon
Rise a louder shriek of woe,
Than at midnight, from their eyrie,
Scared the eagles of Glencoe:
Louder than the screams that mingled
With the howling of the blast,
When the murderer's steel was clashing,
And the fires were rising fast;
When thy noble father bounded
To the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred
Pealed throughout the startled glen!

When the herd of frantic women
Stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their fathers' houses blazing,
And their dearest dead below!
Oh, the horror of the tempest,
As the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration,
And the roofs went thundering down!
Oh, the prayers—the prayers and curses
That together winged their flight
From the maddened hearts of many
Through that long and woeful night!
Till the fires began to dwindle,
And the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge
Only in a far halloo:
Till the silence once more settled
O'er the gorges of the glen,
Broken only by the Cona
Plunging through its naked den.
Slowly from the mountain-summit
Was the drifting veil withdrawn,
And the ghastly valley glimmered
In the grey December dawn.
Better had the morning never
Dawned upon our dark despair!
Black amidst the common whiteness
Rose the spectral ruins there:
But the sight of these was nothing
More than wrings the wild-dove's breast,
When she searches for her offspring
Round the relics of her nest.

For in many a spot the tartan
Peered above the wintry heap,
Marking where a dead Macdonald
Lay within his frozen sleep.
Tremblingly we scooped the covering
From each kindred victim's head,
And the living lips were burning
On the cold ones of the dead.
And I left them with their dearest—
Dearest charge had every one—
Left the maiden with her lover,
Left the mother with her son.
I alone of all was mateless—
Far more wretched I than they,
For the snow would not discover
Where my lord and husband lay.
But I wandered up the valley,
Till I found him lying low,
With the gash upon his bosom
And the frown upon his brow—
Till I found him lying murdered,
Where he wooed me long ago!

III.

Woman's weakness shall not shame me—
Why should I have tears to shed?
Could I rain them down like water,
O my hero! on thy head—
Could the cry of lamentation
Wake thee from thy silent sleep,
Could it set thy heart a-throbbing,
It were mine to wail and weep!

But I will not waste my sorrow,
Lest the Campbell women say
That the daughters of Clanranald
Are as weak and frail as they.
I had wept thee hadst thou fallen,
Like our fathers, on thy shield,
When a host of English foemen
Camped upon a Scottish field—
I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished
With the foremost of his name,
When the valiant and the noble
Died around the dauntless Græme!
But I will not wrong thee, husband!
With my unavailing cries,
Whilst thy cold and mangled body
Stricken by the traitor lies;
Whilst he counts the gold and glory
That this hideous night has won,
And his heart is big with triumph
At the murder he has done.
Other eyes than mine shall glisten,
Other hearts be rent in twain,
Ere the heathbells on thy hillock
Wither in the autumn rain
Then I'll seek thee where thou sleepest,
And I'll veil my weary head,
Praying for a place beside thee,
Dearer than my bridal bed:
And I'll give thee tears, my husband!
If the tears remain to me,
When the widows of the foeman
Cry the coronach for thee!



THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS.

IN consequence of a capitulation with Government, the regular troops who had served under Lord Dundee were conveyed to France; and, immediately upon their landing, the officers and others had their rank confirmed according to the tenor of the commissions and characters which they bore in Scotland. They were distributed throughout the different garrisons in the north of France, and, though nominally in the service of King James, derived their whole means of subsistence from the bounty of the French monarch. So long as it appeared probable that another descent was meditated, these gentlemen, who were almost without exception men of considerable family, assented to this arrangement; but the destruction of the French fleet under Admiral Tourville, off La Hogue, led to a material change in their views. After that naval engagement it became obvious that the cause of the fugitive king was in the mean time desperate, and the Scottish officers, with no

less gallantry than honour, volunteered a sacrifice which, so far as I know, has hardly been equalled.

The old and interesting pamphlet written by one of the corps,* from which I have extracted most of the following details, but which is seldom perused except by the antiquary, states that—"The Scottish officers considering that, by the loss of the French fleet, King James's restoration would be retarded for some time, and that they were burdensome to the King of France, being entertained in garrisons on whole pay, without doing duty, when he had almost all Europe in confederacy against him, therefore humbly entreated King James to have them reduced into a company of private sentinels, and chose officers amongst themselves to command them; assuring his Majesty that they would serve in the meanest circumstances, and undergo the greatest hardships and fatigues, that reason could imagine or misfortunes inflict, until it pleased God to restore him. King James commended their generosity and loyalty, but disapproved of what they proposed, and told them it was impossible that gentlemen, who had served in so honourable posts as formerly they had enjoyed, and lived in so great plenty and ease, could ever undergo the fatigue and hardships of private sentinels' duty. Again, that his own first command was a company of officers, whereof several died; others, wearied with fatigue, drew their discharges; till at last it dwindled into nothing, and he got no reputation by the command; therefore he desired them to insist no more on that project. The officers (notwithstanding his Majesty's desire to the contrary) made several interests at court, and harassed him so much, that

* *An Account of Dundee's Officers after they went to France.* By an officer of the Army. London: 1714.

at last he condescended," and appointed those who were to command them.

Shortly afterwards, the new corps was reviewed for the first and last time by the unfortunate James in the gardens of St Germain, and the tears are said to have gushed from his eyes at the sight of so many brave men, reduced, through their disinterested and persevering loyalty, to so very humble a condition. "Gentlemen," said he, "my own misfortunes are not so nigh my heart as yours. It grieves me beyond what I can express, to see so many brave and worthy gentlemen, who had once the prospect of being the chief officers in my army, reduced to the stations of private sentinels. Nothing but your loyalty, and that of a few of my subjects in Britain, who are forced from their allegiance by the Prince of Orange, and who, I know, will be ready on all occasions to serve me and my distressed family, could make me willing to live. The sense of what all of you have done and undergone for your loyalty, hath made so deep an impression upon my heart, that, if it ever please God to restore me, it is impossible I can be forgetful of your services and sufferings. Neither can there be any posts in the armies of my dominions but what you have just pretensions to. As for my son, your Prince, he is of your own blood, a child capable of any impression, and, as his education will be from you, it is not supposable that he can forget your merits. At your own desires you are now going a long march far distant from me. Fear God and love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and depend upon it always to find me your parent and King." The scene bore a strong resemblance to one which many years afterwards occurred at Fontainebleau. The company listened to his

words with deep emotion, gathered round him, as if half repentant of their own desire to go; and so parted, for ever on this earth, the dethroned monarch and his exiled subjects.

The number of this company of officers was about one hundred and twenty: their destination was Perpignan in Roussillon, close upon the frontier of Spain, where they were to join the army under the command of the Mareschal de Noailles. Their power of endurance, though often most severely tested in an unwholesome climate, seems to have been no less remarkable than their gallantry, which upon many occasions called forth the warm acknowledgment of the French commanders. "*Le gentilhomme*," said one of the generals, in acknowledgment of their readiness at a peculiarly critical moment, "*est toujours gentilhomme, et se montre toujours tel dans le besoin et dans le danger*"—a eulogy as applicable to them as it was in later days to La Tour d'Auvergne, styled the first grenadier of France. At Perpignan they were joined by two other Scottish companies, and the three seem to have continued to serve together for several campaigns.

As a proof of the estimation in which they were held, I shall merely extract a short account of the taking of Rosas in Catalonia, before referring to the exploit which forms the subject of the following ballad. "On the 27th of May, the company of officers, and other Scottish companies, were joined by two companies of Irish, to make up a battalion in order to mount the trenches; and the major part of the officers listed themselves in the company of grenadiers, under the command of the brave Major Rutherford, who, on his way to the trenches, in sight of Mareschal de Noailles and his court, marched with his company on the

side of the trench, which exposed him to the fire of a bastion, where there were two culverins and several other guns planted; likewise to the fire of two curtains lined with small-shot. Colonel Brown, following with the battalion, was obliged, in honour, to march the same way Major Rutherford had done; the danger whereof the Mareschal immediately perceiving, ordered one of his aides-de-camp to command Rutherford to march under cover of the trench, which he did; and if he had but delayed six minutes, the grenadiers and battalion had been cut to pieces. Rutherford, with his grenadiers, marched to a trench near the town, and the battalion to a trench on the rear and flank of the grenadiers, who fired so incessantly on the besieged, that they thought (the breach being practicable) they were going to make their attacks, immediately beat a chamade, and were willing to give up the town upon reasonable terms: but the Mareschal's demands were so exorbitant that the Governor could not agree to them. Then firing began on both sides to be very hot; and they in the town, seeing how the grenadiers lay, killed eight of them. When the Governor surrendered the town, he inquired of the Mareschal what countrymen these grenadiers were; and assured him it was on their account he delivered up the town, because they fired so hotly that he believed they were resolved to attack the breach. He answered, smiling, '*Ce sont mes enfans*'—They are my children. Again; 'They are the King of Great Britain's Scottish officers, who, to show their willingness to share of his miseries, have reduced themselves to the carrying of arms, and chosen to serve under my command.' The next day, when the Mareschal rode along the front of the camp, he halted at the company of the

officers' piquet, and they all surrounded him. Then, with his hat in his hand, he thanked them for their good services in the trenches, and freely acknowledged it was their conduct and courage which compelled the Governor to give up the town; and assured them he would acquaint his master with the same, which he did; for when his son arrived with the news at Versailles, the King, having read the letter, immediately took coach to St Germain, and when he had shown King James the letter, he thanked him for the services his subjects had done in taking Rosas in Catalonia; who, with concern, replied, they were the stock of his British officers, and that he was sorry he could not make better provision for them."

And a miserable provision it was! They were gradually compelled to part with every remnant of the property which they had secured from the ruins of their fortunes; so that when they arrived, after various adventures, at Scelestadt, in Alsace, they were literally without the common means of subsistence. Famine and the sword had by this time thinned their ranks, but had not diminished their spirit, as the following narrative of their last exploit will show:—

"In December 1697, General Stirk, who commanded for the Germans, appeared with 16,000 men on the other side of the Rhine, which obliged the Marquis de Sell to draw out all the garrisons in Alsace, who made up about 4000 men; and he encamped on the other side of the Rhine, over against General Stirk, to prevent his passing the Rhine and carrying a bridge over into an island in the middle of it, which the French foresaw would be of great prejudice to them. For the enemy's guns, placed on that island, would extremely gall their camp, which they could

not hinder for the deepness of the water, and their wanting of boats—for which the Marquis quickly sent; but arriving too late, the Germans had carried a bridge over into the island, where they had posted above five hundred men, who, by order of their engineers, intrenched themselves; which the company of officers perceiving, who always grasped after honour, and scorned all thoughts of danger, resolved to wade the river, and attack the Germans in the island; and for that effect, desired Captain John Foster, who then commanded them, to beg of the Marquis that they might have liberty to attack the Germans in the island; who told Captain Foster, when the boats came up, they should be the first that attacked. Foster courteously thanked the Marquis, and told him they would wade into the island, who shrunk up his shoulders, prayed God to bless them, and desired them to do what they pleased.” Whereupon the officers, with the other two Scottish companies, made themselves ready; and, having secured their arms round their necks, waded into the river hand-in-hand, “according to the Highland fashion,” with the water as high as their breasts; and, having crossed the heavy stream, fell upon the Germans in their intrenchment. These were presently thrown into confusion, and retreated, breaking down their own bridges, whilst many of them were drowned. This movement, having been made in the dusk of the evening, partook of the character of a surprise; but it appears to me a very remarkable one, as having been effected under such circumstances, in the dead of winter, and in the face of an enemy who possessed the advantages both of position and of numerical superiority. The author of the narrative adds:—“When the Marquis de Sell heard the firing, and understood that the Germans

were beat out of the island, he made the sign of the cross on his face and breast, and declared publicly that it was the bravest action that ever he saw, and that his army had no honour by it. As soon as the boats came, the Marquis sent into the island to acquaint the officers that he would send them both troops and provisions, who thanked his Excellency, and desired he should be informed that they wanted no troops, and could not spare time to make use of provisions, and only desired spades, shovels, and pickaxes, wherewith they might intrench themselves—which were immediately sent to them. The next morning, the Marquis came into the island, and kindly embraced every officer, and thanked them for the good service they had done his master, assuring them he would write a true account of their honour and bravery to the Court of France, which, at the reading his letters, immediately went to St Germain, and thanked King James for the services his subjects had done on the Rhine.”

The company kept possession of the island for nearly six weeks, notwithstanding repeated attempts on the part of the Germans to surprise and dislodge them; but all these having been defeated by the extreme watchfulness of the Scots, General Stirk at length drew off his army, and retreated. “In consequence of this action,” says the Chronicler, “that island is called at present *Isle d’Ecosse*, and will in likelihood bear that name until the general conflagration.”

Two years afterwards, a treaty of peace was concluded; and this gallant company of soldiers, worthy of a better fate, was broken up and dispersed. At the time when the narrative, from which I have quoted so freely, was compiled, not more than sixteen of Dundee’s veterans were

alive. The author concludes thus:—"And thus was dissolved one of the best companies that ever marched under command! Gentlemen, who, in the midst of all their pressures and obscurity, never forgot they were gentlemen; and whom the sweets of a brave, a just, and honourable conscience rendered perhaps more happy under those sufferings than the most prosperous and triumphant in iniquity, since our minds stamp our happiness."

Some years ago, while visiting the ancient Scottish convent at Ratisbone, my attention was drawn to the monumental inscriptions on the walls of the dormitory, many of which bear reference to gentlemen of family and distinction, whose political principles had involved them in the troubles of 1688, 1715, and 1745. Whether the cloister which now holds their dust had afforded them a shelter in the latter years of their misfortunes, I know not; but, for one that is so commemorated, hundreds of the exiles must have passed away in obscurity, buried in the field on which they fell, or carried from the damp vaults of the military hospital to the trench, without any token of remembrance, or any other wish beyond that which the minstrels have ascribed to one of the greatest of our olden heroes:—

" Oh! bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier;
Let never living mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies here!"

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS.

I.

THE Rhine is running deep and red,
The island lies before—
“ Now is there one of all the host
Will dare to venture o'er ?
For not alone the river's sweep
Might make a brave man quail ;
The foe are on the further side,
Their shot comes fast as hail.
God help us, if the middle isle
We may not hope to win !
Now is there any of the host
Will dare to venture in ? ”

II.

“ The ford is deep, the banks are steep,
The island-shore lies wide :
Nor man nor horse could stem its force,
Or reach the further side.
See there ! amidst the willow-boughs
The serried bayonets gleam ;
They've flung their bridge—they've won the isle ;
The foe have crossed the stream !

♦

Their volley flashes sharp and strong—
By all the Saints ! I trow
There never yet was soldier born
Could force that passage now !”

III.

So spoke the bold French Mareschal
With him who led the van,
Whilst rough and red before their view
The turbid river ran.
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross
The wild and swollen Rhine,
And thundering on the other bank
Far stretched the German line.
Hard by there stood a swarthy man
Was leaning on his sword,
And a saddened smile lit up his face
As he heard the Captain's word.
“ I've seen a wilder stream ere now
Than that which rushes there ;
I've stemmed a heavier torrent yet
And never thought to dare.
If German steel be sharp and keen,
Is ours not strong and true ?
There may be danger in the deed,
But there is honour too.”

IV.

The old lord in his saddle turned,
And hastily he said—
“ Hath bold Duguesclin's fiery heart
Awakened from the dead ?

Thou art the leader of the Scots—
Now well and sure I know,
That gentle blood in dangerous hour
Ne'er yet ran cold nor slow,
And I have seen ye in the fight
Do all that mortal may:
If honour is the boon ye seek,
It may be won this day—
The prize is in the middle isle,
There lies the adventurous way.
And armies twain are on the plain,
The daring deed to see—
Now ask thy gallant company
If they will follow thee!"

V.

Right gladsome looked the Captain then,
And nothing did he say,
But he turned him to his little band—
Oh few, I ween, were they!
The relics of the bravest force
That ever fought in fray.
No one of all that company
But bore a gentle name,
Not one whose fathers had not stood
In Scotland's fields of fame.
All they had marched with great Dundee
To where he fought and fell,
And in the deadly battle-strife
Had venged their leader well:
And they had bent the knee to earth
When every eye was dim,
As o'er their hero's buried corpse
They sang the funeral hymn;

And they had trod the Pass once more,
And stooped on either side
To pluck the heather from the spot
Where he had dropped and died ;
And they had bound it next their hearts,
And ta'en a last farewell
Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky,
Where Scotland's glory fell.
Then went they forth to foreign lands
Like bent and broken men,
Who leave their dearest hope behind,
And may not turn again.

VI.

" The stream," he said, " is broad and deep,
And stubborn is the foe—
Yon island-strength is guarded well—
Say, brothers, will ye go ?
From home and kin for many a year
Our steps have wandered wide,
And never may our bones be laid
Our fathers' graves beside.
No children have we to lament,
No wives to wail our fall ;
The traitor's and the spoiler's hand
Have reft our hearths of all.
But we have hearts, and we have arms,
As strong to will and dare
As when our ancient banners flew
Within the northern air.
Come, brothers ! let me name a spell
Shall rouse your souls again,

And send the old blood bounding free
Through pulse, and heart, and vein.
Call back the days of bygone years—
Be young and strong once more;
Think yonder stream, so stark and red,
Is one we've crossed before.
Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood!
Rise up on either hand—
Again upon the Garry's banks,
On Scottish soil we stand!
Again I see the tartans wave,
Again the trumpets ring;
Again I hear our leader's call—
'Upon them for the King!'
Stayed we behind that glorious day
For roaring flood or linn?
The soul of Græme is with us still—
Now, brothers! will ye in?"

VII.

No stay—no pause. With one accord
They grasped each other's hand,
Then plunged into the angry flood,
That bold and dauntless band.
High flew the spray above their heads,
Yet onward still they bore,
Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell,
And shot, and cannon-roar—
"Now, by the Holy Cross! I swear,
Since earth and sea began,
Was never such a daring deed
Essayed by mortal man!"

VIII.

Thick blew the smoke across the stream,
And faster flashed the flame :
The water plashed in hissing jets
As ball and bullet came.
Yet onwards pushed the Cavaliers
All stern and undismayed,
With thousand armèd foes before,
And none behind to aid.
Once, as they neared the middle stream,
So strong the torrent swept,
That scarce that long and living wall
Their dangerous footing kept.
Then rose a warning cry behind,
A joyous shout before :
"The current's strong—the way is long—
They'll never reach the shore !
See, see ! they stagger in the midst,
They waver in their line !
Fire on the madmen ! break their ranks,
And overwhelm them in the Rhine !"

IX.

Have you seen the tall trees swaying
When the blast is sounding shrill,
And the whirlwind reels in fury
Down the gorges of the hill ?
How they toss their mighty branches
Struggling with the tempest's shock ;
How they keep their place of vantage,
Cleaving firmly to the rock ?

Even so the Scottish warriors
Held their own against the river ;
Though the water flashed around them,
Not an eye was seen to quiver ;
Though the shot flew sharp and deadly,
Not a man relaxed his hold :
For their hearts were big and thrilling
With the mighty thoughts of old.
One word was spoke among them,
And through the ranks it spread—
“Remember our dead Claverhouse !”
Was all the Captain said.
Then, sternly bending forward,
They wrestled on awhile,
Until they cleared the heavy stream,
Then rushed towards the isle.

X.

The German heart is stout and true,
The German arm is strong ;
The German foot goes seldom back
Where armed foemen throng.
But never had they faced in field
So stern a charge before,
And never had they felt the sweep
Of Scotland's broad claymore.
Not fiercer pours the avalanche
Adown the steep incline,
That rises o'er the parent-springs
Of rough and rapid Rhine—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven
Than came the Scottish band

Right up against the guarded trench,
 And o'er it sword in hand.
 In vain their leaders forward press—
 They meet the deadly brand!

XI.

O lonely island of the Rhine—
 Where seed was never sown,
 What harvest lay upon thy sands,
 By those strong reapers thrown?
 What saw the winter moon that night,
 As, struggling through the rain,
 She poured a wan and fitful light
 On marsh, and stream, and plain?
 A dreary spot with corpses strewn,
 And bayonets glistening round;
 A broken bridge, a stranded boat,
 A bare and battered mound;
 And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile,
 That sent its quivering glare
 To tell the leaders of the host
 The conquering Scots were there!

XII.

And did they twine the laurel-wreath
 For those who fought so well?
 And did they honour those who lived,
 And weep for those who fell?
 What meed of thanks was given to them
 Let aged annals tell.
 Why should they bring the laurel-wreath—
 Why crown the cup with wine?

It was not Frenchmen's blood that flowed
So freely on the Rhine—
A stranger band of beggared men
Had done the venturous deed :
The glory was to France alone,
The danger was their meed.
And what cared they for idle thanks
From foreign prince and peer ?
What virtue had such honeyed words
The exiled heart to cheer ?
What mattered it that men should vaunt
And loud and fondly swear,
That higher feat of chivalry
Was never wrought elsewhere ?
They bore within their breasts the grief
That fame can never heal—
The deep, unutterable woe
Which none save exiles feel.
Their hearts were yearning for the land
They ne'er might see again—
For Scotland's high and heathered hills,
For mountain, loch, and glen—
For those who haply lay at rest
Beyond the distant sea,
Beneath the green and daisied turf
Where they would gladly be !

XIII.

Long years went by. The lonely isle
In Rhine's impetuous flood
Has ta'en another name from those
Who bought it with their blood :

And, though the legend does not live—
For legends lightly die—
The peasant, as he sees the stream
In winter rolling by,
And foaming o'er its channel bed
Between him and the spot
Won by the warriors of the sword,
Still calls that deep and dangerous ford
The Passage of the Scot.





CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES.

THOUGH the sceptre had departed from the House of Stuart, it was reserved for one of its last descendants to prove to the world, by his personal gallantry and noble spirit of enterprise, that he at least had not degenerated from his royal line of ancestors. The daring effort of Charles Edward to recover the crown of these kingdoms for his father, is to us the most remarkable incident of the last century. It was honourable alike to the Prince and to those who espoused his cause; and even in a political point of view, the outbreak ought not to be deplored, since its failure put an end for ever to the dynastical struggle which, for more than half a century, had agitated the whole of Britain; since it established the rule of law and of social order throughout the mountainous districts of Scotland, and blended Celt and Saxon into one prosperous and united people. It was better that the antiquated system of clanship should have expired in a blaze of glory, than gradually dwindled into contempt; better that the

patriarchal rule should at once have been extinguished by the dire catastrophe of Culloden, than that it should have lingered on, the shadow of an old tradition. There is nothing now to prevent us from dwelling with pride and admiration on the matchless devotion displayed by the Highlanders, in 1745, in behalf of the heir of him whom they acknowledged as their lawful king. No feeling can arise to repress the interest and the sympathy which is excited by the perusal of the tale narrating the sufferings of the princely wanderer. That unbought loyalty and allegiance of the heart, which would not depart from its constancy until the tomb of the Vatican had closed upon the last of the Stuart line, has long since been transferred to the constitutional sovereign of these realms; and the enthusiastic welcome which has so often greeted the return of Queen Victoria to her Highland home, owes its origin to a deeper feeling than that dull respect which modern liberalism asserts to be the only tribute due to the first magistrate of the land.

The campaign of 1745 yields in romantic interest to none which is written in history. A young and inexperienced prince, whose person was utterly unknown to any of his adherents, landed on the west coast of Scotland, not at the head of a foreign force, not munimented with supplies and arms, but accompanied by a mere handful of followers, and ignorant of the language of the people amongst whom he was hazarding his person. His presence in Scotland had not been urged by the chiefs of the clans, most of whom were deeply averse to embarking in an enterprise which must involve them in a war with so powerful an antagonist as England, and which, if unsuccessful, could only terminate in the utter ruin of their fortunes. This was

not a cause in which the whole of Scotland was concerned. Although it was well known that many leading families in the Lowlands entertained Jacobite opinions, and although a large proportion of the common people had not yet become reconciled to, or satisfied of the advantages of the Union, by which they considered themselves dishonoured and betrayed, it was hardly to be expected that, without some fair guarantee for success, the bulk of the Scottish nation would actively bestir themselves on the side of the exiled family. Besides this, even amongst the Highlanders there was not unanimity of opinion. The three northern clans of Sutherland, Mackay, and Monro, were known to be staunch supporters of the Government. It was doubtful what part might be taken in the struggle by those of Mackenzie and Ross. The chiefs of Skye, who could have brought a large force of armed men into the field, had declined participating in the attempt. The adhesion of Lord Lovat, upon which the co-operation of the Frasers might depend, could not be calculated on with certainty; and nothing but hostility could be expected from the powerful sept of the Campbells. Under such circumstances, it is little wonder if Cameron of Locheill, the most sagacious of all the chieftains who favoured the Stuart cause, was struck with consternation and alarm at the news of the Prince's landing, or that he attempted to persuade him from undertaking an adventure so seemingly hopeless. Mr Robert Chambers, in his admirable history of that period, does not in the least exaggerate the importance of the interview on the result of which the prosecution of the war depended. "On arriving at Borrodale, Locheill had a private interview with the Prince, in which the probabilities of the enterprise were anxiously debated. Charles

used every argument to excite the loyalty of Locheill, and the chief exerted all his eloquence to persuade the Prince to withdraw till a better opportunity. Charles represented the present as the best possible opportunity, seeing that the French general kept the British army completely engaged abroad, while at home there were no troops but one or two newly-raised regiments. He expressed his confidence that a small body of Highlanders would be sufficient to gain a victory over all the force that could now be brought against him; and he was equally sure that such an advantage was all that was required to make his friends at home declare in his favour, and cause those abroad to send him assistance. All he wanted was that the Highlanders would begin the war. Locheill still resisted, entreating Charles to be more temperate, and consent to remain concealed where he was, till his friends should meet together and concert what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost pitch of impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered that he was determined to put all to the hazard. 'In a few days,' said he, 'with the few friends I have, I will raise the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors—to win it, or to perish in the attempt! Locheill—who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend—may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince!' 'No!' said Locheill, stung by so poignant a reproach, and hurried away by the enthusiasm of the moment; 'I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power.' Such was the juncture upon which depended the civil war of 1745; for

it is a point agreed, says Mr Home, who narrates this conversation, that if Locheill had persisted in his refusal to take arms, no other chief would have joined the standard, and the spark of rebellion must have been instantly extinguished." Not more than twelve hundred men were assembled in Glenfinnan on the day when the standard was unfurled by the Marquis of Tullibardine; and at the head of this mere handful of followers, Charles Edward commenced the stupendous enterprise of reconquering the dominions of his fathers.

With a force which, at the battle of Preston, did not double the above numbers, the Prince descended upon the Lowlands, having baffled the attempts of General Cope to intercept his march—occupied the city of Perth, and the town of Dundee, and finally, after a faint show of resistance on the part of the burghers, took possession of the ancient capital of Scotland, and once more established a court in the halls of Holyrood. His youth, his gallantry, and the grace and beauty of his person, added to a most winning and affable address, acquired for him the sympathy of many who, from political motives, abstained from becoming his adherents. Possibly certain feelings of nationality, which no deliberate views of civil or religious policy could altogether extirpate, led such men to regard, with a sensation akin to pride, the spectacle of a prince descended from the long line of Scottish kings, again occupying his ancestral seat, and restoring to their country, which had been utterly neglected by the new dynasty, a portion of its former state. No doubt a sense of pity for the probable fate of one so young and chivalrous was often present to their minds, for they had thorough confidence

in the intrepidity of the regular troops, and in the capacity of their commander; and they never for a moment supposed that these could be successfully encountered by a raw levy of undisciplined Highlanders, ill armed and worse equipped, and without the support of any artillery.

The issue of the battle of Prestonpans struck Edinburgh with amazement. In point of numbers the two armies were nearly equal, but in everything else, save personal valour, the royal troops had the advantage. And yet, *in four minutes*—for the battle is said not to have lasted longer—the Highlanders having made only one terrific and impetuous charge—the rout of the regulars was general. The infantry was broken and cut to pieces; the dragoons, who behaved shamefully on the occasion, turned bridle and fled, without having once crossed swords with the enemy. Mr Chambers thus terminates his account of the action: “The general result of the battle of Preston may be stated as having been the total overthrow and almost entire destruction of the royal army. Most of the infantry, falling upon the park walls of Preston, were there huddled together without the power of resistance into a confused drove, and had either to surrender or be cut to pieces. Many, in vainly attempting to climb over the walls, fell an easy prey to the ruthless claymore. Nearly 400, it is said, were thus slain, 700 taken, while only about 170 in all succeeded in effecting their escape.

“The dragoons, with worse conduct, were much more fortunate. In falling back, they had the good luck to find outlets from their respective positions by the roads which ran along the various extremities of the park

wall, and they thus got clear through the village with little slaughter; after which, as the Highlanders had no horse to pursue them, they were safe. Several officers, among whom were Fowkes and Lascelles, escaped to Cockenzie and along Seton Sands, in a direction contrary to the general flight.

“The unfortunate Cope had attempted, at the first break of Gardiner’s dragoons, to stop and rally them, but was borne headlong with the confused bands, through the narrow road to the south of the enclosures, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary. On getting beyond the village, where he was joined by the retreating bands of the other regiment, he made one anxious effort, with the Earls of Loudon and Home, to form and bring them back to charge the enemy, now disordered by the pursuit; but in vain. They fled on, ducking their heads along their horses’ necks to escape the bullets which the pursuers occasionally sent after them. By using great exertions, and holding pistols to the heads of the troopers, Sir John and a few of his officers induced a small number of them to halt in a field near St. Clement’s Wells, about two miles from the battle ground. But, after a momentary delay, the accidental firing of a pistol renewed the panic, and they rode off once more in great disorder. Sir John Cope, with a portion of them, reached Channelkirk at an early hour in the forenoon, and there halted to breakfast, and to write a brief note to one of the state-officers, relating the fate of the day. He then resumed his flight, and reached Coldstream that night. Next morning he proceeded to Berwick, whose fortifications seemed competent to give the security he required. He everywhere brought the first tidings of his own defeat.”

This victory operated very much in favour of Prince Charles. It secured him, for a season, the undisputed possession of Scotland, and enabled numerous adherents from all parts of the country to raise such forces as they could command, and to repair to his banner. His popularity in Edinburgh daily increased, as the qualities of his person and mind became known; and such testimony as the following, with respect to his estimation by the fair sex and the devotion they exhibited in his cause, is not overcharged: "His affability and great personal grace wrought him high favour with the ladies, who, as we learn from the letters of President Forbes, became generally so zealous in his cause as to have some serious effect in inducing their admirers to declare for the Prince. There was, we know for certain, a Miss Lumsden, who plainly told her lover, a young artist, named Robert Strange, that he might think no more of her unless he should immediately join Prince Charles, and thus actually prevailed upon him to take up arms. It may be added that he survived the enterprise, escaped with great difficulty, and married the lady. He was afterwards the best line-engraver of his time, and received the honour of knighthood from George III. White ribbons and breastknots became at this time conspicuous articles of female attire in private assemblies. The ladies also showed considerable zeal in contributing plate and other articles for the use of the Chevalier at the palace, and in raising pecuniary subsidies for him. Many a posset-dish and snuff-box, many a treasured necklace and repeater, many a jewel which had adorned its successive generations of family beauties, was at this time sold or laid in pledge, to raise a little money for the service of Prince Charlie.

As to the motives and intended policy of this remarkable and unfortunate young man, it may be interesting to quote the terms of the proclamation which he issued on the 10th October 1745, before commencing his march into England. Let his history be impartially read—his character, as spoken to by those who knew him best, fairly noted—and I think there cannot be a doubt that, had he succeeded in his daring attempt, he would have been true to the letter of his word, and fulfilled a pledge which Britain never more required than at the period when that document was penned.

“Do not the pulpits and congregations of the clergy, as well as your weekly papers, ring with the dreadful threats of popery, slavery, tyranny, and arbitrary power, which are now ready to be imposed upon you by the formidable powers of France and Spain? Is not my royal father represented as a bloodthirsty tyrant, breathing out nothing but destruction to all who will not immediately embrace an odious religion? Or have I myself been better used? But listen only to the naked truth.

“I, with my own money, hired a small vessel. Ill-supplied with money, arms, or friends, I arrived in Scotland, attended by seven persons. I publish the King my father’s declaration, and proclaim his title, with pardon in one hand, and in the other liberty of conscience, and the most solemn promises to grant whatever a free Parliament shall propose for the happiness of the people. I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, who has in so remarkable a manner protected me and my small army through the many dangers to which we were at first

exposed, and who has led me in the way to victory, and to the capital of this ancient kingdom, amidst the acclamations of the King my Father's subjects. Why, then, is so much pains taken to spirit up the minds of the people against this my undertaking?

"The reason is obvious; it is, lest the real sense of the nation's present sufferings should blot out the remembrance of past misfortunes, and of the outcries formerly raised against the royal family. Whatever miscarriages might have given occasion to them, they have been more than atoned for since; and the nation has now an opportunity of being secured against the like in future.

"That our family has suffered exile during these fifty-seven years, everybody knows. Has the nation, during that period of time, been the more happy and flourishing for it? Have you found reason to love and cherish your governors as the fathers of the people of Great Britain and Ireland? Has a family, upon whom a faction unlawfully bestowed the diadem of a rightful prince, retained a due sense of so great a trust and favour? Have you found more humanity and condescension in those who were not born to a crown, than in my royal forefathers? Have their ears been open to the cries of the people? Have they or do they consider only the interests of these nations? Have you reaped any other benefit from them than an immense load of debt? If I am answered in the affirmative, why has their government been so often railed at in all your public assemblies? Why has the nation been so long crying out in vain for redress against the abuse of Parliaments, upon account of their long duration, the multi-

tude of placemen, which occasions their venality, the introduction of penal laws, and, in general, against the miserable situation of the kingdom at home and abroad? All these, and many more inconveniences, must now be removed, unless the people of Great Britain be already so far corrupted that they will not accept of freedom when offered to them, seeing the King, on his restoration, will refuse nothing that a free Parliament can ask for the security of the religion, laws, and liberty of his people.

“It is now time to conclude; and I shall do it with this reflection: Civil wars are ever attended with rancour and ill-will, which party-rage never fails to produce in the minds of those whom different interests, principles, or views, set in opposition to one another. I, therefore, earnestly require it of my friends to give as little loose as possible to such passions: this will prove the most effectual means to prevent the same in the enemies of my royal cause. And this my declaration will vindicate to all posterity the nobleness of my undertaking and the generosity of my intentions.”

There was much truth in the open charges preferred in this declaration against the existing Government. The sovereigns of the House of Hanover had always shown a marked predilection for their Continental possessions, and had proportionally neglected the affairs of Britain. Under Walpole's administration, the Imperial Parliament had degenerated from an independent assembly to a junta of placemen, and the most flagitious system of bribery was openly practised and avowed. It was not without reason that Charles contrasted the state of the nation then, with its position when under the rule of the legitimate family; and had there not been a strong, though, I think, unrea-

sonable suspicion in the minds of many, that his success would be the prelude to a vigorous attack upon the established religions of the country, and that he would be inclined to follow out in this respect the fatal policy of his grandfather, Charles would in all probability have received a more active and general support than was accorded to him. But the zeal with which the Episcopalian party in Scotland espoused his cause, naturally gave rise to the idea that the attempt of the Prince was of evil omen to Presbytery; and the settlement of the Church upon its present footing was yet so recent, that the sores of the old feud were still festering and green. The Established clergy, therefore, were, nearly to a man, opposed to his pretensions; and one minister of Edinburgh, at the time when the Highland host was in possession of the city, had the courage to conclude his prayer nearly in the following terms—"Bless the king; Thou knows what king I mean—may his crown long sit easy on his head. And as to this young man who has come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee in mercy to take him to Thyself and give him a crown of glory!" At the same time it is very curious to observe, that the most violent sect of Presbyterians, who might be considered as the representatives of the extreme Cameronian principle, and who had early seceded from the Church, and bitterly opposed the union of the kingdoms, were not indisposed, on certain terms, to coalesce with the Jacobites. It is hardly possible to understand the motives which actuated these men, who appear to have regarded each successive Government as equally obnoxious. Some writers go the length of averring that, in 1688, a negotiation was opened by one section of the Covenanters with Lord Dundee, with the object of

resistance to the usurpation of William of Orange, and that the project was frustrated only by the death of that heroic nobleman. Sir Walter Scott—a great authority—seems to have been convinced that such was the case; but in the absence of direct proof, I can hardly credit it. It is perfectly well known that a conspiracy was formed by a certain section of the Cameronian party to assassinate Lords Dundee and Dunfermline whilst in attendance at the meeting of Estates; and although the recognition of William as king might not have been palatable to others who held the same opinions, it would be a strange thing if they had so suddenly resolved to assist Dundee in his efforts for the exiled family. But the political changes in Scotland, more especially the Union, seem to have inspired some of these men with a spirit of disaffection to the Government; for, according to Mr Chambers, the most rigid sect of Presbyterians had, since the Revolution, expressed a strong desire to coalesce with the Jacobites, with the hope, in case the house of Stuart were restored, to obtain what they called a covenanted King. Of this sect one thousand had assembled in Dumfriesshire at the first intelligence of the insurrection, bearing arms and colours, and supposed to contemplate a junction with the Chevalier. But these religionists were now almost as violently distinct from the Established Church of Scotland as ever they had been from those of England and Rome, and had long ceased to play a prominent part in the national disputes. The Established clergy, and the greater part of their congregations, were averse to Charles, upon considerations perfectly moderate, at the same time not easy to be shaken.

On commencing his march into England, Charles found himself at the head of an army of between five thousand and six thousand men, which force was considered strong enough, with the augmentations it might receive on the way, to effect the occupation of London. Had the English Jacobites performed their part with the same zeal as the Scots, it is more than probable that the attempt would have been crowned with success. As it was, the Prince succeeded in reducing the strong fortified town of Carlisle, and in marching without opposition through the heart of England, as far as Derby, within one hundred miles of the metropolis. But here his better genius deserted him. Discord had crept into his counsels; for some of the chiefs became seriously alarmed at finding that the gentry of England, so far from preparing to join the expedition, preferred remaining at home, inactive spectators of the contest. Except at Manchester, they had received few or no recruits. No tidings had reached them from Wales—a country supposed to be devoted to the cause of King James, whilst it was well known that a large force was already in arms to oppose the clans. Mr Chambers gives us the following details :—“At a council of war held on the morning of the 5th December, Lord George Murray and the other members gave it as their unanimous opinion that the army ought to return to Scotland. Lord George pointed out that they were about to be environed by three armies, amounting collectively to about thirty thousand men, while their own forces were not above five thousand, if so many. Supposing an unsuccessful engagement with any of these armies, it could not be expected that one man would escape, for the militia would beset every road. The Prince, if not slain in the battle, must fall into the enemy's

hands; the whole world would blame them as fools for running into such a risk. Charles answered, that he regarded not his own danger. He pressed, with all the force of argument, to go forward. He did not doubt, he said, that the justice of his cause would prevail. He was hopeful that there might be a defection in the enemy's army, and that many would declare for him. He was so very bent on putting all to the risk, that the Duke of Perth was for it, since his Royal Highness was. At last he proposed going to Wales instead of returning to Carlisle; but every other officer declared his opinion for a retreat. These are nearly the words of Lord George Murray. We are elsewhere told that the Prince condescended to use entreaties to induce his adherents to alter their resolution. 'Rather than go back,' he said, 'I would wish to be twenty feet under ground!' His chagrin, when he found his councillors obdurate, was beyond all bounds. The council broke up, on the understanding that the retreat was to commence next morning; Lord George volunteering to take the place of honour in the rear, provided only that he should not be troubled with the baggage."

This resolution was received by the army with marks of unequivocal vexation. Retreat, in their estimation, was little less than overthrow; and it was most galling to find that, after all their labours, hazards, and toils, they were doomed to disappointment at the very moment when the prize seemed ready for their grasp. That the movement was an injudicious one is, I think, obvious. We are told, upon good authority, "that the very boldness of the Prince's onward movement, especially taken into connection with the expected descent from France, had at length disposed the English Jacobites to come out; and many

were just on the point of declaring themselves, and marching to join his army, when the retreat from Derby was determined on. A Mr Barry arrived in Derby two days after the Prince left it, with a message from Sir Watkin William Wynne and Lord Barrymore, to assure him, in the names of many friends of the cause, that they were ready to join him in what manner he pleased, either in the capital, or every one to rise in his own country. I have likewise been assured that many of the Welsh gentry had actually left their homes, and were on the way to join Charles, when intelligence of his retreat at once sent them all back peaceably, convinced that it was now too late to contribute their assistance. These men, from the power they had over their tenantry, could have added materially to his military force. In fact, from all that appears, we must conclude that the insurgents had a very considerable chance of success from an onward movement—also, no doubt, a chance of destruction, and yet not worse than what ultimately befell many of them; while a retreat broke in a moment the spell which their gallantry had conjured up, and gave the enemy a great advantage over them.”

One victory more was accorded to Prince Charles before his final overthrow. After successfully conducting his retreat to Scotland, occupying Glasgow, and strengthening his army by the accession of new recruits, he gave battle to the royal forces under General Hawley at Falkirk, and, as at Preston, drove them from the field. The parties were on this occasion fairly matched, there being about eight thousand men engaged on either side. The action was short; and, though not so decisive as the former one, gave great confidence to the insurgents. It

has been thus picturesquely portrayed by the historian of the enterprise:—"Some individuals, who beheld the battle from the steeple of Falkirk, used to describe its main events as occupying a surprisingly brief space of time. They first saw the English army enter the misty and storm-covered muir at the top of the hill; then saw the dull atmosphere thickened by a fast-rolling smoke, and heard the pealing sounds of the discharge; immediately after, they beheld the discomfited troops burst wildly from the cloud in which they had been involved, and rush in far-spread disorder over the face of the hill. From the commencement to what they styled 'the *break* of the battle,' there did not intervene more than ten minutes—so soon may an efficient body of men become, by one transient emotion of cowardice, a feeble and contemptible rabble.

"The rout would have been total, but for the three out-flanking regiments. These not having been opposed by any of the clans, having a ravine in front, and deriving some support from a small body of dragoons, stood their ground under the command of General Huske and Brigadier Cholmondley. When the Highlanders went past in pursuit, they received a volley from this part of the English army, which brought them to a pause, and caused them to draw back to their former ground, their impression being that some ambuscade was intended. This saved the English army from destruction. A pause took place, during which the bulk of the English infantry got back to Falkirk. It was not until Lord George Murray brought up the second line of his wing and the pickets, with some others on the other wing, that General Huske drew off his party, which he did in good order."

The seat of war was now removed to the North. The month of April 1746 found Prince Charles in possession of Inverness with an army sorely dwindled in numbers, and in great want of necessaries and provisions. Many of the Highlanders had retired for the winter to their native glens, and had not yet rejoined the standard. The Duke of Cumberland, who now commanded the English army, with a reputation not diminished by the unfortunate issue of Fontenoy, was at the head of a large body of tried and disciplined troops, in the best condition, and supported by the powerful arm of artillery.

He effected the passage of the Spey, a large and rapid river which intersects the Highlands, without encountering any opposition, and on the 15th of the month had arrived at Nairn, about nine miles distant from the position occupied by his kinsman and opponent. His superiority in point of strength was so great that the boldest of the insurgent chiefs hesitated as to the policy of giving immediate battle; and nothing but the desire of covering Inverness prevented the council from recommending a further retreat into the mountains, where they could not have been easily followed, and where they were certain to have met with reinforcements. As to the Prince, his confidence in the prowess of the Highlanders was so unbounded, that, even with such odds against him, he would not listen to a proposal for delay.

There yet remained, says Mr Chambers, before playing the great stake of a pitched battle, one chance of success, by the irregular mode of warfare to which the army was accustomed; and Charles resolved to put it to trial. This was a night attack upon the camp of the Duke of Cumberland. He rightly argued, that if his men could

approach without being discovered, and make a simultaneous attack in more than one place, the royal forces, then probably either engaged in drinking their commander's health (the 15th happened to be the anniversary of the Duke's birthday, and was celebrated as such by his army), or sleeping off the effects of the debauch, must be completely surprised and cut to pieces, or at least effectually routed. The time appointed for setting out upon the march was eight in the evening, when daylight should have completely disappeared; and, in the mean time, great pains were taken to conceal the secret from the army.

This resolution was entered into at three in the afternoon, and orders were given to collect the men who had gone off in search of provisions. The officers dispersed themselves to Inverness and other places, and besought the stragglers to repair to the muir. But, under the influence of hunger, they told their commanders to shoot them if they pleased, rather than compel them to starve any longer. Charles had previously declared, with his characteristic fervour, that though only a thousand of his men should accompany him, he would lead them on to the attack; and he was not now intimidated when he saw twice that number ready to assist in the enterprise; though some of his officers would willingly have made this deficiency of troops an excuse for abandoning what they esteemed at best a hazardous expedition. Having given out for watchword the name of his father, he embraced Lord George Murray, who was to command the foremost column, and, putting himself at the head of that which followed, gave the order to march.

The attempt proved peculiarly unfortunate, and from the fatigue which it occasioned to the Highlanders, con-

tributed in a great degree towards the disaster of the following day. The night chanced to be uncommonly dark, and as it was well known that Cumberland had stationed spies on the principal roads, it became necessary to select a devious route, in order to effect a surprise. The columns, proceeding over broken and irregular ground, soon became scattered and dislocated; no exertions of the officers could keep the men together, so that Lord George Murray at two o'clock found that he was still distant three miles from the hostile camp, and that there were no hopes of commencing the attack before the break of day, when they would be open to the observation of the enemy. Under these circumstances a retreat was commenced; and the scheme, which at one time seemed to hold out every probability of success, was abandoned.

“The Highlanders returned, fatigued and disconsolate, to their former position, about seven in the morning, when they immediately addressed themselves to sleep, or went away in search of provisions. So scarce was food at this critical juncture, that the Prince himself, on retiring to Culloden House, could obtain no better refreshment than a little bread and whisky. He felt the utmost anxiety regarding his men, among whom the pangs of hunger, upon bodies exhausted by fatigue, must have been working effects most unpromising to his success; and he gave orders, before seeking any repose, that the whole country should now be mercilessly ransacked for the means of refreshment. His orders were not without effect. Considerable supplies were procured, and subjected to the cook's art at Inverness; but the poor famished clansmen were destined never to taste these provisions, the hour of battle arriving before they were prepared.”

About eleven in the forenoon, the troops of Cumberland were observed upon the eastern extremity of the wide muir of Culloden, and preparations were instantly made for the coming battle. The army had been strengthened that morning by the arrival of the Keppoch Macdonalds and a party of the Frasers; but, even with these reinforcements, the whole available force which the Prince could muster was about five thousand men, to oppose at fearful odds an enemy twice as numerous, and heavily supported by artillery. Fortune on this day seemed to have deserted the Prince altogether. In drawing out the line of battle, a most unlucky arrangement was made by O'Sullivan, who acted as adjutant, whereby the Macdonald regiments were removed from the right wing—the place which the great Clan Coila has been privileged to hold in Scottish array ever since the auspicious battle of Bannockburn. To those who are not acquainted with the peculiar temper and spirit of the Highlanders, and their punctilio upon points of honour and precedence, the question of arrangement will naturally appear a matter of little importance. But it was not so felt by the Macdonalds, who considered their change of position as a positive degradation, and who further looked upon it as an evil omen to the success of the battle. The results of this mistake will be noticed immediately.

Just before the commencement of the action, the weather, which had hitherto been fair and sunny, became overcast, and a heavy blast of rain and sleet beat directly in the faces of the Highlanders. The English artillery then began to play upon them, and, being admirably served, every discharge told with fearful effect upon the ranks. The chief object of either party at the battle of Culloden

seems to have been to force its opponent to leave his position, and to commence the attack. Cumberland, finding that his artillery was doing such execution, had no occasion to move; and Charles appears to have committed a great error in abandoning a mode of warfare which was peculiarly suited for his troops, and which on two previous occasions had proved eminently successful. Had he at once ordered a general charge, and attempted to silence the guns, the issue of the day might have been otherwise; but his unfortunate star prevailed.

“It was not,” says Mr Chambers, “till the cannonade had continued nearly half an hour, and the Highlanders had seen many of their kindred stretched upon the heath, that Charles at last gave way to the necessity of ordering a charge. The aide-de-camp intrusted to carry his message to the lieutenant-general—a youth of the name of Maciachlan—was killed by a cannon-ball before he reached the first line; but the general sentiment of the army, as reported to Lord George Murray, supplied the want, and that general took it upon him to order an attack without Charles’s permission having been communicated.

“Lord George had scarcely determined upon ordering a general movement, when the Macintoshes, a brave and devoted clan, though not before engaged in action, unable any longer to brook the unavenged slaughter made by the cannon, broke from the centre of the line, and rushed forward through smoke and snow to mingle with the enemy. The Athole men, Camerons, Stuarts, Frasers, and Macleans, also went on; Lord George Murray heading them with that rash bravery befitting the commander of such forces. Thus, in the course of one or two minutes, the charge was general along the whole line, except at the

left extremity, where the Macdonalds, dissatisfied with their position, hesitated to engage.

“The action and event of the onset were, throughout, quite as dreadful as the mental emotion which urged it. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry—notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape-shot, swept the field as with a hail-storm—notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe’s regiment—onward, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon, the lines of the enemy, which, indeed, they did not see for smoke, till involved among the weapons. All that courage, all that despair could do, was done. It was a moment of dreadful and agonising suspense, but only a moment—for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. Nevertheless almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved : and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife.

“When the first line had thus been swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by a profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been before a numerous and confident force began to give way. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than forfeit their well-acquired and dearly estimated honour. They rushed on ; but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets.”

Some idea of the determination displayed by the Highlanders in this terrific charge may be gathered from the fact that, in one part of the field, their bodies were afterwards found in layers of three and four deep. The slaughter was fearful, for, out of the five regiments which charged the English, almost all the leaders and men in the front rank were killed. So shaken was the English line, that, had the Macdonald regiments, well known to yield in valour to none of the clans, come up, the fortune of the day might have been altered. But they never made an onset. Smarting and sullen at the affront which they conceived to have been put upon their name, they bore the fire of the English regiments without flinching, and gave way to their rage by hewing at the heather with their swords. In vain their chiefs exhorted them to go forward; even at that terrible moment the pride of clanship prevailed. "My God!" cried Macdonald of Keppoch, "has it come to this, that the children of my tribe have forsaken me!" and he rushed forward alone, sword in hand, with the devotion of an ancient hero, and fell pierced with bullets.

The Lowland and foreign troops which formed the second line were powerless to retrieve the disaster. All was over. The rout became general, and the Prince was forced from the field, which he would not quit until dragged from it by his immediate body-guard.

Such was the last battle, the result of civil war, which has been fought on British soil. Those who were defeated have acquired as much glory from it as the conquerors—and even more, for never was a conquest sullied by such deeds of deliberate cruelty as were perpetrated upon the survivors of the battle of Culloden. It is not, however,

the object of the present paper to recount these, or even the romantic history and hairbreadth escapes of the Prince, whilst wandering on the mainland and through the Hebrides. Although a reward of thirty thousand pounds (an immense sum for the period) was set upon his head—although his secret was known to hundreds of persons in every walk of life, and even to the beggar and the outlaw—not one attempted to betray him. Not one of all his followers, in the midst of the misery which overtook them, regretted having drawn the sword in his cause, or would not again have gladly imperilled their lives for the sake of their beloved Chevalier. “He went,” says Lord Mahon, “but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their tongues, their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits and inviting his return. Again, in these strains, do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness—the strongest, perhaps, of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to Prince Charlie.”

The subsequent life of the Prince is a story of melancholy interest. We find him at first received in France with all the honours due to one who, though unfortunate, had exhibited a heroism rarely equalled and never surpassed: gradually he was neglected and slighted, as one of a doomed and unhappy race, whom no human exertion could avail to elevate to their former seat of power; and finally, when his presence in France became an obstacle to the conclusion of peace, he was violently arrested and conveyed out of the kingdom. There can be little doubt that continued misfortune and disappointment had begun very

early to impair his noble mind. For long periods he was a wanderer, lost sight of by his friends, and even by his father and brother. There are fragments of his writing extant which show how poignantly he felt the cruelty of his fortune. “*De vivre et pas vivre est beaucoup plus que de mourir !*” And again, writing to his father’s secretary, eight years after Culloden, he says : “ I am grieved that our master should think that my silence was either neglect or want of duty ; but, in reality, my situation is such that I have nothing to say but imprecations against the fatality of being born in such a detestable age.” An unhappy and uncongenial marriage tended still more to embitter his existence ; and if at last he yielded to frailties which inevitably insure degradation, it must be remembered that his lot had been one to which few men have ever been exposed, and the magnitude of his sufferings may fairly be admitted as some palliation for his weakness.

To the last his heart was with Scotland. The following anecdote was related by his brother, Cardinal York, to Bishop Walker, the late Primus of the Episcopal Church of Scotland :—“ Mr Greathead, a personal friend of Mr Fox, succeeded, when at Rome in 1782 or 1783, in obtaining an interview with Charles Edward ; and, being alone with him for some time, studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland, and to the occurrences which succeeded the failure of that attempt. The Prince manifested some reluctance to enter upon these topics, appearing at the same time to undergo so much mental suffering, that his guest regretted the freedom he had used in calling up the remembrance of his misfortunes. At length, however, the Prince seemed to shake off the load which oppressed him ; his eye brightened, his face assumed

unwonted animation, and he entered upon the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a distinct but somewhat vehement energy of manner—recounted his marches, his battles, his victories, his retreats, and his defeats—detailed his hairbreadth escapes in the Western Isles, the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland friends, and at length proceeded to allude to the terrible penalties with which the chiefs among them had been visited. But here the tide of emotion rose too high to allow him to go on—his voice faltered, his eyes became fixed, and he fell convulsed on the floor. The noise brought into his room his daughter, the Duchess of Albany, who happened to be in an adjoining apartment. ‘Sir,’ she exclaimed, ‘what is this? You have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention those subjects in his presence.’”

He died on the 30th January 1788, in the arms of the Master of Nairn. The monument erected to him, his father, and brother, in St Peter’s, by desire of George IV., was perhaps the most graceful tribute ever paid by royalty to misfortune—REGIO CINERI PIETAS REGIA.

CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF CULLODEN.

Take away that star and garter—
Hide them from my aching sight!
Neither king nor prince shall tempt me
From my lonely room this night.
Fitting for the throneless exile
Is the atmosphere of pall,
And the gusty winds that shiver
'Neath the tapestry on the wall;
When the taper faintly dwindles
Like the pulse within the vein,
That to gay and merry measure
Ne'er may hope to bound again.
Let the shadows gather round me
While I sit in silence here,
Broken-hearted, as an orphan
Watching by his father's bier.
Let me hold my still communion
Far from every earthly sound—
Day of penance—day of passion—
Ever, as the year comes round :

Fatal day! whereon the latest
Die was cast for me and mine—
Cruel day, that quelled the fortunes
Of the hapless Stuart line!
Phantom-like, as in a mirror,
Rise the griesly scenes of Death—
There before me in its wildness,
Stretches bare Culloden's heath:
There the broken clans are scattered,
Gaunt as wolves, and famine-eyed,
Hunger gnawing at their vitals,
Hope abandoned, all but pride—
Pride—and that supreme devotion
Which the Southron never knew,
And the hatred, deeply rankling,
'Gainst the Hanoverian crew.
Oh, my God! are these the remnants,
These the wrecks of the array,
That around the royal standard
Gathered on the glorious day,
When, in deep Glenfinnan's valley,
Thousands on their bended knees
Saw once more that stately ensign
Waving in the northern breeze!
When the noble Tullibardine
Stood beneath its weltering fold,
With the Ruddy Lion ramping
In its field of tressured gold!
When the mighty heart of Scotland,
All too big to slumber more,
Burst in wrath and exultation
Like a huge volcano's roar!

There they stand, the battered columns,
Underneath the murky sky,
In the hush of desperation,
Not to conquer, but to die.
Hark! the bagpipe's fitful wailing:
Not the pibroch loud and shrill,
That, with hope of bloody banquet,
Lured the ravens from the hill—
But a dirge both low and solemn,
Fit for ears of dying men,
Marshall'd for their latest battle,
Never more to fight again.
Madness—madness! Why this shrinking?
Were we less inured to war
When our reapers swept the harvest
From the field of red Dunbar?
Bring my horse, and blow the trumpet
Call the riders of Fitz-James:
Let Lord Lewis head the column
Valiant chiefs of mighty names—
Trusty Keppoch! stout Glengarry!
Gallant Gordon! wise Locheill!
Bid the clansmen hold together,
Fast and fell, and firm as steel.
Elcho! never look so gloomy—
What avails a saddened brow?
Heart, man! heart!—We need it sorely,
Never half so much as now.
Had we but a thousand troopers,
Had we but a thousand more!
Noble Perth, I hear them coming
Hark! the English cannons' roar.

God ! how awful sounds that volley,
 Bellowing through the mist and rain !
Was not that the Highland slogan ?
 Let me hear that shout again !
Oh, for prophet eyes to witness
 How the desperate battle goes !
Cumberland ! I would not fear thee,
 Could my Camerons see their foes.
Sound, I say, the charge at venture—
 'Tis not naked steel we fear :
Better perish in the mêlée
 Than be shot like driven deer !
Hold ! the mist begins to scatter !
 There in front 'tis rent asunder,
And the cloudy bastion crumbles
 Underneath the deafening thunder.
There I see the scarlet gleaming !
 Now, Macdonald,—now or never !—
Woe is me, the clans are broken !
 Father, thou art lost for ever !
Chief and vassal, lord and yeoman,
 There they lie in heaps together,
Smitten by the deadly volley,
 Rolled in blood upon the heather ;
And the Hanoverian horsemen,
 Fiercely riding to and fro,
Deal their murderous strokes at random.—

 Ah, my God ! where am I now ?
Will that baleful vision never
 Vanish from my aching sight ?
Must those scenes and sounds of terror
 Haunt me still by day and night ?

Yea! the earth hath no oblivion
For the noblest chance it gave,
None, save in its latest refuge—
Seek it only in the grave!
Love may die, and hatred slumber,
And their memory will decay,
As the watered garden recks not
Of the drought of yesterday;
But the dream of power once broken,
What shall give repose again?
What shall charm the serpent-furies
Coiled around the maddening brain?
What kind draught can nature offer
Strong enough to lull their sting?
Better to be born a peasant
Than to live an exiled king!
Oh, these years of bitter anguish!—
What is life to such as me,
With my very heart as palsied
As a wasted cripple's knee!
Suppliant-like for alms depending
On a false and foreign court;
Jostled by the flouting nobles,
Half their pity, half their sport,
Forced to hold a place in pageant
Like a royal prize of war,
Walking with dejected features
Close behind his victor's car;
Styled an equal—deemed a servant—
Fed with hopes of future gain:
Worse by far is fancied freedom
Than the captive's clanking chain!

Could I change this gilded bondage
Even for the dusky tower,
Whence King James beheld his lady
Sitting in the castle bower ;
Birds around her sweetly singing,
Fluttering on the kindled spray,
And the comely garden glowing
In the light of rosy May.
Love descended to the window—
Love removed the bolt and bar—
Love was warder to the lovers
From the dawn to even-star.
Wherefore, Love ! didst thou betray me ?
Where is now the tender glance—
Where the meaning looks once lavished
By the dark-eyed Maid of France ?
Where the words of hope she whispered,
When around my neck she threw
That same scarf of brodered tissue,
Bade me wear it and be true—
Bade me send it as a token
When my banner waved once more
On the castled Keep of London,
Where my father's waved before ?
And I went and did not conquer—
But I brought it back again—
Brought it back from storm and battle—
Brought it back without a stain ;
And once more I knelt before her,
And I laid it at her feet,
Saying, " Wilt thou own it, Princess ?
There at least is no defeat ! "

Scornfully she looked upon me
With a measured eye and cold—
Scornfully she viewed the token,
Though her fingers wrought the gold;
And she answered, faintly flushing,
“Hast thou kept it, then, so long?
Worthy matter for a minstrel
To be told in knightly song!
Worthy of a bold Provençal,
Pacing o’er the peaceful plain,
Singing of his lady’s favour,
Boasting of her silken chain—
Yet scarce worthy of a warrior
Sent to wrestle for a crown!
Is this all that thou hast brought me
From thy fields of high renown?
Is this all the trophy carried
From the lands where thou hast been?
It was broidered by a Princess—
Canst thou give it to a Queen?”

Woman’s love is writ in water!
Woman’s faith is traced on sand!—
Backwards—backwards let me wander
To the noble northern land:
Let me feel the breezes blowing
Fresh along the mountain-side!
Let me see the purple heather,
Let me hear the thundering tide,
Be it hoarse as Corrieyreckan
Spouting when the storm is high—
Give me but one hour of Scotland—
Let me see it ere I die!

Oh! my heart is sick and heavy—
Southern gales are not for me ;
Though the glens are white with winter,
Place me there and set me free.
Give me back my trusty comrades—
Give me back my Highland maid—
Nowhere beats the heart so kindly
As beneath the tartan plaid !
Flora ! when thou wert beside me,
In the wilds of far Kintail—
When the cavern gave us shelter
From the blinding sleet and hail—
When we lurked within the thicket,
And, beneath the wauing moon,
Saw the sentry's bayonet glimmer,
Heard him chant his listless tune—
When the howling storm o'ertook us,
Drifting down the island's lee,
And our crazy bark was whirling
Like a nutshell on the sea—
When the nights were dark and dreary,
And amidst the fern we lay,
Faint and foodless, sore with travel,
Waiting for the streaks of day ;
When thou wert an angel to me,
Watching my exhausted sleep—
Never didst thou hear me murmur—
Couldst thou see how now I weep !
Bitter tears and sobs of anguish,
Unavailing though they be.
Oh! the brave—the brave and noble—
That have died in vain for me !

NOTES TO "CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES."

*" Could I change this gilded bondage
Even for the dusky tower,
Whence King James beheld his lady
Sitting in the castle bower."—P. 281.*

JAMES I. of Scotland, one of the most accomplished kings that ever sat upon a throne, is the person here indicated. His history is a very strange and romantic one. He was son of Robert III., and immediate younger brother of that unhappy Duke of Rothesay who was murdered at Falkland. His father, apprehensive of the designs and treachery of Albany, had determined to remove him, when a mere boy, for a season from Scotland; and as France was then considered the best school for the education of one so important from his high position, it was resolved to send him thither, under the care of the Earl of Orkney, and Fleming of Cumberland. He accordingly embarked at North Berwick, with little escort—as there was a truce for the time between England and Scotland, and they were under no apprehension of meeting with any vessels, save those of the former nation. Notwithstanding this, the ship which carried the Prince was captured by an armed merchantman, and carried to London, where Henry IV., the usurping Bolingbroke, utterly regardless of treaties, committed him and his attendants to the Tower.

"In vain," says Mr Tytler, "did the guardians of the young Prince remonstrate against this cruelty, or present to Henry a letter from the King his father, which, with much simplicity, recommended him to the kindness of the English monarch, should he find it necessary to land in his dominions. In vain did they represent that the mission to France was perfectly pacific, and its only object the education of the Prince at the French Court. Henry merely answered by a poor witticism, declaring that he himself knew the French language indifferently well, and that his

father could not have sent him to a better master. So flagrant a breach of the law of nations, as the seizure and imprisonment of the heir-apparent, during the time of truce, would have called for the most violent remonstrances from any government except that of Albany. But to this usurper of the supreme power, the capture of the Prince was the most grateful event which could have happened; and to detain him in captivity became, from this moment, one of the principal objects of his future life; we are not to wonder, then, that the conduct of Henry not only drew forth no indignation from the governor, but was not even followed by any request that the Prince should be set at liberty.

"The aged King, already worn out by infirmity, and now broken by disappointment and sorrow, did not long survive the captivity of his son. It is said the melancholy news were brought him as he was sitting down to supper in his palace of Rothesay in Bute, and that the effect was such upon his affectionate but feeble spirit, that he drooped from that day forward, refused all sustenance, and died soon after of a broken heart."

James was finally incarcerated in Windsor Castle, where he endured an imprisonment of nineteen years. Henry, though he had not hesitated to commit a heinous breach of faith, was not so cruel as to neglect the education of his captive. The young King was supplied with the best masters, and gradually became an adept in all the accomplishments of the age. He is a singular exception from the rule which maintains that monarchs are indifferent authors. As a poet, he is entitled to a very high rank indeed—being, I think, in point of sweetness and melody of verse, not much inferior to Chaucer. From the window of his chamber in the Tower, he had often seen a young lady, of great beauty and grace, walking in the garden; and the admiration which at once possessed him soon ripened into love. This was Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, a niece of Henry IV., and who afterwards became his queen. How he loved and how he wooed her is told in his own beautiful poem of "The King's Quhair," of which the following are a few stanzas:—

"Now there was made, fast by the towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
An arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with trees set

Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

"So thicke the boughis and the leavis greene
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe, greene, sweete juniper,
Growing so fair, with branches here and there,
That, as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

"And on the smalle greene twistis sat
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

"And therewith cast I down mine eyes again,
Whereat I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly, now comen here to plain,
The fairest or the freshest younge flower
That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour;
For which sudden abate, anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart.

"And though I stood abasit for a lite,
No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
Were so o'ercome with pleasance and delight—
Only through letting of my eyen fall—
That suddenly my heart became her thrall
For ever of free will, for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face."

"Wherefore, Love! didst thou betray me?
Where is now the tender glance—
Where the meaning looks once lavished
By the dark-eyed Maid of France?"—P. 281.

There appears to be no doubt that Prince Charles was deeply attached to one of the princesses of the royal family of France. In the interesting collection called "*Jacobite Memoirs*," compiled by Mr Chambers from the voluminous MSS. of Bishop Forbes, we find the following passage from the narrative of Donald Macleod, who acted as a guide to the wanderer whilst traversing the Hebrides:—"When Donald was asked, if ever the Prince used to give any particular toast, when they were taking a cup of cold water, or the like; he said that the Prince very often drank to the Black Eye—by which, said Donald, he meant the second daughter of France, and I never heard him name any particular health but that alone. When he spoke of that lady—which he did frequently—he appeared to be more than ordinarily well pleased."



THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

THE "gentle Locheill" may be considered as the pattern of a Highland Chief. Others who joined the insurrection may have been actuated by motives of personal ambition, and by a desire for aggrandisement; but no such charge can be made against the generous and devoted Cameron. He was, as we have already seen, the first who attempted to dissuade the Prince from embarking in an enterprise which he conscientiously believed to be desperate; but, having failed in doing so, he nobly stood firm to the cause which his conscience vindicated as just, and cheerfully imperilled his life, and sacrificed his fortune, for the sake of his master. There was no one, even among those who espoused the other side, in Scotland, who did not commiserate the misfortunes of this truly excellent man, whose humanity was not less conspicuous than his valour throughout the civil war, and who died in exile of a broken heart.

Perhaps the best type of the Lowland Cavalier of that period may be found in the person of Alexander Forbes,

Lord Pitsligo, a nobleman whose conscientious views impelled him to take a different side from that adopted by the greater part of his house and name. Lord Forbes, the head of this very ancient and honourable family, was one of the first Scottish noblemen who declared for King William. Lord Pitsligo, on the contrary, who had been educated abroad, and early introduced to the circle at St Germain's, conceived a deep personal attachment to the members of the exiled line. He was anything but an enthusiast, as his philosophical and religious writings, well worthy of a perusal, will show. He was the intimate friend of Fénelon, and throughout his whole life was remarkable rather for his piety and virtue than for keenness in political dispute.

After his return from France, Lord Pitsligo took his seat in the Scottish Parliament, and his parliamentary career has thus been characterised by a former writer.* "Here it is no discredit either to his head or heart to say, that, obliged to become a member of one of the contending factions of the time, he adopted that which had for its object the independence of Scotland, and restoration of the ancient race of monarchs. The advantages which were in future to arise from the great measure of a national union were so hidden by the mists of prejudice, that it cannot be wondered at if Lord Pitsligo, like many a high-spirited man, saw nothing but disgrace in a measure forced on by such corrupt means, and calling in its commencement for such mortifying national sacrifices. The English nation, indeed, with a narrow, yet not unnatural view of their own interest, took such pains to encumber and restrict the

* See *Blackwood's Magazine* for May 1829—Article, "Lord Pitsligo."

Scottish commercial privileges, that it was not till the best part of a century after the event that the inestimable fruits of the treaty began to be felt and known. This distant period Lord Pitsligo could not foresee. He beheld his countrymen, like the Israelites of yore, led into the desert; but his merely human eye could not foresee that, after the extinction of a whole race—after a longer pilgrimage than that of the followers of Moses—the Scottish people should at length arrive at that promised land, of which the favourers of the Union held forth so gay a prospect.

“Looking upon the Act of Settlement of the Crown, and the Act of Abjuration, as unlawful, Lord Pitsligo retired to his house in the country, and threw up attendance on Parliament. Upon the death of Queen Anne, he joined himself in arms with a general insurrection of the Highlanders and Jacobites, headed by his friend and relative the Earl of Mar.

“Mar, a versatile statesman and an able intriguer, had consulted his ambition rather than his talents when he assumed the command of such an enterprise. He sank beneath the far superior genius of the Duke of Argyle; and, after the undecisive battle of Sheriffmuir, the confederacy which he had formed, but was unable to direct, dissolved like a snowball, and the nobles concerned in it were fain to fly abroad. This exile was Lord Pitsligo’s fate for five or six years. Part of the time he spent at the Court, if it can be called so, of the old Chevalier de Saint George, where existed all the petty feuds, chicanery, and crooked intrigues which subsist in a real scene of the same character, although the objects of the ambition which prompts such acts had no existence. Men seemed to play at being courtiers in that illusory Court, as children play at being soldiers.”

It would appear that Lord Pitsligo was not attainted for his share in Mar's rebellion. He returned to Scotland in 1720, and resided at his castle in Aberdeenshire, not mingling in public affairs, but gaining, through his charity, kindness, and benevolence, the respect and affection of all around him. He was sixty-seven years of age when Charles Edward landed in Scotland. The district in which the estates of Lord Pitsligo lay was essentially Jacobite, and the young cavaliers only waited for a fitting leader to take up arms in the cause. According to Mr Home, his example was decisive of the movement of his neighbours: "So when he who was so wise and prudent declared his purpose of joining Charles, most of the gentlemen in that part of the country who favoured the Pretender's cause, put themselves under his command, thinking they could not follow a better or safer guide than Lord Pitsligo." His Lordship's own account of the motives which urged him on is peculiar:—"I was grown a little old, and the fear of ridicule stuck to me pretty much. I have mentioned the weightier considerations of a family, which would make the censure still the greater, and set the more tongues a-going. But we are pushed on, I know not how: I thought—I weighed—and I weighed again. If there was any enthusiasm in it, it was of the coldest kind; and there was as little remorse when the affair miscarried, as there was eagerness at the beginning."

The writer whom I have already quoted goes on to say—"To those friends who recalled his misfortunes of 1715, he replied gaily, 'Did you ever know me absent at the second day of a wedding?' meaning, I suppose, that having once contracted an engagement, he did not feel entitled to quit it while the contest subsisted. Being

invited by the gentlemen of the district to put himself at their head, and having surmounted his own desires, he had made a farewell visit at a neighbour's house, where a little boy, a child of the family, brought out a stool to assist the old nobleman in remounting his horse. 'My little fellow,' said Lord Pitsligo, 'this is the severest rebuke I have yet received, for presuming to go on such an expedition.'

"The die was however cast, and Lord Pitsligo went to meet his friends at the rendezvous they had appointed in Aberdeen. They formed a body of well-armed cavalry, gentlemen and their servants, to the number of a hundred men. When they were drawn up in readiness to commence the expedition, the venerable nobleman their leader moved to their front, lifted his hat, and, looking up to heaven, pronounced, with a solemn voice, the awful appeal,—'O Lord, Thou knowest that our cause is just!' then added the signal for departure—'March, gentlemen!'

"Lord Pitsligo, with his followers, found Charles at Edinburgh, on 8th October 1745, a few days after the Highlanders' victory at Preston. Their arrival was hailed with enthusiasm, not only on account of the timely reinforcements, but more especially from the high character of their leader. Hamilton of Bangour, in an animated and eloquent eulogium upon Pitsligo, states that nothing could have fallen out more fortunately for the Prince than his joining them did—for it seemed as if religion, virtue, and justice were entering his camp, under the appearance of this venerable old man; and what would have given sanction to a cause of the most dubious right, could not fail to render sacred the very best."

Although so far advanced in years, he remained in arms during the whole campaign, and was treated with almost

filial tenderness by the Prince. After Culloden, he became, like many others, a fugitive and an outlaw; but he succeeded, like the Baron of Bradwardine, in finding a shelter upon the skirts of his own estate. Disguised as a mendicant, his secret was faithfully kept by the tenantry; and although it was more than surmised by the soldiers that he was lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood, they never were able to detect him. On one occasion he actually guided a party to a cave on the sea-shore, amidst the rough rocks of Buchan, where it was rumoured that he was lying in concealment; and on another, when overtaken by his asthma, and utterly unable to escape from an approaching patrol of soldiers, he sat down by the wayside, and acted his assumed character so well, that a good-natured fellow not only gave him alms, but condoled with him on the violence of his complaint.

For ten years he remained concealed, but in the meantime both title and estate were forfeited by attainder. His last escape was so very remarkable, that I may be pardoned for giving it in the language of the author of his Memoirs.

“In March 1756, and of course long after all apprehension of a search had ceased, information having been given to the commanding officer at Fraserburgh that Lord Pitsligo was at that moment at the house of Auchiries, it was acted upon with so much promptness and secrecy that the search must have proved successful but for a very singular occurrence. Mrs Sophia Donaldson, a lady who lived much with the family, repeatedly dreamt, on that particular night, that the house was surrounded by soldiers. Her mind became so haunted with the idea, that she got out of bed, and was walking through the room in hopes of giving a different current to her thoughts before she lay

down again; when, day beginning to dawn, she accidentally looked out at the window as she passed it in traversing the room, and was astonished at actually observing the figures of soldiers among some trees near the house. So completely had all idea of a search been by that time laid asleep, that she supposed they had come to steal poultry—Jacobite poultry-yards affording a safe object of pillage for the English soldiers in those days. Mrs Sophia was proceeding to rouse the servants, when her sister having awaked, and inquiring what was the matter, and being told of soldiers near the house, exclaimed in great alarm that she feared they wanted something more than hens. She begged Mrs Sophia to look out at a window on the other side of the house, when not only were soldiers seen in that direction, but also an officer giving instructions by signal, and frequently putting his fingers to his lips, as if enjoining silence. There was now no time to be lost in rousing the family, and all the haste that could be made was scarcely sufficient to hurry the venerable man from his bed into a small recess, behind the wainscot of an adjoining room, which was concealed by a bed, in which a lady, Miss Gordon of Towie, who was there on a visit, lay, before the soldiers obtained admission. A most minute search took place. The room in which Lord Pitsligo was concealed did not escape. Miss Gordon's bed was carefully examined, and she was obliged to suffer the rude scrutiny of one of the party, by feeling her chin, to ascertain that it was not a man in a lady's night-dress. Before the soldiers had finished their examination in this room, the confinement and anxiety increased Lord Pitsligo's asthma so much, and his breathing became so loud, that it cost Miss Gordon, lying in bed, much and violent coughing, which she coun-

terfeited in order to prevent the high breathings behind the wainscot from being heard. It may easily be conceived what agony she would suffer, lest, by overdoing her part, she should increase suspicion, and in fact lead to a discovery. The ruse was fortunately successful. On the search through the house being given over, Lord Pitsligo was hastily taken from his confined situation, and again replaced in bed; and as soon as he was able to speak, his accustomed kindness of heart made him say to his servant—‘James, go and see that these poor fellows get some breakfast, and a drink of warm ale, for this is a cold morning; they are only doing their duty, and cannot bear me any ill-will.’ When the family were felicitating each other on his escape, he pleasantly observed,—‘A poor prize, had they obtained it—an old dying man!’”

This was the last attempt made on the part of Government to seize on the persons of any of the surviving insurgents. Three years before, Dr Archibald Cameron, a brother of Locheill, having clandestinely revisited Scotland, was arrested, tried, and executed for high treason at Tyburn. The Government was generally blamed for this act of severity, which was considered rather to have been dictated by revenge than required for the public safety. It is, however, probable that they might have had secret information of certain negotiations which were still conducted in the Highlands by the agents of the Stuart family, and that they considered it necessary, by one terrible example, to overawe the insurrectionary spirit. This I believe to have been the real motive of an execution which otherwise could not have been palliated; and in the case of Lord Pitsligo, it is quite possible that the zeal of a partisan may have led him to take a step which would

not have been approved of by the Ministry. After the lapse of so many years, and after so many scenes of judicial bloodshed, the nation would have turned in disgust from the spectacle of an old man, whose private life was not only blameless, but exemplary, dragged to the scaffold, and forced to lay down his head in expiation of a doubtful crime; and this view derives corroboration from the fact that, shortly afterwards, Lord Pitsligo was tacitly permitted to return to the society of his friends, without further notice or persecution.

Dr King, the Principal of St Mary's Hall, Oxford, has borne the following testimony to the character of Lord Pitsligo:—"Whoever is so happy, either from his natural disposition or his good judgment, constantly to observe St Paul's precept, 'to speak evil of no one,' will certainly acquire the love and esteem of the whole community of which he is a member. But such a man is the *rara avis in terris*; and, among all my acquaintance, I have known only one person to whom I can with truth assign this character. The person I mean is the present Lord Pitsligo of Scotland. I not only never heard this gentleman speak an ill word of any man living, but I always observed him ready to defend any other person who was ill spoken of in his company. If the person accused were of his acquaintance, my Lord Pitsligo would always find something good to say of him as a counterpoise. If he were a stranger, and quite unknown to him, my Lord would urge in his defence the general corruption of manners, and the frailties and infirmities of human nature.

"It is no wonder that such an excellent man, who, besides, is a polite scholar, and has many other great and good qualities, should be universally admired and beloved—

insomuch, that I persuade myself he has not one enemy in the world. At least, to this general esteem and affection for his person, his preservation must be owing; for since his attainder he has never removed far from his own house, protected by men of different principles, and unsought for and unmolested by Government." To which eulogy it might be added, by those who have the good fortune to know his representatives, that the virtues here acknowledged seem hereditary in the family of Pitsligo.

The venerable old nobleman was permitted to remain without molestation at the residence of his son, during the latter years of an existence protracted to the extreme verge of human life. And so, says the author of his *Memoirs*, "In this happy frame of mind,—calm and full of hope,—the saintly man continued to the last, with his reason unclouded, able to study his favourite volume, enjoying the comforts of friendship, and delighting in the consolations of religion, till he gently 'fell asleep in Jesus.' He died on the 21st of December 1762, in the eighty-fifth year of his age; and to his surviving friends the recollection of the misfortunes which had accompanied him through his long life was painfully awakened even in the closing scene of his mortal career—as his son had the mortification to be indebted to a stranger, now the proprietor of his ancient inheritance by purchase from the Crown, for permission to lay his father's honoured remains in the vault which contained the ashes of his family for many generations."

Such a character as this is well worthy of remembrance; and Lord Pitsligo has just title to be called the last of the old Scottish cavaliers. I trust that, in adapting the words of the following little ballad to a well-known English air, I have committed no unpardonable larceny.

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

I.

COME listen to another song,
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the lustre to your eye;—
It is a song of olden time,
Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on thigh !
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time !

II.

He kept his castle in the north,
Hard by the thundering Spey ;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time !

III.

His father drew the righteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie Pass,
With the glory of the Græmes ;
Like a true old Scottish cavalier
All of the olden time !

IV.

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
From foray and from raid ;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade :
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time !

V.

At length the news ran through the land—
THE PRINCE had come again !
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen ;
And our old baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den,

And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time !

VI.

He was the first that bent the knee
When the STANDARD waved abroad,
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod ;
And ever, in the van of fight,
The foremost still he trod,
Until on bleak Culloden's heath,
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time !

VII.

Oh ! never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true—
The olden times have passed away,
And weary are the new :
The fair white rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears save those of heaven,
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time !



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BLIND OLD MILTON.

PLACE me once more, my daughter, where the sun
May shine upon my old and time-worn head,
For the last time, perchance. My race is run;
And soon amidst the ever-silent dead
I must repose, it may be, half forgot.
Yes! I have broke the hard and bitter bread
For many a year, with those who trembled not
To buckle on their armour for the fight,
And set themselves against the tyrant's lot;
And I have never bowed me to his might,
Nor knelt before him—for I bear within
My heart the sternest consciousness of right,
And that perpetual hate of gilded sin
Which made me what I am; and though the stain
Of poverty be on me, yet I win

More honour by it than the blinded train
Who hug their willing servitude, and bow
Unto the weakest and the most profane.
Therefore, with unencumbered soul I go
Before the footstool of my Maker, where
I hope to stand as undebased as now!

Child! is the sun abroad? I feel my hair
Borne up and wafted by the gentle wind,
I feel the odours that perfume the air,
And hear the rustling of the leaves behind.
Within my heart I picture them, and then
I almost can forget that I am blind,
And old, and hated by my fellow-men.
Yet would I fain once more behold the grace
Of nature ere I die, and gaze again
Upon her living and rejoicing face—
Fain would I see thy countenance, my child,
My comforter! I feel thy dear embrace—
I hear thy voice, so musical and mild,
The patient sole interpreter, by whom
So many years of sadness are beguiled;
For it hath made my small and scanty room
Peopled with glowing visions of the past.
But I will calmly bend me to my doom,
And wait the hour which is approaching fast,
When triple light shall stream upon mine eyes,
And heaven itself be opened up at last
To him who dared foretell its mysteries.
I have had visions in this drear eclipse
Of outward consciousness, and clomb the skies,
Striving to utter with my earthly lips

What the diviner soul had half divined,
Even as the Saint in his Apocalypse
Who saw the inmost glory, where enshrined
Sat He who fashioned glory. This hath driven
All outward strife and tumult from my mind,
And humbled me, until I have forgiven
My bitter enemies, and only seek
To find the strait and narrow path to heaven.

Yet I am weak—oh! how entirely weak,
For one who may not love nor suffer more!
Sometimes unbidden tears will wet my cheek,
And my heart bound as keenly as of yore,
Responsive to a voice, now hushed to rest,
Which made the beautiful Italian shore,
In all its pomp of summer vineyards drest,
An Eden and a Paradise to me.
Do the sweet breezes from the balmy west
Still murmur through thy groves, Parthenope,
In search of odours from the orange bowers?
Still, on thy slopes of verdure, does the bee
Cull her rare honey from the virgin flowers?
And Philomel her plaintive chant prolong
'Neath skies more calm and more serene than ours,
Making the summer one perpetual song?
Art thou the same as when in manhood's pride
I walked in joy thy grassy meads among,
With that fair youthful vision by my side,
In whose bright eyes I looked—and not in vain?
O my adorèd angel! O my bride!

Despite of years, and woe, and want, and pain,
My soul yearns back towards thee, and I seem
To wander with thee, hand in hand, again,
By the bright margin of that flowing stream.
I hear again thy voice, more silver-sweet
Than fancied music floating in a dream,
Possess my being ; from afar I greet
The waving of thy garments in the glade,
And the light rustling of thy fairy feet—
What time as one half eager, half afraid,
Love's burning secret faltered on my tongue,
And tremulous looks and broken words betrayed
The secret of the heart from whence they sprung.
Ah me ! the earth that rendered thee to heaven
Gave up an angel beautiful and young,
Spotless and pure as snow when freshly driven ;
A bright Aurora for the starry sphere
Where all is love, and even life forgiven.
Bride of immortal beauty—ever dear !
Dost thou await me in thy blest abode !
While I, Tithonus-like, must linger here,
And count each step along the rugged road ;
A phantom, tottering to a long-made grave,
And eager to lay down my weary load !

I, who was fancy's lord, am fancy's slave.
Like the low murmurs of the Indian shell
Ta'en from its coral bed beneath the wave,
Which, unforgetful of the ocean's swell,
Retains within its mystic urn the hum
Heard in the sea-grots where the Nereids dwell—
Old thoughts still haunt me—unawares they come
Between me and my rest, nor can I make

Those agèd visitors of sorrow dumb.
Oh, yet awhile, my feeble soul, awake!
Nor wander back with sullen steps again ;
For neither pleasant pastime canst thou take
In such a journey, nor endure the pain.
The phantoms of the past are dead for thee ;
So let them ever uninvoked remain,
And be thou calm, till death shall set thee free.
Thy flowers of hope expanded long ago,
Long since their blossoms withered on the tree :
No second spring can come to make them blow,
But in the silent winter of the grave
They lie with blighted love and buried woe.

I did not waste the gifts which nature gave,
Nor slothful lay in the Circean bower ;
Nor did I yield myself the willing slave
Of lust for pride, for riches, or for power.
No! in my heart a nobler spirit dwelt ;
For constant was my faith in manhood's dower
Man—made in God's own image—and I felt
How of our own accord we courted shame,
Until to idols like ourselves we knelt,
And so renounced the great and glorious claim
Of freedom, our immortal heritage.
I saw how bigotry, with spiteful aim,
Smote at the searching eyesight of the sage ;
How Error stole behind the steps of Truth,
And cast delusion on the sacred page.
So, as a champion, even in early youth
I waged my battle with a purpose keen :
Nor feared the hand of terror, nor the tooth
Of serpent jealousy. And I have been

With starry Galileo in his cell—
That wise magician with the brow serene,
Who fathomed space; and I have seen him tell
The wonders of the planetary sphere,
And trace the ramparts of heaven's citadel
On the cold flag-stones of his dungeon drear.
And I have walked with Hampden and with Vane—
Names once so gracious to an English ear—
In days that never may return again.
My voice, though not the loudest, hath been heard
Whenever Freedom raised her cry of pain,
And the faint effort of the humble bard
Hath roused up thousands from their lethargy,
To speak in words of thunder. What reward
Was mine, or theirs? It matters not; for I
Am but a leaf cast on the whirling tide,
Without a hope or wish, except to die.
But truth, asserted once, must still abide,
Unquenchable, as are those fiery springs
Which day and night gush from the mountain side,
Perpetual meteors girt with lambent wings,
Which the wild tempest tosses to and fro,
But cannot conquer with the force it brings.

Yet I, who ever felt another's woe
More keenly than my own untold distress
I, who have battled with the common foe,
And broke for years the bread of bitterness;
Who never yet abandoned or betrayed
The trust vouchsafed me, nor have ceased to bless,
Am left alone to wither in the shade,
A weak old man, deserted by his kind—
Whom none will comfort in his age, nor aid!

Oh, let me not repine ! A quiet mind,
Conscious and upright, needs no other stay ;
Nor can I grieve for what I leave behind,
In the rich promise of eternal day.
Henceforth to me the world is dead and gone,
Its thorns unfelt, its roses cast away :
And the old pilgrim, weary and alone,
Bowed down with travel, at his Master's gate
Now sits, his task of life-long labour done,
Thankful for rest, although it comes so late,
After sore journey through this world of sin,
In hope, and prayer, and wistfulness to wait,
Until the door shall ope and let him in.





HERMOTIMUS.

HERMOTIMUS, the hero of this ballad, was a philosopher, or rather a prophet, of Clazomenæ, who possessed the faculty, now claimed by the animal-magnetists, of effecting a voluntary separation between his soul and body; for the former could wander to any part of the universe, and even hold intercourse with supernatural beings, whilst the senseless frame remained at home. Hermotimus, however, was not insensible to the risk attendant upon this disunion; since, before attempting any of these aërial flights, he took the precaution to warn his wife, lest, ere the return of his soul, the body should be rendered an unfit or useless receptacle. This accident, which he so much dreaded, at length occurred; for the lady, wearied out by a succession of trances, each of longer duration than the preceding, one day committed his body to the flames, and thus effectually put a stop to such unconnubial conduct. He received divine honours at Clazomenæ, but must nevertheless remain as a terrible example and

warning to all husbands who carry their scientific or spiritual pursuits so far as to neglect their duty to their wives.

It is somewhat curious that Hermotimus is not the only person (putting the disciples of Mesmer and Dupotet altogether out of the question) who has possessed this miraculous power. Another and much later instance is recorded by Dr George Cheyne, in his work entitled *The English Malady, or a Treatise on Nervous Diseases*, as having come under his own observation; and as this case is exactly similar to that of the Prophet, it may amuse the reader to see how far an ancient fable may be illustrated, and in part explained, by the records of modern science. Dr Cheyne's patient was probably cataleptic; but the worthy physician must be allowed to tell his own story:—

“Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of honour and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a nephritic complaint. His illness increasing, and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter, in autumn, and lay at the Bell Inn. Dr Baynard and I were called to him, and attended him twice a-day; but his vomitings continuing still incessant and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition, he sent for us one morning: we waited on him with Mr Skrine his apothecary. We found his senses clear, and his mind calm: his nurse and several servants were about him. He told us he had sent for us to give him an account of an odd sensation he had for some time observed and felt in himself; which was, that, by composing himself, *he could die or expire when he pleased*; and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come

to life again, which he had sometimes tried before he sent for us. We heard this with surprise; but, as it was not to be accounted for upon common principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it, unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest, in his weak condition, he might carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly above a quarter of an hour about this surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first—it was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time: while I held his right hand Dr Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not find any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr Skrine the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth; then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable; and, finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far; and at last were satisfied he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body; and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart

gradually returning. He began to breathe gently and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change ; and, after some further conversation with him, and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it."

HERMOTIMUS.

I.

"WILT not lay thee down in quiet slumber?
Weary dost thou seem, and ill at rest;
Sleep will bring thee dreams in starry number—
Let him come to thee and be thy guest.
Midnight now is past—
Husband! come at last—
Lay thy throbbing head upon my breast."

II.

"Weary am I, but my soul is waking;
Fain I'd lay me gently by thy side,
But my spirit then, its home forsaking,
Thro' the realms of space would wander wide—
Everything forgot,
What would be thy lot,
If I came not back to thee, my bride!

III.

"Music, like the lute of young Apollo,
Vibrates even now within mine ear;
Soft and silver voices bid me follow—
Yet my soul is dull and will not hear.
Waking it will stay :
Let me watch till day—
Fainter will they come and disappear."

IV.

"Speak not thus to me, my own—my dearest !
These are but the phantoms of thy brain ;
Nothing can befall thee which thou fearest,
Thou shalt wake to love and life again.
Were thy sleep thy last,
I would hold thee fast—
Thou shouldst strive against me, but in vain.

V.

"Eros will protect us, and will hover,
Guardian-like, above thee all the night,
Jealous of thee, as of some fond lover
Chiding back the rosy-fingered light—
He will be thine aid :
Canst thou feel afraid
When his torch above us burneth bright ?

VI.

"Lo ! the cressets of the night are waning,
Old Orion hastens from the sky ;
Only thou of all things art remaining
Unrefreshed by slumber—thou and I.
Sound and sense are still,
Even the distant rill
Murmurs fainter now, and languidly.

VII.

"Come and rest thee, husband!"—and no longer
Could the young man that fond call resist:
Vainly was he warned, for love was stronger—
Warmly did he press her to his breast.
Warmly met she his;
Kiss succeeded kiss,
Till their eyelids closed, with sleep oppressed.

VIII.

Soon Aurora left her early pillow,
And the heavens grew rosy-rich and rare;
Laughed the dewy plain and glassy billow,
For the Golden God himself was there;
And the vapour-screen
Rose the hills between,
Steaming up, like incense, in the air.

IX.

O'er her husband sat Ione bending—
Marble-like and marble-hued he lay;
Underneath her raven locks descending,
Paler seemed his face and ashen grey;
And so white his brow,
White and cold as snow—
"Husband!—Gods! his soul hath passed away!"

X.

Raise ye up the pile with gloomy shadow—
Heap it with the mournful cypress-bough!—
And they raised the pile upon the meadow,
And they heaped the mournful cypress too;
And they laid the dead
On his funeral bed,
And they kindled up the flames below.

XI.

Night again was come; but oh, how lonely
To the mourner did that night appear!
Peace nor rest it brought, but sorrow only,
Vain repinings and unwonted fear.
Dimly burned the lamp—
Chill the air and damp—
And the winds without were moaning drear.

XII.

Hush! a voice in solemn whispers speaking,
Breaks within the twilight of the room;
And lone, loud and wildly shrieking,
Starts and gazes through the ghastly gloom.
Nothing sees she there—
All is empty air,
All is empty as a rifled tomb.

XIII.

Once again the voice beside her sounded,
Low, and faint, and solemn was its tone—
“Nor by form nor shade am I surrounded,
Fleshly home and dwelling have I none.
They are passed away—
Woe is me! to-day
Hath robbed me of myself, and made me lone.

XIV.

“Vainly were the words of parting spoken;
Ever more must Charon turn from me.
Still my thread of life remains unbroken,
And unbroken ever it must be;
Only they may rest
Whom the Fates' behest
From their mortal mansion setteth free.

XV.

"I have seen the robes of Hermes glisten—
Seen him wave afar his serpent wand ;
But to me the Herald would not listen—
When the dead swept by at his command,
Not with that pale crew
Durst I venture too—
Ever shut for me the quiet land.

XVI.

"Day and night before the dreary portal,
Phantom-shapes, the guards of Hades, lie ;
None of heavenly kind, nor yet of mortal,
May unchallenged pass the warders by.
None that path may go,
If he cannot show
His drear passport to eternity.

XVII.

"Cruel was the spirit-power thou gavest—
Fatal, O Apollo, was thy love !
Pythian ! Archer ! brightest God and bravest,
Hear, oh hear me from thy throne above !
Let me not, I pray,
Thus be cast away ;
Plead for me, thy slave—O plead to Jove !

XVIII.

"I have heard thee with the Muses singing—
Heard that full melodious voice of thine,
Silver-clear throughout the ether ringing—
Seen thy locks in golden clusters shine ;
And thine eye so bright,
With its innate light,
Hath ere now been bent so low as mine.

XIX.

"Hast thou lost the wish—the will—to cherish
Those who trusted in thy godlike power?
Hyacinthus did not wholly perish!
Still he lives, the firstling of thy bower;
Still he feels thy rays,
Fondly meets thy gaze,
Though but now the spirit of a flower.

XX.

"Hear me, Phœbus! Hear me and deliver!
Lo! the morning breaketh from afar—
God! thou comest bright and great as ever—
Night goes back before thy burning car;
All her lamps are gone—
Lucifer alone
Lingers still for thee—the blessed star!

XXI.

"Hear me, Phœbus!"—And therewith descended
Through the window-arch a glory-gleam,
All effulgent—and with music blended;
For such solemn sounds arose as stream
From the Memnon-lyre,
When the morning fire
Gilds the giant's forehead with its beam.

XXII.

"Thou hast heard thy servant's prayer, Apollo!
Thou dost call me, mighty God of Day!
Fare-thee-well, Ione!"—And more hollow
Came the phantom voice, then died away.
When the siaves arose,
Not in calm repose—
Not in sleep, but death, their mistress lay.



ŒNONE.

ON the holy mount of Ida,
Where the pine and cypress grow,
Sate a young and lovely woman,
Weeping ever, weeping low.
Drearly throughout the forest
Did the winds of autumn blow,
And the clouds above were flying,
And Scamander rolled below.

“Faithless Paris! cruel Paris!”
Thus the poor deserted spake—
“Wherefore thus so strangely leave me?
Why thy loving bride forsake?
Why no tender word at parting—
Why no kiss, no farewell take?
Would that I could but forget thee!
Would this throbbing heart might break!

"Is my face no longer blooming?
Are my eyes no longer bright?
Ah! my tears have made them dimmer,
And my cheeks are palé and white.
I have wept since early morning,
I shall weep the livelong night;
Now I long for sullen darkness,
As I once have longed for light.

"Paris! canst thou then be cruel!
Fair, and young, and brave thou art—
Can it be that in thy bosom
Lies so cold, so hard a heart?
Children were we bred together—
She who bore me suckled thee;
I have been thine old companion,
When thou hadst no more but me.

"I have watched thee in thy slumbers,
When the shadow of a dream
Passed across thy smiling features,
Like the ripple on a stream;
And so sweetly were the visions
Pictured there with lively grace,
That I half could read their import
By the changes on thy face.

"When I sang of Ariadne,
Sang the old and mournful tale,
How her faithless lover, Theseus,
Left her to lament and wail;

Then thine eyes would fill and glisten,
Her complaint could soften thee :
Thou hast wept for Ariadne—
Theseus' self might weep for me !

Thou may'st find another maiden
With a fairer face than mine—
With a gayer voice and sweeter,
And a spirit liker thine ;
For if e'er my beauty bound thee,
Lost and broken is the spell ;
But thou canst not find another
That will love thee half so well.

“ O thou hollow ship, that bearest
Paris o'er the faithless deep !
Wouldst thou leave him on some island
Where alone the waters weep ;
Where no human foot is moulded
In the wet and yellow sand—
Leave him there, thou hollow vessel !
Leave him on that lonely strand !

“ Then his heart will surely soften,
When his foolish hopes decay,
And his older love rekindle,
As the new one dies away.
Visionary hills will haunt him,
Rising from the glassy sea.
And his thoughts will wander homeward
Unto Ida and to me.

“ O ! that like a little swallow
 I could reach that lonely spot !
 All his errors would be pardoned,
 All the weary past forgot.
 Never should he wander from me—
 Never should he more depart;
 For these arms would be his prison,
 And his home would be my heart ! ”

Thus lamented fair Ænone,
 Weeping ever, weeping low,
 On the holy Mount of Ida,
 Where the pine and cypress grow.
 In the self-same hour Cassandra
 Shrieked her prophecy of woe,
 And into the Spartan dwelling
 Did the faithless Paris go.





THE BURIED FLOWER.

I.

IN the silence of my chamber,
When the night is still and deep,
And the drowsy heave of ocean
Mutters in its charmed sleep,

II.

Oft I hear the angel voices
That have thrilled me long ago,—
Voices of my lost companions,
Lying deep beneath the snow.

III.

O, the garden I remember,
In the gay and sunny spring,
When our laughter made the thickets
And the arching alleys ring!

IV.

O the merry burst of gladness!
O the soft and tender tone!
O the whisper never uttered
Save to one fond ear alone!

V.

O the light of life that sparkled
In those bright and bounteous eyes!
O the blush of happy beauty,
Tell-tale of the heart's surprise!

VI.

O the radiant light that girdled
Field and forest, land and sea,
When we all were young together,
And the earth was new to me!

VII.

Where are now the flowers we tended?
Withered, broken, branch and stem;
Where are now the hopes we cherished?
Scattered to the winds with them.

VIII.

For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones!
Nursed in hope and reared in love,
Looking fondly ever upward
To the clear blue heaven above:

IX.

Smiling on the sun that cheered us,
Rising lightly from the rain,
Never folding up your freshness
Save to give it forth again;

X.

Never shaken, save by accents
From a tongue that was not free,
As the modest blossom trembles
At the wooing of the bee.

XI.

O ! 'tis sad to lie and reckon
All the days of faded youth,
All the vows that we believed in,
All the words we spoke in truth.

XII.

Severed—were it severed only
By an idle thought of strife,
Such as time may knit together ;
Not the broken chord of life !

XIII.

O my heart ! that once so truly
Kept another's time and tune ;
Heart, that kindled in the morning,
Look around thee in the noon !

XIV.

Where are they who gave the impulse
To thy earliest thought and flow ?
Look across the ruined garden—
All are withered, drooped, or low !

XV.

Seek the birthplace of the Lily,
Dearer to the boyish dream
Than the golden cups of Eden,
Floating on its slumberous stream ;

XVI.

Never more shalt thou behold her—

She, the noblest, fairest, best :

She that rose in fullest beauty,

Like a queen, above the rest.

XVII.

Only still I keep her image

As a thought that cannot die ;

He who raised the shade of Helen

Had no greater power than I.

XVIII.

O ! I fling my spirit backward,

And I pass o'er years of pain ;

All I loved is rising round me,

All the lost returns again.

XIX.

Blow, for ever blow, ye breezes,

Warmly as ye did before

Bloom again, ye happy gardens,

With the radiant tints of yore !

XX.

Warble out in spray and thicket,

All ye choristers unseen ;

Let the leafy woodland echo

With an anthem to its queen !

XXI.

Lo ! she cometh in her beauty,

Stately with a Juno grace,

Raven locks, Madonna-braided

O'er her sweet and blushing face :

XXII.

Eyes of deepest violet, beaming
With the love that knows not shame—
Lips, that thrill my inmost being,
With the utterance of a name.

XXIII.

And I bend the knee before her,
As a captive ought to bow,—
Pray thee, listen to my pleading,
Sovereign of my soul art thou!

XXIV.

O my dear and gentle lady!
Let me show thee all my pain,
Ere the words that late were prisoned
Sink into my heart again.

XXV.

Love, they say, is very fearful
Ere its curtain be withdrawn,
Trembling at the thought of error
As the shadows scare the fawn.

XXVI.

Love hath bound me to thee, lady
Since the well-remembered day
When I first beheld thee coming
In the light of lustrous May.

XXVII.

Not a word I dared to utter—
More than he who, long ago,
Saw the heavenly shapes descending
Over Ida's slopes of snow;

XXVIII.

When a low and solemn music
 Floated through the listening grove,
And the throstle's song was silenced,
 And the doling of the dove :

XXIX.

When immortal beauty opened
 All its charms to mortal sight,
And the awe of worship blended
 With the throbbing of delight.

XXX.

As the shepherd stood before them
 Trembling in the Phrygian dell,
Even so my soul and being
 Owned the magic of the spell;

XXXI.

And I watched thee ever fondly,
 Watched thee, dearest ! from afar,
With the mute and humble homage
 Of the Indian to a star.

XXXII.

Thou wert still the lady Flora
 In her morning garb of bloom ;
Where thou wert was light and glory,
 Where thou wert not, dearth and gloom.

XXXIII.

So for many a day I followed,
 For a long and weary while,
Ere my heart rose up to bless thee
 For the yielding of a smile,—

XXXIV.

Ere thy words were few and broken
As they answered back to mine,
Ere my lips had power to thank thee
For the gift vouchsafed by thine.

XXXV.

Then a mighty gush of passion
Through my inmost being ran;
Then my older life was ended,
And a dearer course began.

XXXVI.

Dearer!—O! I cannot tell thee
What a load was swept away,
What a world of doubt and darkness
Faded in the dawning day!

XXXVII.

All my error, all my weakness,
All my vain delusions fled;
Hope again revived, and gladness
Waved its wings above my head.

XXXVIII.

Like the wanderer of the desert,
When, across the dreary sand,
Breathes the perfume from the thickets
Bordering on the promised land:

XXXIX.

When afar he sees the palm-trees
Cresting o'er the lonely well,
When he hears the pleasant tinkle
Of the distant camel's bell:

XL.

So a fresh and glad emotion
Rose within my swelling breast,
And I hurried swiftly onwards
To the haven of my rest.

XLI.

Thou wert there with word and welcome,
With thy smile so purely sweet;
And I laid my heart before thee,
Laid it, darling! at thy feet.——

XLII.

O ye words that sound so hollow
As I now recall your tone!
What are ye but empty echoes
Of a passion crushed and gone?

XLIII.

Wherefore should I seek to kindle
Light, when all around is gloom?
Wherefore should I raise a phantom
O'er the dark and silent tomb?

XLIV.

Early wert thou taken, Mary!
In thy fair and glorious prime,
Ere the bees had ceased to murmur
Through the umbrage of the lime.

XLV.

Buds were blowing, waters flowing,
Birds were singing on the tree,
Everything was bright and glowing,
When the angels came for thee.

XLVI.

Death had laid aside his terror,
And he found thee calm and mild,
Lying in thy robes of whiteness,
Like a pure and stainless child.

XLVII.

Hardly had the mountain-violet
Spread its blossoms on the sod,
Ere they laid the turf above thee,
And thy spirit rose to God.

XLVIII.

Early wert thou taken, Mary!
And I know 'tis vain to weep—
Tears of mine can never wake thee
From thy sad and silent sleep.

XLIX.

O away! my thoughts are earthward!
Not asleep, my love, art thou!
Dwelling in the land of glory
With the saints and angels now.

L.

Brighter, fairer far than living,
With no trace of woe or pain,
Robed in everlasting beauty,
Shall I see thee once again,

LI.

By the light that never fadeth,
Underneath eternal skies,
When the dawn of resurrection
Breaks o'er deathless Paradise.



THE OLD CAMP.

WRITTEN IN A ROMAN FORTIFICATION IN BAVARIA.

I.

THERE is a cloud before the sun,
The wind is hushed and still,
And silently the waters run
Beneath the sombre hill.
The sky is dark in every place
As is the earth below :
Methinks it wore the self-same face
Two thousand years ago.

II.

No light is on the ancient wall,
No light upon the mound ;
The very trees, so thick and tall,
Cast gloom, not shade, around.
So silent is the place and cold,
So far from human ken,
It hath a look that makes me old,
And spectres time again.

III.

I listen, half in thought to hear
The Roman trumpet blow—
I search for glint of helm and spear
Amidst the forest bough;
And armour rings, and voices swell—
I hear the legion's tramp,
And mark the lonely sentinel
Who guards the lonely camp.

IV.

Methinks I have no other home,
No other hearth to find;
For nothing save the thought of Rome
Is stirring in my mind.
And all that I have heard or dreamed,
And all I had forgot,
Are rising up, as though they seemed
The household of the spot.

V.

And all the names that Romans knew
Seem just as known to me,
As if I were a Roman too—
A Roman born and free:
And I could rise at Cæsar's name,
As though it were a charm
To draw sharp lightning from the tame,
And brace the coward's arm.

VI.

And yet if yonder sky were blue,
And earth were sunny gay,
If nature wore the witching hue
That decked her yesterday—
The mound, the trench, the rampart's space
Would move me nothing more
Than many a sweet sequestered place
That I have marked before.

VII.

I could not feel the breezes bring
Rich odours from the trees,
I could not hear the linnets sing,
And think on themes like these.
The painted insects as they pass
In swift and motley strife,
The very lizard in the grass,
Would scare me back to life.

VIII.

Then is the past so gloomy now
That it may never bear
The open smile of nature's brow,
Or meet the sunny air?
I know not that—but joy is power,
However short it last;
And joy befits the present hour,
If sadness fits the past.



DANUBE AND THE EUXINE.

1848.

"DANUBE, Danube! wherefore com'st thou
Red and raging to my caves?

Wherefore leap thy swollen waters
Madly through the broken waves?

Wherefore is thy tide so sullied
With a hue unknown to me;
Wherefore dost thou bring pollution
To the old and sacred sea?"

"Ha! rejoice, old Father Euxine!
I am brimming full and red;
Glorious tokens do I bring thee
From my distant channel-bed.

I have been a Christian river
Dull and slow this many a year,
Rolling down my torpid waters
Through a silence morne and drear;
Have not felt the tread of armies
Trampling on my reedy shore;
Have not heard the trumpet calling,
Or the cannon's echoing roar;

Only listened to the laughter
From the village and the town,
And the church-bells, ever jangling,
As the weary day went down.
So I lay and sorely pondered
On the days long since gone by,
When my old primæval forests
Echoed to the war-man's cry;
When the race of Thor and Odin
Held their battles by my side,
And the blood of man was mingling
Warmly with my chilly tide.
Father Euxine! thou rememb'rest
How I brought thee tribute then—
Swollen corpses, gashed and gory,
Heads and limbs of slaughtered men?
Father Euxine! be thou joyful!
I am running red once more—
Not with heathen blood, as early,
But with gallant Christian gore
For the old times are returning,
And the Cross is broken down,
And I hear the tocsin sounding
In the village and the town:
And the glare of burning cities
Soon shall light me on my way—
Ha! my heart is big and jocund
With the draught I drank to-day.
Ha! I feel my strength awakened,
And my brethren shout to me;
Each is leaping red and joyous
To his own awaiting sea.

Rhine and Elbe are plunging downward
Through their wild anarchic land,
Everywhere are Christians falling
By their brother Christians' hand!
Yea, the old times are returning,
And the olden gods are here!
Take my tribute, Father Euxine,
To thy waters dark and drear!
Therefore come I with my torrents,
Shaking castle, crag, and town;
Therefore, with my arms uplifted,
Sweep I herd and herdsman down;
Therefore leap I to thy bosom
With a loud triumphal roar—
Greet me, greet me, Father Euxine—
I am Christian stream no more!"





THE SCHEIK OF SINAI

IN 1830.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

I.

"LIFT me without the tent, I say,—
Me and my ottoman,—
I'll see the messenger myself!
It is the caravan
From Africa, thou sayest,
And they bring us news of war?
Draw me without the tent, and quick
As at the desert-well
The freshness of the bubbling stream
Delights the tired gazelle,
So pant I for the voice of him
That cometh from afar!"

II.

The Scheik was lifted from his tent,
And thus outspake the Moor:—
“I saw, old Chief, the Tricolor
On Algiers' topmost tower—
Upon its battlements the silks
Of Lyons flutter free.
Each morning, in the market-place,
The muster-drum is beat,
And to the war-hymn of Marseilles
The squadrons pace the street.
The armament from Toulon sailed
The Franks have crossed the sea.

III.

“Towards the south the columns marched
Beneath a cloudless sky
Their weapons glittered in the blaze
Of the sun of Barbary;
And with the dusty desert sand
Their horses' manes were white.
The wild marauding tribes dispersed
In terror of their lives;
They fled unto the mountains
With their children and their wives,
And urged the clumsy dromedary
Up the Atlas' height.

IV.

“The Moors have ta'en their vantage-ground,
The volleys thunder fast—
The dark defile is blazing
Like a heated oven-blast.

The Lion hears the strange turmoil,
And leaves his mangled prey—
No place was that for him to feed—
And thick and loud the cries,
Feu! Allah!—Allah! En avant!
In mingled discord rise :
The Franks have reached the summit;
They have won the victory!

V.

“ With bristling steel, upon the top
The victors take their stand;
Beneath their feet, with all its towns,
They see the promised land—
From Tunis, even unto Fez,
From Atlas to the seas.
The cavaliers alight to gaze;
And gaze full well they may,
Where countless minarets stand up
So solemnly and grey,
Amidst the dark-green masses
Of the flowering myrtle-trees.

VI.

“ The almond blossoms in the vale,
The aloe from the rock
Throws out its long and prickly leaves,
Nor dreads the tempest's shock :
A blessed land, I ween, is that,
Though luckless is its Bey.
There lies the sea—beyond lies France!
Her banners in the air

Float proudly and triumphantly—
A salvo! come, prepare!
And loud and long the mountains rang
With that glad artillery."

VII.

"'Tis they!" exclaimed the aged Scheik.
"I've battled by their side—
I fought beneath the Pyramids!
That day of deathless pride—
Red as thy turban, Moor, that eve,
Was every creek in Nile!
But tell me"—and he griped his hand—
"Their Sultaun? Stranger, say,—
His form—his face—his gesture, man—
Thou saw'st him in the fray?
His eye—what wore he?" But the Moor
Sought in his vest awhile.

VIII.

"Their Sultaun, Scheik, remains at home
Within his palace walls;
He sends a Pasha in his stead
To brave the bolts and balls.
He was not there. An Aga burst
For him through Atlas' hold.
Yet I can show thee somewhat too;
A Frankish Cavalier
Told me his effigy was stamped
Upon this medal here—
He gave it me with others
For an Arab steed I sold."

IX.

The old man took the golden coin :
 Gazed steadfastly awhile,
If that could be the Sultaun
 Whom from the banks of Nile
 He guided o'er the desert path?—
 Then sighed and thus spake he—
“’Tis not *his* eye—’tis not *his* brow—
 Another face is there :
I never saw this man before—
 His head is like a pear!
 Take back thy medal, Moor—’tis not
 That which I thought to see.”





EPITAPH OF CONSTANTINE KANARIS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.

I AM Constantine Kanaris.

I, who lie beneath this stone,
Twice into the air in thunder
Have the Turkish galleys blown.

In my bed I died—a Christian,
Hoping straight with Christ to be ;
Yet one earthly wish is buried
Deep within the grave with me—

That upon the open ocean,
When the third Armada came,
They and I had died together,
Whirled aloft on wings of flame.

Yet 'tis something that they've laid me
In a land without a stain :
Keep it thus, my God and Saviour,
Till I rise from earth again !



THE REFUSAL OF CHARON.*

FROM THE ROMAIC.

WHY look the distant mountains
So gloomy and so drear ?
Are rain-clouds passing o'er them,
Or is the tempest near ?
No shadow of the tempest
Is there, nor wind nor rain—
'Tis Charon that is passing by,
With all his gloomy train.

The young men march before him,
In all their strength and pride :
The tender little infants,
They totter by his side ;
The old men walk behind him,
And earnestly they pray—
Both young and old imploring him
To grant some brief delay.

* According to the superstition of the modern Greeks, Charon performs the function which their ancestors assigned to *Hermes*, of conducting the souls of the dead to the other world.

"O Charon! halt, we pray thee,
By yonder little town,
Or near that sparkling fountain,
Where the waters wimple down!
The old will drink and be refreshed,
The young the disc will fling,
And the tender little children
Pluck flowers beside the spring."

"I will not stay my journey,
Nor halt by any town,
Near any sparkling fountain,
Where the waters wimple down:
The mothers coming to the well
Would know the babes they bore;
The wives would clasp their husbands,
Nor could I part them more."



APPENDIX.

EXAMINATION OF THE STATEMENTS IN MR MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, REGARDING JOHN GRAHAME OF CLAVERHOUSE, VISCOUNT OF DUNDEE.

"Discarding modern historians, who in too many instances do not seem to entertain the slightest scruple in dealing with the memory of the dead."

Preface to BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE—P. 196.

SINCE the first edition of this volume was published, Mr Macaulay's long-promised History of England has been given to the public. Without wishing in any way to detract from the general merits of a work which has already attained so great popularity, but, on the contrary, acknowledging with gratitude the delight I have received from its perusal, I must take the liberty of challenging its accuracy with regard to many of the details referring to Scottish events, more especially those connected with the proceedings which were instituted against the Covenanters. With the political conclusions drawn by the learned and accomplished author, I have of course nothing to do: these fall within the sphere of private judgment; and though I differ from him very largely in his estimate both of men and measures, I am not entitled to enter into such an argument. But the facts set forth by an historian are public property, and I shall now proceed to examine the charges which Mr Macaulay has brought against Lord Dundee, and the authorities upon which those charges have been founded.

With reference to the proceedings in the west of Scotland, during the year 1685, Mr Macaulay says: "Those shires in which the Covenanters were most numerous were given up to the licence of the army. With the army was mingled a militia, composed of the most violent and profligate of those who called themselves Episcopalians. Pre-eminent among the bands which oppressed and wasted these unhappy districts were the dragoons commanded by James Graham of Claverhouse. The story ran that these wicked men used in their revels to play at the torments of hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls. The chief of this Tophet on earth, a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper and of obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred."

These are hard words: let us now see how they are justified. The name which has been left by "the chief of this Tophet on earth" is at all events not that which has been set forth by Mr Macaulay in his History. There never was any such person as *James Graham* of Claverhouse. We know indeed of one *James Grahame* who was conspicuous in Scottish history, and his name has ere now been exposed to as much calumny and vituperation as is still lavished on his gallant relative; but loyalists venerate him as the great Marquess of Montrose. *JOHN GRAHAME* of Claverhouse we know also, and men speak of him as the Viscount of Dundee. But of Mr Macaulay's *James Graham* we know nothing; neither has that name, as applied to Claverhouse, a place in any accredited history save his own.

It may appear trivial to insist upon a mistake, which, however, has been perpetuated through several editions; but it is not without its importance. No man really familiar with the history of Scotland could have committed such a blunder; he might just as well have talked of the good Sir Joshua of Douglas, or of Tobias Randolph, Earl of Moray. And, therefore, in repeated instances, when Scotland or the Scots are mentioned, we find Mr Macaulay's assertions at variance with the ordinary records of history. Take, for example, his statement that "the Scottish people" had "butchered their first James in his bedchamber," which is just about as correct as if we were to say that the people of France butchered Henry IV., because that monarch was assassinated by

Ravillac, or that the British nation approves of regicide because a maniac has fired at the Queen! Surely Mr Macaulay, before exerting his rhetoric to blacken the character of so eminent a personage as Lord Dundee, might have taken the trouble to consult some record of the peerage for his name.

Mr Macaulay is pleased to stigmatise Claverhouse by using the epithet "rapacious." This is altogether a new charge, and for it he has not vouchsafed the slightest authority. Cruel, bloody, and profane are epithets with which we are familiar; writers on the Covenanting side have used them over and over again; and if the narratives upon which they proceed, and which many of them conscientiously believe, were authenticated, they are unquestionably justified in doing so. But rapacity is, I repeat, a new charge. The worst foe of Claverhouse never yet hinted that there was anything mean or sordid in his disposition. No instance of bribery can be alleged against him; he levied no contributions; and with every opportunity within his reach of amassing a large fortune, he died in comparative poverty. I am certain that no man really acquainted with Scottish history, whatever be his political or traditional opinions, will gainsay me in this; and as this particular charge has been brought forward without a shadow of authority to support it, I can only express my regret that an author who can write so well should be so reckless in the choice of his epithets.

The "profanity" imputed to Claverhouse deserves a few words. So far as I can discover, the charge is founded upon certain expressions said to have been used by him immediately after John Brown, the carrier of Priestfield, was shot. If used, the charge is amply proven. I shall presently have occasion to consider the historical vouchers for this remarkable story, upon which so great stress has been laid, and to state my grounds for maintaining that it is utterly unworthy of credence. In the meantime, and as to the general charge, I shall content myself by quoting the words of a witness who was personally acquainted with Dundee, and whose testimony is liable to no other exception, save what may be cast upon him in his capacity of a gentleman and a Jacobite. "His Lordship was so nice in point of honour, and so true to his word, that he never was known once to break it. From this exactness it was that he once lost the opportunity of an easy victory over Mackay in Strathspey, by dismissing Captain Forbes; who, meeting the two troopers sent by the Lord Kilsyth, not only discovered that intelligence,

but the neighbourhood of the Highland army, as I have formerly related. This is the only real error chargeable in his conduct, while he commanded in this war. But this is the more excusable, that it proceeded from a principle of religion, whereof he was strictly observant; for, besides family worship performed regularly evening and morning at his house, he retired to his closet at certain hours and employed himself in that duty. This I affirm upon the testimony of severals that lived in his neighbourhood in Edinburgh, where his office of Privy Councillor often obliged him to be; and particularly from a Presbyterian lady who lived long in the story or house immediately below his Lordship's, and who was otherwise so rigid in her opinions that she could not believe a good thing of any person of his persuasion, till his conduct rectified her mistake." *

As for the general morality of the dragoons, I do not feel myself called upon to prove that they were faultless patterns of virtue. I shall not aver, as Mr Macaulay has done of the Puritans, "that in that singular camp, no riot was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen." I believe that austerity was never yet the prevailing characteristic of any barrack, and I should be sorry to overstate my case by random laudations even of the Scottish Life Guards. But when we are gravely told that these soldiers "used in their revels to play at the torments of hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls," one's curiosity is certainly excited. The pastime is fortunately not a common one; it was not recommended in the Book of Sports, which gave such exceeding offence to the Puritans: and the nomenclature alleged to be employed would imply an intimate knowledge of Demonology far from usual with the soldiery of that period. I look to Mr Macaulay's note for his authority, and I find it appended in the shape of the venerated name of Wodrow.

English readers can hardly be supposed to know what manner of man this Wodrow was, whom, in preference to any other chronicler, Mr Macaulay has thought fit to follow with reference to that period of Scottish history. It may therefore be proper, very shortly, to give a brief account of his writings, style, notions, and credibility.

Robert Wodrow, minister at Eastwood, is tolerably well known to Scottish antiquaries as the author of two works—the *History*

* *Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron of Locheill.*

of the Church of Scotland, and the *Analecta*, or *Materials for a History of Remarkable Providences, mostly relating to Scotch Ministers and Christians*. He was born in 1679, was consequently a mere child at the time of the Revolution, and gave his History to the world in 1721. That History, according to his own account, was compiled partly from existing documents, and partly from the narrative of persons who had orally communicated with the author; and a most extraordinary history it is, in every sense of the word.

Born in a credulous age, Wodrow was endowed with a power of credulity which altogether transcended bounds. He has not unaptly been styled the Scottish Aubrey, though Aubrey by the side of Wodrow would almost appear a sceptic. The Romish miracles sink into insignificance compared with those recorded by Mr Macaulay's pet authority. But for the numerous, though possibly unintentional profanities, and the grossness of some of the anecdotes which are scattered over its pages, the *Analecta* would be pleasant reading. We learn from Wodrow how Elizabeth Kennedy, sister to Hugh Kennedy, Provost of Ayr, being extremely ill of stone, declined submitting to a surgical operation, and how the calculus was miraculously dissolved at the intercession of a prayer-meeting assembled in her house. We read of corpses sitting up in bed, announcing to the terrified mourners the judgments of another world; of Mr John Campbell of Craigie, minister, who had an interview with the devil—not, however, unprofitably, for he thereby escaped eating a poisoned hen for supper; of rats which were sent as special warnings to the Reverend Mr David Williamson; of the ghost of a barber which appeared to the Reverend Mr William Leslie; of a gifted horse in Annandale, which could cure the king's evil; and of a thousand similar instances of ludicrous superstition. These anecdotes are not confined to private individuals—for persons of note and name are made to figure in the pages of Wodrow. Take as an example the following *morceau* of history, gravely narrated of Archbishop Sharpe: "At another time, Archbishop Sharpe, presiding in the Privy Council, was earnest to have Janet Douglas brought before that board, accusing her of sorcery and witchcraft. When she was brought, she vindicated herself of that alleged crime; declaring, though she knew very well who were witches, yet she was not one herself, for she was endeavouring to discover those secret hellish plots, and to countermine the kingdom of darkness. The Archbishop insisted she might be sent

away to the King's plantations in the West Indies. She only dropt one word to the Bishop:—"My Lord," says she, "who was you with in your closet on Saturday night last, betwixt twelve and one o'clock?" upon which the Bishop changed his countenance, and turned black and pale, and then no more was said. When the Council rose up, the Duke of Rothes called Janet into a room, and inquired at her privately "who that person was that was with the Bishop?" She refused at first; but he promising upon his word of honour to warrant her at all hands, and that she should not be sent to America, she says, "My Lord, it was the meikle black devil!"

This is in reality a mild specimen of Wodrow; but it may suffice to show the mental constitution of the man. Against his fairness I shall make no charge, though Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in his notes appended to Kirkton's History, has, I think, incontestably shown, from Wodrow's existing manuscripts, that he purposely garbled, or at least omitted to quote, such parts of the correspondence of the Archbishop of St Andrews as would have effectually refuted some of the calumnies then current against that unfortunate prelate. At present, I merely look to Wodrow as Mr Macaulay's informant; and I find, on referring to the History, that the following passage is founded on. "Dreadful," says Wodrow, "were the acts of wickedness done by the soldiers at this time, and Lagg was as deep as any. They used to take to themselves in their cabals the names of devils, and persons they supposed to be in hell, *and with whips to lash one another* as a jest upon hell. But I shall draw a veil over many of their dreadful impieties I meet with in papers written at this time!" It is hardly worth while to remark that this passage does not, in the slightest degree, refer to the troops under the command of Claverhouse, but to the militia or local force which was raised by Grierson of Lagg. This story is specially told of Grierson by Howie in *Biographia Scoticana*—a work to which I allude simply for the purpose of showing against whom the legend was directed. For any authentic historical information we shall search that Apocrypha in vain. So much for Mr Macaulay's accuracy in applying the materials of his veracious authority; but surely the absurdity of such stuff renders refutation unnecessary? Mr Macaulay, however, goes beyond Wodrow, even in minuteness, for in a subsequent paragraph he particularises the very names which were used, as those of

Beelzebub and Apollyon! He might with equal propriety have adopted the phraseology of Ancient Pistol, and gravely informed us that the Scottish mode of military accost was, "How now, Mephostophilus?"

We next arrive at the story of John Brown, which I am particularly anxious to expiscate. This tale is usually brought forward as the crowning instance of the cruelty of Claverhouse; it has repeatedly formed the subject of romance and illustration; and authors of no mean power have vied with each other in heightening the horror of its details. Some of the grosser fables regarding that disturbed period have lost their hold of the popular belief—for exaggeration may sometimes be carried so far as entirely to neutralise its purpose. But the Priestfield tragedy is still an article of the peasant's creed; and, as it has hitherto been allowed to pass without examination, it has furnished an overwhelming reply to those who deny the authenticity of the mass of Covenanting tradition. I am not ashamed to own that I have a deep regard for the memory of Lord Dundee—a regard founded on a firm belief in his public and private virtues, his high and chivalrous honour, and his unshaken loyalty to his sovereign. But those feelings, however strong, would never lead me to vindicate an action of wanton and barbarous cruelty, or even attempt to lessen the stigma by a frivolous or dishonest excuse. No cause was ever effectually served by mean evasion, any more than it can be promoted by unblushing exaggeration or by gross perversion of facts. The charge has been distinctly made, and I now propose to examine the authority upon which it is founded, as gravely and minutely as though it concerned the character of the living, and not merely the memory of the dead. Mr Macaulay shall speak for himself:—

"John Brown, a poor carrier of Lanarkshire, was, for his singular piety, commonly called the Christian Carrier. Many years later, when Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom, old men, who remembered the evil days, described him as one versed in divine things, blameless in life, and so peaceable that the tyrants could find no offence in him, except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians. On the first of May he was cutting turf, when he was seized by Claverhouse's dragoons, rapidly examined, convicted of non-conformity, and sentenced to death. It is said that even among

the soldiers it was not easy to find an executioner, for the wife of the poor man was present. She led one little child by the hand; it was easy to see that she was about to give birth to another; and even those wild and hard-hearted men, who nicknamed one another Beelzebub and Apollyon, shrank from the great wickedness of butchering her husband before her face. The prisoner meanwhile, raised above himself by the near prospect of eternity, prayed loud and fervently as one inspired, till Claverhouse, in a fury, shot him dead. It was reported by credible witnesses, that the widow cried out in her agony—‘Well, sir, well; the day of reckoning will come;’ and that the murderer replied—‘To man I can answer for what I have done; and as for God, I will take Him into my own hand.’ Yet it was rumoured that even on his seared conscience and adamant heart the dying ejaculations of his victim made an impression that never was effaced.”

Such is Mr Macaulay’s statement—well-written, simple, and affecting. Wodrow is the sole authority upon which he founds his narrative, and it is fair to say that he has deviated but slightly from that chronicle except in one material point. *Wodrow does not profess to specify upon what charge Brown was examined and condemned.* When Mr Macaulay says that he was “convicted of non-conformity,” he speaks without any text; and I shall presently have occasion to show that his assumption is radically wrong. But, as he substantially adopts the tale of Wodrow, it is necessary to go back to that writer’s sources of information.

The execution of John Brown is said to have taken place on the 1st May 1685. The Revolution occurred in 1688; and Lord Dundee fell at Killiecrankie on the 27th July 1689. Wodrow’s History was first published in 1721, exactly *thirty-six years after the alleged murder.*

These dates are of the utmost importance in considering a matter of this kind. The Episcopalian party, which adhered to the cause of King James, was driven from power at the Revolution, and the Episcopal Church proscribed. No mercy was shown to opponents in the literary war which followed: every species of invective and vituperation was lavished upon the supporters of the fallen dynasty. *Yet, for thirty-three years after the Revolution, the details of this atrocious murder were never revealed to the public!* Nowhere in print or pamphlet, memoir, history, or declaration, published previously to Wodrow, does even the name of John

Brown occur, save once, in the *Cloud of Witnesses*—a work which appeared in 1714; and in that work no details are given, the narrative being comprehended in a couple of lines. I have searched for it amidst all the records of the so-called martyrology, but can not find a trace of it elsewhere, until the Reverend Robert Wodrow thought fit to place the tale, with all its circumstantiality, in his History. How, then, came Wodrow to know anything about the murder of John Brown? He could have had no personal knowledge or recollection of the circumstance, for he was not quite six years of age at the time when it is said to have occurred. He has not offered one scrap of evidence in support of his allegation, and merely leaves it to be inferred that he had derived the story from that most uncertain of all sources, tradition. Even at the hands of the most honest, cautious, and scrupulous chronicler, we should hesitate to receive a tale of this kind; but from Wodrow, who is certainly entitled to claim none of the above adjectives as applicable to himself, who will take it? No one, I should hope, whose prejudice is not so strong as to lead him to disregard the most ordinary verification of evidence. Claverhouse had enemies enough to insure the circulation of such a damning tale, supposing it to have been true, long before he had lain for two-and-thirty years in his grave. He was not without eulogists, whose tribute to his memory was as gall and wormwood to their opponents, and in whose teeth, most assuredly, the details of such a dastardly and unprovoked murder would have been cast. Yet no man charge him with it. More than a generation passed away—the two Kingdoms had been united, and Mar's insurrection quelled—before the miracle-mongering minister of Eastwood ventured, upon no documentary authority at all, to concoct and publish the story which Mr Macaulay has adopted without a scruple.

After what I have said, it may fairly be asked, whether the whole of this story should be considered a mere myth or fable hatched from the brain, or palmed upon the easy credulity, of Robert Wodrow, or whether there are any grounds for believing that it is at least founded upon fact? To this I should reply, that, from other testimony, the character and complexion of which I shall immediately analyse, it appears to be true that John Brown of Priestfield, or Priesthill, did actually suffer by military execution,

but that the same testimony utterly contradicts Wodrow, and his follower, Mr Macaulay, in every important particular relative to the details. Mr Macaulay may not have known that such testimony ever existed, for even the most painstaking historian is sure to pass over some material in so wide a field ; nevertheless, since the point has been mooted, it may be a satisfaction to him to learn that his version of the story has long ago been repudiated *in essentialibus* by the most popular work that ever emanated from the Covenanting printing-press.

Patrick Walker, packman and publisher at the Bristo Port of Edinburgh, was concerned at a very early age in the Scottish troubles. In 1682, he and two other Covenanters were present at the death of one Francis Gordon, a volunteer in the Earl of Airlie's troop, who, it seems, was shot through the head. Walker, in his own account of this exploit, first published in 1727, cautiously abstains from indicating the exact perpetrator of the deed, but leaves the glory thereof to be shared among the triumvirate. The sum of his confession amounts simply to this—that he, Gordon, “got a shot in his head out of a pocket-pistol, rather fit for diverting a boy, than killing such a furious, mad, brisk man ; which, notwithstanding, killed him dead.” He was, moreover, says Walker, “seeking his own death, and got it.” For this affair Walker was imprisoned, and sentenced to transportation, but made his escape, and, after various vicissitudes, set himself down in his old age to compile the Memoirs of the Covenanters. The first of these tracts did not appear until after Wodrow's History was published, and intense is the contempt expressed by the persecuted packman for the slip-slop of the fair-weather minister, whom he accuses of positive dishonesty. “I wish him,” says Walker, in his *Vindication of Cameron*, “repentance and forgiveness for what unaccountable wrongs he has done by his pen to the Testimony, and to the names of Christ's slain witnesses for the same. For myself I am easy ; my tongue is yet in my head and my pen in my hand ; and what I have to say upon that head for myself, and those with me, will run faster and further than he has feet to go. I am reflected upon for my not giving Mr Wodrow better information. *Answer.*—Before his History came out, when I heard of his manuscripts going from hand to hand among the Longheads, (I knew it would be patched up according to the back-sliding spirit of the day), I desired the Rev. Mr James Webster to

give me account when he came to his house, that I might have a short conversation with him. Mrs Webster told him my desire. He answered, he depended on the records of that time." In the same work he characterises Wodrow's statements as "lies and groundless stories;" and, moreover, piously expresses a wish "that Mr Wodrow's well-wishers would pray for him, that he may come to himself and be of a right mind, who has been so lavish of his misrepresentations and groundless reflections." Such is Walker's opinion of the authenticity of Wodrow's History, though his remarks are of course principally directed to misrepresentations of the champions of the Covenant. But they are useful as showing his impression of the intrinsic value of the work.

Walker's best and earliest tract is the *Life of Peden*. This originally appeared in 1724, and is still widely circulated among the peasantry of Scotland. It is a strange mixture of earnestness and superstition; sometimes rugged and even coarse in its style, and yet at times rising to a point of real though homely pathos. Peden, the subject of the memoir, was an intercommuned minister, whom the Covenanters asserted to have been endowed with miraculous prophetic powers. He was concerned in the insurrection of Pentland, and sentenced to banishment, but liberated by the leniency of the Government; notwithstanding which, he relapsed into his old courses, became the active agent of rebellion, and so notorious that he was expressly marked for capture. Of his frequent interviews with the devil, his gifts of second-sight and divination, and his power of casting out unclean spirits, I shall say nothing here. Walker faithfully records at least a hundred such instances, which are sufficient to entitle Peden to take rank beside Apollonius of Tyana. He appears, however, in actual flesh and blood connected with the tragedy of John Brown.

Walker's narrative commences thus:—"In the beginning of May 1685, he (Peden) came to the house of John Brown and Isobel Weir, whom he had married before he last went to Ireland, where he stayed all night; and in the morning, when he took his farewell, he came out at the door, saying to himself, 'Poor woman, a fearful morning,' twice over—'a dark misty morning!' The next morning, between five and six hours, the said John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade in his hand to make ready some peat ground, the mist being very dark, knew not until bloody cruel Claverhouse compassed

him with three troops of horses, brought him to his house, and there examined him." Walker, like Wodrow, is silent as to the nature of the charge. Then comes the sentence—"his wife standing by with her child in her arms, that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's;" and the execution is thus narrated—"Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him; the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground."

Such is Walker's account of the matter, forty years having in the meantime intervened; and whether strictly correct or no, it entirely alters the complexion of the case as stated by Mr Macaulay. Instead of John Brown being one "in whom the tyrants could find no offence except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians," we find him in intercourse with a man who, whatever might be his spiritual gifts, was a notorious outlaw and a rebel; the whole romance about the reluctance of the soldiers vanishes; the "wild and hard-hearted men" are at once amenable to the authority of their commanding officer; and the alleged murder dwindles into a case of military execution.

Of the two histories, that of Walker is unquestionably most likely to resemble the truth. He professes to have heard some of the details from the wife of Brown, whereas Wodrow gives us no manner of authority at all. There are, however, suspicious circumstances even in Walker's narrative, which might be noticed. For example, in the original edition of his pamphlet, he states that the first person who came to Mrs Brown, while she was watching by her husband's body, was "that old singular Christian woman in the Cumberhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant;" but in the third edition, this matron, retaining her residence and encomium, is transmuted into "Jean Brown." Surely these two cannot signify one and the same person, and we are therefore left in doubt which particular female was the witness. But it is not worth while going into minute criticism. Walker, who was a far more determined Covenanter than Wodrow, was not likely to have understated the circumstances, neither does he profess to know upon what charge Brown was examined. I think, however, I can throw some light upon this person's political delinquencies: and, strangely enough, my authority is derived from an official document which will be found in the Appendix to Wodrow.

"John Brown of Priestfield, in the parish of Muirkirk,"* figures in the list of fugitives appended to the Royal Proclamation of 5th May 1684. The list is of those who had been regularly cited as rebels in arms, or resetters of rebels, but who had failed to appear. John Brown, therefore, had been outlawed a year before his death, and certainly for a very different offence than that of "absenting himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians." Undoubtedly it was considered, in the eye of the law, an offence to attend armed conventicles, where fanatical and intercommuned preachers wrested texts from Scripture into encomiums on sedition, treason, and murder: that, however, was a very different thing from non-attendance upon the curate. Wodrow acknowledges that Brown "had been a long time upon his hiding in the fields," a circumstance surely irreconcilable with his entire consciousness of innocence, but easily explained on the ground that he was already a rebel and an outlaw. To say that he was tried and sentenced for non-conformity is to hazard an assertion not only without foundation, but in the very teeth of history. I maintain—and I know that I am borne out by incontrovertible proof—that, at the time in question, there was no manner of persecution exercised in Scotland against any body of men whatever, on account of their religious tenets.

Mr Macaulay, whilst dilating upon the harsh usage of the Covenanters, never once affords us a glimpse of the opposite side of the picture. His object is to show that James VII., immediately on his accession to the throne, commenced a relentless religious persecution; and accordingly, he ignores the position of affairs in Scotland during the last six months of the reign of Charles II. I have examined very minutely the original records of the Privy Council preserved in the public archives of Edinburgh, and these, taken in connection with Fountainhall's explanatory *Diaries*, furnish ample proof that the charges brought against King James are without foundation. I propose very shortly to inquire into this matter.

* In order that there may be no cavilling about the identity of the name or designation (for the place of Brown's residence has been variously printed as "Priestfield," "Priesthill," and "the Preshill"), I subjoin the exact words of Wodrow, in his account of the execution. "I may well begin with the horrid murder of that excellent person, *John Brown of Priestfield*, in the parish of *Muirkirk*, by *Claverhouse*, the first of this month."

Charles II. died 6th February 1685. Let us see what was the state of the kingdom towards the close of the preceding year.

In September 1684, the southern and western shires were so turbulent that the Privy Council found it necessary to issue four special commissions of Justiciary for those districts alone. "In the month of June last," says the Royal Proclamation of 22d July, "about two hundred armed rebels have presumed, to the great contempt of our authority, to march openly through several of the said shires for many days together, threatening the orthodox clergy and murdering our soldiers; and have at last, when they found it convenient, disappeared, being certainly and undeniably reset by the inhabitants of those shires, without sufficient diligence done by the sheriffs and inhabitants of the said shires, either for dissipating them, or for discovering their resetters, and bringing them to justice." How far those special commissions succeeded in repressing crime may be judged of by the following events:—

"20th Nov. 1684.—The news came this morning to Edinburgh that some of the desperate phanatiques had last night fallen upon two of the King's Life-Guards, viz. Thomas Kennoway and Duncan Stewart, who were lying at the Swyn Abbey, beyond Blackburn, in Linlithgowshire, and murdered them most barbarously. This was to execute what they had threatened in their declaration of war."

"12th Dec. 1684.—News came to the Privy Council that the wild phanatiques had fallen in upon one Peirson, minister at Carsphairn in Galloway, a great dilator of them, and zealous of rebuking them in his sermons, and killed him. They ridiculously keep mock courts of justice, and cite any they judge their inveterate enemies to them, and read probation, and condemn them, and thereafter murder them."*

Some of the murderers of Mr Peirson were afterwards taken and shot. They also have been elevated to the rank of martyrs. The epitaph of one of them, Robert Mitchell, is printed among the inscriptions at the conclusion of the *Cloud of Witnesses*.

On the 28th of January thereafter, the Privy Council was informed that Captain Urquhart, and several of his men, had been waylaid and murdered in Wigtownshire.†

* FOUNTAINHALL'S *Historical Notices*.

† *Records of the Privy Council* in General Record Office, Edinburgh.

These specimens may serve to show the temper of the Covenanters about the close of 1684. Next, as to the alleged fiery persecutions of James, "which," says Mr Macaulay, "waxed hotter than ever from the day on which he became sovereign." That day was the 6th of February, and on the 26th of the same month he issued *a full pardon and indemnity* to all offenders below the rank of heritors (with the exception only of those who were actually guilty of the murders of Archbishop Sharpe, Mr Peirson, and two others), and that clogged with no other condition than the taking of the oath of allegiance. The proclamation was published on the 2d of March, and on the 14th the Privy Council ordered all prisoners whatsoever to be set at liberty, "upon their abjuring the fanatical declaration of war, and likewise solemnly giving their oaths never to rise against his Majesty or his authority." Surely never yet was persecution inaugurated by such liberal measures as these! It is right to observe, that the reader will fail to discover the smallest mention of them in the pages of Mr Macaulay.

In less than ten days after this jail-delivery, the disturbances began anew. On the 24th of March, "the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council being certainly informed that a number of desperate rebels have the boldness and confidence openly to go up and down the shire of Ayr, and other adjacent shires and places, and to enter houses, take away arms and provisions at their pleasure, without any notice taken of them either by the heritors or commons, to the great affront of his Majesty's authority," commissioned Colonel James Douglas to proceed to the disaffected districts, with full powers to repress the disorders. The commission was signed on the 27th by the whole members of the Privy Council who were present, "except Claverhouse"—a remarkable exception, specially noted, to which I shall presently refer. Of the same date, a letter from the Privy Council was forwarded to the Earl of Dumfries, Sheriff of Ayr, requesting immediate particulars, as it appeared that his Lordship's house had been one of those which were ransacked.

Douglas seems to have entered into his functions with zeal, but not to have been altogether successful. The insurrection continued to increase, and on the 21st April, General-Lieutenant Drummond, Master-General of the Ordnance, was appointed Commissioner and Justiciar in the southern and western shires, with plenary powers.

The Parliament of Scotland did not meet until two days afterwards.

These insurrections had their origin in a deeper cause than religious dissent or local turbulence. Mr Macaulay, who confidently says that "there was no insurrection in any part of our island on the 1st May," probably considering the Ayrshire rising as a mere sportive demonstration, has a note in refutation of the editor of the Oxford edition of Burnet, who supposes that John Brown might have been mixed up with the designs of Argyle. He says that Argyle was at that date in Holland. True; *but he sailed for Scotland on the 2d*, and the Privy Council had been aware of his designs as early as the 21st April. On that day they ordered 1200 Highlanders to be sent into the western shires, "upon rumours of fears of Argyle's landing;" and Drummond, in his commission, was empowered to take those Highlanders under his command. On the 28th, an Act was framed for putting the whole kingdom in a posture of defence, expressly on account of Argyle; and on the last of that month John Campbell of Succo was arrested for treasonable correspondence with that infatuated nobleman. Nor can there be a shadow of a doubt that the disturbances in the west were connected with the meditated landing.

Is, then, the conjecture of the editor of Burnet so exceedingly extravagant? I do not think so. How came John Brown, as Wodrow says, to have been "a long time upon his hiding in the fields?" He was free by the indemnity, unless, indeed, he had refused the oath of allegiance, or committed some subsequent act which put him beyond the pale of the law. In the report of a committee of the Privy Council, made on the 10th of March, I find the following entry:—"John Brown, an old man, in the fugitive roll, refuses the allegiance, and so ought not to have the benefit of the indemnity." If this be the same person with the carrier of Priestfield, he was at that time a prisoner, and therefore must either have made his escape, or, having taken the oath, subsequently joined the rebels; in either of which cases his hiding in the fields is intelligible enough, and so also is his summary execution when arrested. But in no way can it be shown that he suffered on account of his religious tenets; and it is very well worthy of observation that the Act against Conventicles, which has been so much abused, was not passed by the Scottish Parliament until several days after the date in question. Let the candid and impar-

tial reader compare these dates, circumstances and evidences, with the narrative of Mr Macaulay, and I have little fear of his arriving at the same conclusions with that eloquent historian.

It seems to me, therefore, quite clear that John Brown was executed as a rebel. He may be considered a martyr in the same sense as Hackstoun of Rathillet and Robert Mitchell, who had imbrued their hands in the blood of the Primate of St Andrews and of the minister of Carsphairn, or as the rebels who adhered to the atrocious Declaration of Sanquhar; but I cannot see what other claim he has to the title. He was fugitated the year before; he had either refused or had forfeited the benefit of the indemnity; he was trafficking with a notorious outlaw; and he is admitted to have been in hiding within six weeks after the indemnity was proclaimed. All this, at least, is patent and proven; and it is utterly inconsistent with his innocence, even if we should stretch charity so far as to suppose that, during those six weeks, he did not join one of those armed bands of rebels who were then perambulating and plundering the country. The aggravations, which constitute the romance of the story, have been already disposed of. Patrick Walker, the stancher Cameronian of the two, gives Robert Wodrow the lie direct.

This note has already extended to such a length, that I am really unwilling to add a word more on the subject. But the duty which I have undertaken compels me to state my belief that Grahame of Claverhouse had no share whatever in repressing the disturbances previous to the landing of Argyle, and that he was not present at the execution of John Brown. Tradition of course is against me; but when I find no articulate voice uttered by tradition until after the expiry of thirty years, I am not disposed to give much weight to it as an accessory, far less to accept it as reasonable evidence. My reasons are as follows:—

Claverhouse was superseded in his military command by Colonel James Douglas, brother of Queensberry, who was then High Treasurer. The district assigned to Douglas was that of Ayr, the shire in which John Brown resided; and Claverhouse, being of equal military rank, did not serve under him, as is apparent from the records of the Privy Council, the meetings of which he attended daily until the month of April. These records refute many of the scandalous tales propagated by Crookshank and others, who depict Claverhouse as pursuing Covenanters in Nithsdale, at the

very moment when he was performing his duties as a councillor in Edinburgh. Fountainhall tells us distinctly that he was superseded out of spite: he refused, in his character of Privy Councillor, to sign the commission, and in April he was actually omitted from the new list of councillors. The following is Fountainhall's entry on that occasion:—"9th April 1685.—A Privy Council is held where a new commission is produced, omitting none of the former Privy Councillors but only Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, because of the discords we have formerly marked between him and the High Treasurer and his brother. The pretence was, that, being married in my Lord Dundonald's phanatique family, it was not safe to commit the King's secrets to him." The spite went even further: for a few days afterwards an Act of Council was passed, says Fountainhall, "in odium of Claverhouse;" and I cannot find, in the records of that year, the slightest trace of his having been reinstated in command. It is possible, however, that he might have been called out to serve under General Drummond, but not surely upon such duty as this. John Brown must have been a very desperate rebel indeed, if a Colonel of the Guards, who moreover had been a Privy Councillor, and three troops of horse were despatched specially to arrest him! If he was no rebel at all, but merely a nonconformist, the thing becomes absolutely incredible; for, setting aside the indemnity, can any one believe that, in the face of Argyle's meditated landing, and in the midst of actual insurrection, the troops were leisurely employed in ferreting out and shooting such of the peasantry as did not worship with the curates? But vulgar credulity owns no limits, and the lapse of thirty years is sufficient to account for the currency of the grossest fable.

In estimating the character of the dead, some weight surely ought to be given to the opinions of contemporaries. I shall cite merely one—that of Dr Monro, the Principal of the University of Edinburgh. At the inquiry instituted before the visitors in 1690, it was alleged, as a special article of dittay against the Reverend Principal, that he had rejoiced at the victory of Lord Dundee. After calling upon his accuser for proofs, the Doctor thus boldly expressed himself:—"The libeller does not think I rejoiced at the fall of my Lord Dundee! I assure him of the contrary; for no gentleman, soldier, scholar, or civilized citizen, will find fault with me for this. I had an extraordinary value for him; and such of his

enemies as retain any generosity will acknowledge he deserved it."* But what generosity, or even what regard for truth, could be expected from creatures of the stamp of Wodrow!

Mr Macaulay is peculiarly unfortunate on the subject of Claverhouse. I say nothing of omissions, though I must take the liberty, with all deference, of remarking that it does appear somewhat strange to find in a history, which recounts with such minute satisfaction every instance of desertion from the losing side, no notice taken of the loyalty of those who remained steadfast to their oath and their allegiance. In an impartial narrative one might expect to see recorded the gallant advice and chivalrous offer made by Lord Dundee to his sovereign, before the latter quitted his dominions; for surely devotion to a losing cause is worthy of honour and respect, and should receive it from a generous antagonist. But historians undoubtedly have the privilege of omitting what they please, and, in this instance, it is sufficient to note that the privilege has been exercised. But Mr Macaulay has thought fit to introduce Claverhouse once more as an actor in an historical scene, upon which he has obviously bestowed much pains and consideration. In his account of the capture and execution of Argyle, he says:—"The victorious party had not forgotten that, thirty-five years before this time, the father of Argyle had been at the head of the faction which put Montrose to death. Before that event, the houses of Graham and Campbell had borne no love to each other, and they had ever since been at deadly feud. Care was taken that the prisoner should pass through the same gate and the same streets through which Montrose had been led to the same doom. *The troops who attended the procession were put under the command of Claverhouse, the fiercest and sternest of the race of Graham.*" Now, although the father of Argyle had not only been the head of the faction which put Montrose to death, but had, along with his son, the inconceivable meanness to be present at and exult over the indignities offered to that illustrious nobleman, it is not true that any chief of the gallant house of Grahame stooped to imitate such a base example. Claverhouse was not there. The melodramatic effect of the narrative may suffer in consequence,

* *Presbyterian Inquisition: as it was lately practised against the Professors of the College of Edinburgh.* Aug. and Sept. 1690. Licensed Nov. 12, 1691. London.

but at present we are dealing with history, not romance. The impression which every one must receive from the foregoing passage is, that Claverhouse was expressly selected for the duty, in order to give a passing triumph, not only to a political cause, but also to a family feud. Knowing well how eagerly former Covenanting writers have fastened upon any pretext for casting a stain upon the memory of Claverhouse, it was with considerable astonishment that I found this statement brought forward for the first time by Mr Macaulay. His mistake, in this instance, is precisely of a piece with the others. Wodrow quotes, accurately enough, the substance of the order given for bringing Argyle into Edinburgh—an order which was modified in its execution. That order bears that he shall be “carried up the street bare-headed, with his hands tied behind his back, in the midst of Captain Graham’s guards.” This is enough for Mr Macaulay, who forthwith pounces upon the name, and, without stopping to consider who Captain Graham was, at once degrades Claverhouse from his rank and identifies him with the officer of the guard! Hence the rhetorical flourish about the houses of Graham and Campbell. The real fact is, that the officer in question was Patrick Graham, a younger son of Inchbraikie, Captain of the Town-guard of Edinburgh, whose duty it was, irrespective of politics or family feuds, to be present at all public processions within the boundaries of the city. His name is given at full length in the original order; but Mr Macaulay, having previously substituted James for John, now substitutes John for Patrick, and consequently is enabled to invest the scene with an additional, though spurious, hue of interest. Besides this, I am afraid that Mr Macaulay’s account of the procession must be considered as chiefly drawn from his own imagination. Argyle was by no means exposed to the same indignities which had been heaped upon Montrose, neither was his doom the same. Fountainhall, in his *Historical Observes*, a work of great interest, expressly tells us that although it was mentioned that, “when the Marquis of Montrose was brought up prisoner from the Watergate in a cart, this Argyle was feeding his eyes with the sight in the Lady Murray’s balcony, in the Canongate, with her daughter, his lady, to whom he was newly married, and that he was seen smiling and playing with her;” yet that, “seeing we condemn these rebellious tymes for their rigor our great men (not knowing their own destinies) thought it no fit copy to imitate—so that all that was done to him

was, that he was met at the Watergate by Captain Graham's company and the hangman, who tied his hands behind his back; and so, the hangman going before him, he came up on his feet to the Castle, *but it was casten to be so late that he was little seen.*" It was ten o'clock at night before he arrived at the Watergate, so that any attempt at ignominious parade was avoided.

I cannot see how the memory of Argyle can be served by such exaggerations. Whatever may have been his previous delinquencies—and they were neither few nor trivial—he met his fate like a brave man, nor did any action of his life become him so much as its close. Claverhouse, who would joyfully have encountered him in the field, was infinitely above the littleness of triumphing over his political opponent. The debt due to the memory of the great Montrose was fully discharged when his loyalty received its posthumous tribute, and the remains of the hero were deposited by his assembled kindred in the tomb. It is a pity that Mr Macaulay, since he must needs take Wodrow as his authority, has not adhered closely to his text. In matters which were evidently public, and therefore open to common contradiction, Wodrow seldom ventures to wander far astray from the truth: it is in the alleys and bye-lanes of his narrative that we detect him at his habitual sin. Mr Macaulay, however, does not always follow Wodrow, but sometimes misinterprets Fountainhall. Thus, in his account of the riot at Edinburgh on 31st January 1686, he somewhat magniloquently tells us that "the troops were already under arms. Conspicuous among them were Claverhouse's dragoons, the dread and abhorrence of Scotland." His sole authority for saying so is the entry in Fountainhall's Diary that "the Counsell calls in the assistance of Grame's company." Not a dragoon was there. Patrick Graham, as usual, was summoned with the Town-guard; but that body, in the hands of Mr Macaulay, multiplies like Falstaff's famous corps in buckram, and is ready on the shortest notice to figure as horse, foot, or artillery.

I trust that, in the foregoing remarks, I shall not be considered as having transgressed the proper bounds of courtesy. Mr Macaulay's reputation is deservedly so high, that every statement emanating from his pen is liable to the minutest scrutiny; and I will fairly confess that I was not sorry to find the scattered charges which, from time to time, have been brought against Lord Dundee, concentrated in his volumes, since an accusation from so

powerful a quarter must necessarily give some additional interest to the defence, however feebly executed. It is from no desire for controversy, far less from a wish to run counter to popular opinion, that I have approached this subject. I am fully aware of the weight of prejudice against which I have to contend; but from that prejudice I appeal to the truth, as I gather it from the records of the time. Some of my critics, for whose indulgence otherwise I am grateful, have been pleased to express themselves wrathfully at finding any terms of eulogy applied in the text towards an individual in the belief of whose misdeeds they have been hereditarily and traditionally trained. If my belief upon such points were the same with theirs, they should have had no cause of complaint. It is because I am convinced, after a most careful examination of the evidence—not of historians only, but of such as is afforded by the materials which ought to be the foundation of authentic history—that a large portion of our national annals has been most unfairly perverted, and that party strife and polemical rancour have combined to distort facts and to blacken names for mere temporary and ephemeral purposes;—it is for these reasons solely that I have ventured to go back into the disputed battle-fields of the past. I have taken nothing for granted, but have given an authority for each separate allegation; and if those authorities should happen to prove hostile to the preconceived impressions of any one, surely I am not to blame. If anything I have said can be proved to be wrong, I am willing to admit the error, but not otherwise. Meanwhile I am not ashamed of having attempted to defend the memory of Lord Dundee against unjust accusations, not preferred during his lifetime, but invented at a later period; for I can see no generosity, far less justice, in the conduct of those who are obstinately deaf to all evidence in favour of one whom they have been previously taught to condemn, and who seem to think that the strength of their own cause depends upon the amount of obloquy which they can contrive to heap upon its opponents.



LOVELL'S

Canadian Dominion Directory

FOR 1871:

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THE DIRECTORY, which has been before the public since last February, has been received with general satisfaction. But the Publisher regrets to state that the work has not proved a financial success. The refusal of a large number of Subscribers to take the Directory because it was not published in October, or because it was not printed in French, or from some other trifling cause, and the entire failure of support in the United States and Great Britain and Ireland, has left a considerable number of copies on his hands. Had all parties who subscribed to the work—and they were sufficient to cover all expenses of publication—fulfilled their obligations, the Publisher would not have been the heavy loser that he is to-day. He takes pride, however, in saying, that not a single copy of the Directory has been refused because of an error of any kind. After a diligent canvass in the United States, the total number of copies disposed of was 25; in Great Britain and Ireland, Messrs. Kelly & Co., had out thirty agents, and all they could dispose of was 43. The Publisher feels

that the courteous terms in which the Press have alluded to his great national enterprise claim his grateful thanks, and that he can most appropriately acknowledge his obligations by reproducing the following flattering extracts signifying the merits of his Directory :

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

It is a very complete and satisfactory work. Mr. Lovell deserves the thanks of the whole community for the manner in which he has accomplished his task.—*Christian Guardian, Toronto.*

It is a monument of unwearied perseverance, diligence and enterprise on the part of Mr. Lovell—that prince of Canadian printers and publishers. It is a thoroughly reliable work, and its information is indispensable to public men and men of business. As an indication of the magnitude and importance of the work, it may be remarked that it contains the names of the chief inhabitants of 4914 places in the six Provinces.—*Journal of Education, Toronto.*

The publication of this truly national work is an event of importance in the history of Canada. We shall be much mistaken if this work will not be of material benefit to Canada, through directing the attention of the British public this way, and conveying correcter ideas than those generally prevailing as to what this country really is.—*People's Journal, Toronto.*

It is a complete and reliable compendium of the Dominion's history, its people, their names, residences, occupation, &c. It is an indispensable appendage to the business community, and a monument to the perseverance and industry of Mr. Lovell.—*Irish Canadian, Toronto.*

Mr. John Lovell has placed the Canadian people under obligations to him for the excellent and elegant Directory of the Dominion which he has just issued. To all business men it is a necessity which it would be mere niggardliness to do without.—*Commercial Times, Toronto.*

Scarcely any item of information regarding the Dominion is missing from the volume—no office or counting house is now complete without a copy of the Directory.—*Canadian Freeman, Toronto.*

This is a work of extraordinary magnitude and value. It requires only to be examined to ensure its appreciation.—*Canada Scotsman, Toronto.*

We congratulate the country on the appearance of a work which is at once a practical and reliable exponent of its progress and condition, and a tribute of earnest patriotism to the young Dominion in one of her most worthy subjects.—*Canada Bookseller, Toronto.*

A book of more than 2500 pages naturally inspires one with considerable respect, and when the book is well bound and neatly printed the respect increases. If a perusal of the work shows it to contain valuable matter, the respect rises to admiration. Lovell's Dominion Directory is entitled to the latter sentiment. Mr. Lovell intimates that the cost of issuing this work was not less than \$80,000, a statement we can well believe. Mr. Lovell has now supplied the country with a directory which will stand as a monument of Canadian enterprise, and one of which the country may well feel proud.—*Daily Spectator, Hamilton.*

This colossal work forms the crowning effort of the celebrated John Lovell, of Montreal. Mr. Lovell has immortalized himself in the literary history of the country by the publication of this magnificent work. It is impossible for us to attempt, within the limits of a two-column article, to give even a digest of the contents. Suffice it to say that all that Mr. Lovell stated in his

original prospectus has been faithfully carried out. No pecuniary reward could compensate him for what he has accomplished in this vast undertaking. John Lovell has for years taken a noble stand in Canada in supplying the people with a school literature of its own, and his name ranks among the foremost of its worthy publishers.—*London Free Press*.

The most stupendous work in the publishing line ever attempted in Canada, may be found in the Dominion Directory, just issued from the well-known printing-house of Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal. The directory is the most valuable production ever issued from the Press of Canada, and Mr. John Lovell's name will ever be held in remembrance by all who desire to cherish native enterprise and the advancement of this Dominion.—*London Evening Herald and Prototype*.

The Dominion Directory is full of interesting matter for men in every profession and in every branch of business.—*Evangelical Witness, London*.

This work will add greatly to the already well earned reputation of Mr. Lovell as a Canadian publisher. The information it contains is invaluable to professional and business men, and is creditable not only to the publisher but to the Dominion.—*Ottawa Times*.

The Directory is at once a monument of Mr. Lovell's wonderful energy and enterprise, and of the progress which our country has made since its discovery and settlement.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

We can with confidence commend this Directory to the public, and have much pleasure in doing so.—*Free Press, Ottawa*.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of one of the most important statistical works we have ever seen—the Dominion Directory. The great value of this book to professional and business men is the facility with which the address of any resident can be found. It is replete with most useful and valuable information.—*Volunteer Review, Ottawa*.

The Dominion Directory is destined to exert a material influence in helping on the progress of this country. Mr. Lovell has nobly fulfilled the promise of his prospectus in giving to the people of Canada a full and reliable Directory of the Dominion. It is a book of which Canadians may well be proud, and for which we all owe a debt of thanks to the enterprising publisher.—*Kingston Daily News*.

The most valuable and useful book that ever came upon a Canadian editor's table.—*Daily British Whig, Kingston*.

The Dominion Directory is the Domesday book of Canada. There is one thing the business men of Canada may rely on, the information the Directory contains is reliable.—*Bellefleur Intelligencer*.

The Dominion Directory is one of the greatest publications ever issued in Canada. We heartily recommend it to the whole community.—*Hastings Chronicle, Belleville*.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

The Dominion Directory is not merely creditable to Canada; that does not convey the meaning; it would be creditable to the publisher in any country. For business men it would seem to be almost indispensable.—*Montreal Herald*.

The book is a model of truthfulness and accuracy, and its authority is more firmly established day by day, the more the inhabitants of the cities, towns and villages examine and explore its pages. It will assuredly open the eyes—and wide too—of the English people, and enable them to form some clear idea of the intelligence, enterprise, wealth and extent of a country which some of their statesmen consider an incubus to the Mother Country.—*The Gazette, Montreal*.

C'est un volume énorme, aux dimensions encore inconnues en Canada. Nous espérons que M. Lovell verra ses efforts couronnés par un plein succès qui lui est dû à tant de titres.—*La Minerve, Montreal.*

It is replete with information of the most valuable description. It is alike a credit to Mr. Lovell and the Dominion, and his energy in embarking in the enterprise is most commendable.—*Daily Witness, Montreal.*

The Dominion Directory is crammed full of information of the most useful kind.—*Evening Star, Montreal.*

Cet ouvrage que l'on peut regarder comme une œuvre nationale est l'un des plus considérables et des plus complets que nous connaissions en ce genre.—*Le Pays, Montreal.*

Le Directoire de la Puissance est une œuvre immense et il a fallu un grand nombre d'agents dans toutes les provinces pour recueillir les renseignements précieux qu'on y trouve.—*La Nouvelle Monde, Montreal.*

Of this work it is scarce possible to speak in too flattering terms. The amount of useful information it contains is immense. No other work so gigantic has ever been conceived, much less executed, by any publisher within the Dominion.—*True Witness, Montreal.*

The Dominion Directory contains information of the most valuable description. It reflects the utmost credit not only on the publisher, but upon the Dominion of Canada.—*Church Observer, Montreal.*

This great and valuable work is published. It contains a vast amount of information and interesting matter. We are sure that the people of the Dominion will feel justly proud of this work.—*Montreal Hearthstone.*

From every source, the praise, not only due to the book itself but to those who produced it, is emphatic, undisguised, and ungrudging. The object of the publisher was to produce a trustworthy work, and he has succeeded to the astonishment of all who know the difficulty of such an undertaking. It is a storehouse of information respecting the trading capabilities of British America.—*Daily News, Montreal.*

The publisher of this useful work has accomplished his herculean task in a most satisfactory manner.—*Quebec Gazette.*

The Dominion Directory has impressed us with the great usefulness of the information contained in it.—*Quebec Mercury.*

The Directory is replete, from the first page to the last, with valuable information connected with the country and its history. To the statesman and statistician who desire information on the progress of Canada in population, industry and wealth, the book will be of great value.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

C'est un immense volume rempli de renseignements de tous genres, qui le rendent indispensable aux hommes d'affaires.—*Journal de Quebec.*

Après avoir parcouru à la hâte l'almanach nous pouvons dire que M. Lovell a parfaitement atteint son but et que son ouvrage contiennent autant de renseignements que les plus exigeants peuvent en attendre d'une publication de ce genre.—*Courrier du Canada, Quebec.*

L'ouvrage est un monument national, qui devra subsister et que chacun est appelé à souvenir.—*L'Evenement, Quebec.*

Our surprise was great when we beheld a noble volume such as has never issued from the Canadian press, in respect of commercial importance. The book is not only an honour to Canada, but a monument to the enterprise, skill and perseverance of John Lovell. We fervently trust that he has not mis-

taken his countrymen ; that they will not only refund his expenses, but afford him a large profit, the fitting reward of many years spent in the service of the public.—*St. Johns News*.

PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

The Directory is overpowering in its nature. We fully appreciate the magnitude of the labor and largeness of conception which could bring about such a work.—*Daily Acadian Recorder, Halifax*.

It is a comprehensive and valuable work. Mr. Lovell's past efforts are a guarantee that the book is as complete and accurate as a painstaking labor will make it.—*Morning Chronicle, Halifax*.

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It is replete with general information ; in fact, nothing of what is necessary to be contained in such a publication is omitted. Mr. Lovell deserves the most extensive patronage. His enterprise and labor merit it.—*Halifax Evening Express*.

The Directory may, without exaggeration, be styled a mammoth in the family of books. It is one of the most complete, of its kind, that we have seen. It will be found an essential to every man of business within the Dominion, and tend to make the inhabitants of the different portions of the Dominion better known to each other.—*British Colonist, Halifax*.

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The work is got up in good style and in a manner that reflects credit to the Dominion, and particularly to the establishment of Mr. Lovell.—*Windsor Mail*.

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The Dominion Directory is a ponderous book, about six inches in thickness, and must have entailed an enormous outlay on the part of the publisher.—*Colonial Standard, Pictou*.

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Every business man should be the possessor of this work; as a reference in conducting commercial operations it will be found a valuable aid. The publisher has been to great expense in furnishing what we consider the best Directory ever offered to the people.—*Union Advocate, Newcastle.*

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We are in receipt of a copy of this *Monster Book*. It should be on the desk of every business man in the country.—*Carleton Sentinel, Woodstock.*

Mr. Lovell may well feel proud of his success, and we hope that the pecuniary compensation of the book may be commensurate with its merits and its importance. It is the best book of reference published.—*St. Croix Courier, St. Stephen.*

The design, scope, and character of this work fully answer the expectations formed of it. No trouble or expense has been spared to make it complete and reliable.—*The Times, Moncton.*

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A most magnificent work, containing a vast amount of reliable, statistical and general information, and quite a desideratum to men of business, and of vast importance to all who take an interest in the progress of the British Provinces in the Western World. It is infinitely superior to any publication of a similar character that has emanated from the Colonial press.—*The Courier, St. John's.*

The book is beautifully printed on excellent paper, and is a credit to the publisher and the whole Dominion, and should find a place in every library and counting-house.—*The Telegraph, St. John's.*

The Dominion Directory is indeed a tremendously heavy publication, and as the Provincial Directory rests with the Dominion on our table, we are at once reminded of a little dingy alongside of a majestic frigate.—*The Times, St. John's.*

The work in its compilation and printing has, we believe, cost the publisher \$80,000; and this in itself is a guarantee that every endeavor has been made, and no expense spared, to make it as reliable and as general in its information as possible. We do not think that any work of a similar description, embracing so many points of usefulness and so vast and general in its information, has been ever before issued from the press anywhere. We cannot but esteem it as a credit to the Dominion and a source of satisfaction to all British America, that such a work should be sent forth from her presses.—*Royal Gazette, St. John's.*

The work teems with useful information for the past, present and future. It is truly wonderful.—*Harbor Grace Standard.*

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

A great work of reference, of which any country might feel proud. It contains a very large amount of valuable information, and certain facts and statistics which our business men will find of great advantage.—*Examiner, Charlottetown.*

The Directory is the result of a large amount of mental and physical labor. It is filled with information of the most valuable kind, and as accurate as the nature of the work would permit.—*The Islander, Charlottetown.*

UNITED STATES.

So prodigious a volume, in point of thickness at least, never came into our possession before. But if the book is gigantic, what shall we say of the labor that produced it and the enterprise that planned it? The value of such a work to any person either having or desiring to establish business relations with the people of Canada could not easily be estimated. But this vast directory of names is not all that the work contains. It is a magazine of almost every other kind of information concerning the Dominion that can be sought for. In fact, there seems to be nothing which anybody can want to know, so far as Canada is concerned, that Mr. Lovell's book is not ready to furnish.—*Buffalo Express.*

This work is a remarkable evidence of Canadian industry and enterprise. The volume looks like a directory of London, and is remarkably well printed and bound. It is a noble monument of Mr. Lovell's enterprise, and we trust it will prove a financial success. It certainly deserves to be. Every person in the United States having business with the Provinces should secure a copy of it, and all public libraries should be supplied with it.—*Daily Eastern Argus, Portland, Maine.*

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

It is a book which many in this country are likely to find of great use for daily reference, and which a great many others would do well to refer to occasionally for more precise information about British North America than is elsewhere procurable.—*The Examiner, London.*

When we reflect on the vast extent of territory which comes within the scope of the book, and on the great difficulty there must have been in procuring the necessary information, we are astonished that the enterprise was undertaken, much more that it has been successfully carried out. The volume need not fear comparison with the old established directories which flourish on this side of the Atlantic. *The Athenæum, London.*

This handsome volume, as bulky as the London Post Office Directory, is a monument to the perseverance of its projector, Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, Canada. This indefatigable gentleman has spared no pains to render his work thoroughly accurate, and having, no doubt, secured that result, the Dominion Directory will prove a most useful and reliable guide to our fellow-subjects of the Dominion, and those here who have business or other transactions with them. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Lovell on the successful termination of his immense labors, and trust that he will be amply rewarded for them.—*Public Opinion, London.*

This is one of the most comprehensive directories we have seen. Its chief specialty consists in the vast amount of information here given, which is conspicuous by its absence in ordinary directories; for instance, we have here details respecting the railways and steamboat conveyance, wherever they exist in the Canadian Dominion, as well as respecting the religious societies, the press, the Government, and custom houses, and inventions patented. Another extremely interesting feature of the work, and not less valuable, is the historical sketch with which the work is prefaced. We can confidently recommend the work as a most trustworthy authority on every point on which it professes to be a guide.—*Evening Standard, London.*

The size of the book is quite emblematic of the vast extent of the Dominion, and we should think an inspection of it must speedily modify the views of many with regard to the insignificance of Canada in respect of the population, and the energy of the colonists. It is exceedingly well got up, neatly printed, and most useful as a book of reference.—*Canadian News, London.*

This extraordinary production has just appeared. We take great pleasure in directing attention to the wonderful enterprise of its compiler, printer and publisher. We have tested its accuracy as far as our own personal knowledge of Canada and Canadians go, and we have, in every instance, found it true and faithful in a remarkable degree. All honor to Mr. John Lovell.—*Printers' Register, London.*

Such a mass of information renders detailed criticism impossible. All that can be said is that Mr. Lovell, the compiler, assures us that no labor or expense has been spared to ensure the completeness of his work, and the high character of his agents in England—Messrs. Kelly & Co., the well-known directory publishers—secures attention to his statement. The get-up of the book and the general arrangement of its contents are equally good.—*Daily Post, Liverpool.*

This is a stupendous compilation, and every line of it is a fact. It is highly suggestive, too, and in the hands of the trader, the merchant, and all seeking information as to the outlets of trade, may be turned to good account. This Directory should certainly be in the hands of every exporter in the United Kingdom. It is got up regardless of expense, and is free from those contractions so puzzling in our home directories. To the emigrant or small capitalist seeking an outlet for his labor or capital this work will prove invaluable.—*European Mail, Liverpool.*

This is an enormous book, being a directory, in the full sense of the word, for the whole of Canada—an immense Dominion, as everybody knows, dotted with thriving towns and growing villages. Its publication is opportune. Canada is coming "to the front" more decidedly than she has yet done as a North American State. Lovell's Directory of the Canadian Dominion does all that can be done for merchant, manufacturer, farmer, agent, and professional man. In compass it exceeds all similar volumes—at least we know of none that can compare with it in size or comprehensiveness.—*Manchester Guardian.*

The most amazing work of the kind we have seen for a long time is the new Dominion Directory. As a work of reference to all interested in colonization, emigration, and the future of the British provinces in America, it must certainly prove invaluable.—*Manchester Daily Examiner and Times.*

A ponderous volume. Its compilation must have been a great undertaking. Those who do business with Canada will doubtless find the work a valuable adjunct to their counting houses.—*Sheffield and Rotherham Independent.*

The Canadian Dominion Directory is in fact the largest work of the kind ever produced, rivalling, if not excelling, the London Post Office Directory. We accept without hesitation Mr. Lovell's assertion that neither trouble nor expense has been spared to give the people of the Dominion of Canada, and the Provinces of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, a reliable Directory; and believe that the work must be simply invaluable to all those in the mother country who have business relations with the Dominion.—*Leeds Mercury.*

This huge imperial octavo volume is probably one of the most remarkable attempts ever made in the production of Directories. It is really a national undertaking. It should with us find a place in all post, telegraph, shipping, railway and emigration offices; in our principal libraries and courts of law, and news rooms for general reference.—*North British Daily Mail, Glasgow.*

The volume is brimful of information, got up at enormous labor and expense. To parties at all interested in Canada, it would be a most valuable acquisition to their library.—*Hamilton Advertiser, Scotland.*

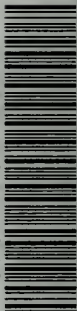
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